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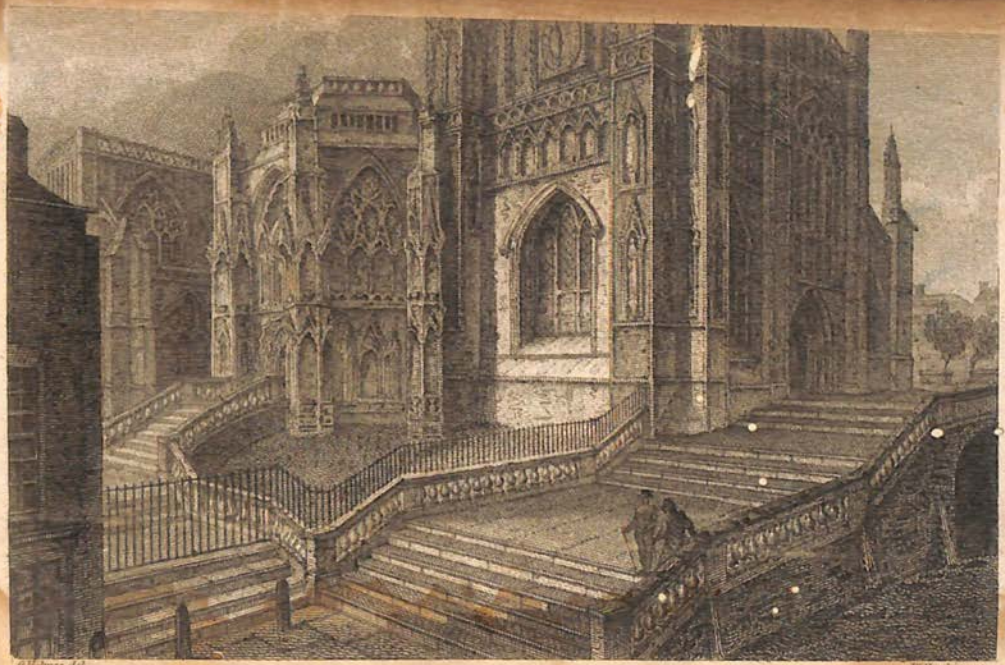

G. Holmes, del. W. Hawkins sc.

The Base of the Tower of Redcliff Church, with a view of the Monument Room over the North Porch.

Published for Longman & Rees, Dec.r 1.1803.

(1810)

THE

WORKS

OF

LL.d.3.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

VOL. I.

(1752-1770?
Poet

CONTAINING

HIS LIFE, BY G. GREGORY, D. D.

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LIBRARY OF THE HOME OF REST BRANCH OF THE SOCIETY

LONDON:
PRINTED BY BIGGS AND COTTLE,
Crane-Court, Fleet-Street,
FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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PREFACE.

In the winter of 1799 a subscription edition of the Works of Chatterton was publicly proposed for his Sister's benefit. Those works had hitherto been published only for the emolument of strangers, who procured them by gift or purchase from the author himself, or pilfered them from his family. From the interest which these circumstances, and the whole of Chatterton's history had excited, more success was expected than has been found. At the end of two years the Subscription would not have defrayed the costs of publication.

An arrangement was then made with Messrs. Longman and Rees, who have published the work at their own expence, and allowed Mrs. Newton a handsome number of copies, with a reversionary interest in any future edition.

The particulars and result of this transaction shall be made known as soon as possible.

The Editors, (for so much of the business has devolved on Mr. Cottle, that the plural term is necessary), the Editors have to acknowledge their obligations to those gentlemen who have liberally assisted them. The Life is the well known work of Dr. Gregory, who has permitted it to be reprinted on the present occasion. From Mr. G. Catcott they have procured many original communications. Dr. Halifax favoured them with the Extract from Kew Gardens. Through the medium of Mr. Hill they obtained the *second* poem on the death of Phillips, with some other valuable pieces. To Mr. Haslewood they are obliged for the list of publications prefixed to the third volume, as well as for the use of his extensive collection of books and pamphlets relating to Chatterton. The Odes from Horace were obtained from Mr. Gardner. Mr. King has permitted us to reprint the Revenge. The Catch, by Chatterton's father, was received from Edward Williams, the Welch Bard; a man who, for his genius and learning and

worth, is here mentioned with respect and regard.

That the Rowley-poems are thus printed as the Works of Chatterton, will not surprize the public, though it may perhaps renew a controversy in which much talent has been misemployed. The merit of these poems has been long acknowledged. Whatever be the value of the others, the Editors hope they have performed an acceptable, as they know it to be a useful labour, in thus collecting, so far as they have been able, all the productions of the most extraordinary young man that ever appeared in this country. They have felt peculiar pleasure, as natives of the same city, in performing this act of justice to his fame and to the interests of his family.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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THE

LIFE

OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THE ancestry of men of genius is seldom of much importance to the public or their biographers; the commonwealth of literature is almost a perfect democracy, in which the rise or promotion of individuals is generally the consequence of their respective merits. The family of Chatterton, however, though in no respect illustrious, is more nearly connected with some of the circumstances of his literary history than that of most other votaries of the Muses.—It appears that the office of Sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol, had continued in different branches of

this family for more than one hundred and fifty years; and that John Chatterton, the last of the name who enjoyed that office, was elected in March 1725, and continued sexton till his death, which happened in the year 1748*. Thomas Chatterton, the nephew of the preceding, and father to the extraordinary person who is the subject of these memoirs, had, we are informed, been in the early part of life in the station of a writing usher to a classical school,† was afterwards engaged as a singing man of the Cathedral of Bristol, and latterly was master of the free-school in Pyle-street in the same city.‡ He died in August, 1752,‖ leaving his wife then pregnant of a son, who was born on the 20th of November, and baptized the 1st of January following, by the name of THOMAS, at St. Mary Redcliffe.

---

* Dr. Milles's Preliminary Dissertation to Rowley's Poems, page 6.

† Ibid.

‡ Ib. Mr. Bryant's Obs. p. 514.

‖ Ibid.

The life of Chatterton, though short, was eventful; it commenced as it ended, in indigence and misfortune. By the premature loss of his father he was deprived of that careful attention which would probably have conducted his early years through all the difficulties that circumstances or disposition might oppose to the attainment of knowledge; and by the unpromising aspect of his infant faculties he was excluded a seminary, which might have afforded advantages superior to those he afterwards enjoyed. His father had been succeeded in the school at Pyle-street by a Mr. Love, and to his care Chatterton was committed at the age of five years; but either his faculties were not yet opened, or the waywardness of genius, which will pursue only such objects as are self-approved, incapacitated him from receiving instruction in the ordinary methods; and he was remanded to his mother as a dull boy, and incapable of improvement.*

* Bryant's Observations, p. 519.

Nothing is more fallacious than the judgments which are formed during infancy of the future abilities of youth. Mrs. Chatterton was rendered extremely unhappy by the apparently tardy understanding of her son, till *he fell in love*, as she expressed herself, with the illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript, in French, which enabled her, by taking advantage of the momentary passion, to initiate him in the alphabet†. She taught him afterwards to read from an old black-lettered Testament, or Bible‡. Perhaps the bent of most men's studies may, in some measure, be determined by accident, and frequently in very early life; nor is it unreasonable to suppose that his peculiar attachment to antiquities may, in a considerable degree, have resulted from this little circumstance.

We are not informed by what means or by what recommendation he gained admission into

† Ib. Milles's Prelim. Diss. p. 5.

‡ Milles's Prelim. Diss. p. 5.

Colston's Charity-school; but doubtless, in the situation of his mother at the time, it must have been a most desirable event; however unsuitable such a course of discipline might be to the improvement of Chatterton's peculiar talents. Most of those prodigies of genius, who had hitherto astonished mankind, by the early display of abilities and learning, had been aided by the advantage of able instructors, or had at least been left at liberty to pursue the impulse of their superior understandings; it was the lot of Chatterton to be confined to the mechanical drudgery of a charity-school; and the little ordinary portions of leisure, with which boys in his situation are indulged, was the only time allowed him to lay the foundation of that extensive and abstruse erudition which decorated even his early years. This seminary, founded by Edward Colston, Esq. is situate at St. Augustine's Back in Bristol, and is much upon the same plan with Christ's Hospital in London, (the only plan perhaps on which a charity-school can be generally useful,) the boys being *boarded* in the house, clothed, and taught reading, writing, and arith-

metic. Chatterton, at this period, wanted a few months of eight years of age, being admitted on the 3d of August 1760*. The rules of this institution are strict. The school hours in summer are from seven o'clock till twelve in the morning, and from one till five in the afternoon; and in winter, from eight to twelve, and from one to four. The boys are obliged to be in bed every night in the year at eight o'clock, and are never permitted to be absent from school, except on Saturdays and Saint's days, and then only from between one and two in the afternoon till between seven and eight in the evening. The detail of these apparently trivial particulars may at present savour of a culpable minuteness; but their importance will be experienced before I have concluded.

* On the authority of a letter signed G. B, dated Bristol, August 30, 1778, printed in the St. James's Chronicle. In Dr. Milles's Prelim. Diss. it is 1761; but this must be a misprint, as all agree that he was between seven and eight years old when admitted.

The first years of his residence at this seminary passed without notice, and perhaps without effort. His sister, indeed, in her letter, remarks, that he very early discovered a thirst for pre-eminence, and that even before he was five years old he was accustomed to preside over his play-mates.*

In the summer of 1763, Mr. Thistlethwaite, who was then very young, contracted an intimacy with one Thomas Philips,† an usher or assistant-master at Colston's school. Though the education of Philips had not been the most liberal, he yet possessed a taste for history and poetry; and by his attempts in verse, excited a degree of literary

* When very young, his sister says, a manufacturer promised to make Mrs. Chatterton's children a present of some earthen ware; on asking the boy what device he would have painted upon his — "Paint me (said he) an "angel, with wings, and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the "world."

† In all probability the person on whose death Chatterton composed an Elegy. I wish we were possessed of more perfect memoirs of Philips. His taste for poetry excited a similar flame in several young men, who made no mean figure in the periodical publications of that day, in Chatterton, Thistlethwaite, Cary, Fowler, and others.

emulation among the elder boys. It is very remarkable, that Chatterton is said to have appeared altogether as an idle spectator of these poetical contests; he contented himself with the sports and pastimes which appeared more immediately adapted to his age; he apparently possessed neither inclination nor ability for literary pursuits, nor does Mr. Thistlethwaite believe that he attempted a single couplet during the first three years of his acquaintance with him*. Whatever grounds Mr. Thistlethwaite might have for this opinion, it, however, only serves to furnish an additional proof of the deceitfulness of those conjectures which are formed concerning the abilities of youth. The pert and forward boy, of active, but superficial talents, generally bears away the palm from the modesty and pensiveness of genius. Such a disposition, which is in reality the result of insensibility, too frequently meets with encouragement, which produces indolence, impudence, and dissipation; while the less shewy, but more excellent understandings, are

* Milles Rowley, p. 454.

depressed by neglect, or disheartened by discouragement. Chatterton, doubtless, at that very period, was possessed of a vigour of understanding, of a quickness of penetration, a boldness of imagination, far superior to the talents of his companions. But that penetration itself led him, perhaps, to feel more strongly his own deficiences; those delicate, yet vivid feelings which usally accompany real abilities, induced him to decline a contest, in which there was a danger of experiencing the mortification of being inferior. If he produced any compositions, his exquisite taste led him to suppress them. In the mean time he was laying in stores of information, and improving both his imagination and his judgment. About his tenth year he acquired a taste for reading; and out of the trifle, which was allowed him by his mother for pocket-money, he began to hire books from a circulating library. As his taste was different from children of his age, his dispositions were also different. Instead of the thoughtless levity of childhood, he possessed the gravity, pensiveness, and melancholy of maturer life. His spirits were uneven;

he was frequently so lost in contemplation, that for many days together he would say very little, and apparently by constraint. His intimates in the school were few, and those of the most serious cast. Between his eleventh and twelfth year, he wrote a Catalogue of the Books he had read, to the number of seventy. It is rather unfortunate that this Catalogue was not preserved; his sister only informs us that they principally consisted of history and divinity.* At the hours allotted him for play, he generally retired to read, and he was particularly solicitous to borrow books.† Though he does not appear to have manifested any violent inclination to display his abilities, yet we have undoubted proofs that very early in life, he did not fail to exercise himself in composition. His sister having made him a present of a pocket-book as a New-Year's gift, he returned it to her at the end of the year filled with writing, chiefly poetry.‡ It was probably from the remains of

* Mrs. Newton's Letter.

† Dr. Milles's Prelim. Diss. p. 5.

‡ Mrs. Newton's Letter.

this pocket-book, that the author of Love and Madness transcribed the poem of Apostate Will,*

* See page 7, Vol. 1.

In the first place, this poem of Apostate Will, shews the early turn and bent of his genius to satire, which predominated throughout his short life, and with which he began and ended his literary career. Not only his school-fellows and his instructors became the subjects of it at this early period, but his acquaintance and his friends felt its force.

In the next place, it appears that he was then no stranger to the works of Bingham, Young, and Stillingfleet, which were probably among the books of divinity that composed the list of those he had read or consulted, as mentioned in Mrs. Newton's Letter.

Lastly, let it be observed, that the person he satirizes is supposed to have turned methodist for mercenary motives, and to preach the gospel merely to put money in his purse.—Now Mr. Thistlethwaite, in his letter to Dean Milles, after mentioning Chatterton's intentions of leaving his master's service and going to London, says—"I interrogated him as to the objects of his views and expectations, and what mode of life he intended to pursue on his arrival at London. The answer I received was a memorable one: My first attempt, said he, shall be in the literary way; the promises I have received are sufficient to dispel doubt; but should I, contrary to my expectations, find myself deceived, I will in that case turn Methodist preacher: Credulity is as potent a deity as ever, and a new sect may easily be devised."

Chatterton might in some measure have in view the character which he had before so successfully depicted, when he thus expressed himself to Mr. Thistlethwaite. As his genius was versatile, and his reading extensive, it is possible this profession might not be without some serious foundation; indeed, if we are to believe that the fragment of a Sermon, which he produced as Rowley's, was really his own composition, certainly many a quack preacher sets out upon a much slenderer stock of divinity than Chatterton was master of at that time. The imagination, however, forms many schemes which the heart wants fortitude to reduce to action; and perhaps, after all, his declaration to Mr. T. might be no more than a temporary piece of gaiety, and that he might still, though released from religious scruples, abhor the dishonourable character of an hypocrite.

which appears by the date (April 14th, 1764) to have been written at the age of eleven years and a half. This fact is certainly a strong contradiction to Mr. Thistlewaite's assertion, yet perhaps it is not on the whole so difficult to be reconciled as may at first be suspected. In the registers of the memory, a few months is but a trifling anachronism; besides, though Chatterton might compose at that time, it does not follow that he was under any necessity of imparting his compositions to Mr. Thistlethwaite or Mr. Philips; indeed, he was the less likely to make them public, as they were of the satirical kind, and consequently, if discovered, the boy might be apprehensive of exposing himself to punishment.

At twelve years old he was confirmed by the Bishop: His sister adds, that he made very sensible and serious remarks on the awfulness of the ceremony, and on his own feelings preparatory to it*. Happy had it been for him if

* Mrs. Newton's Letter.

these sentiments, so congenial to the amiable dipositions of youth, had continued to influence his conduct during his maturer years. He soon after, during the week in which he was door-keeper, made some verses on the last day, paraphrased the ninth chapter of Job, and some chapters of Isaiah. The bent of his genius, however, more strongly inclined him to satire, of which he was tolerably lavish on his school-fellows, nor did the upper-master, Mr. Warner, escape the rod of his reprehension. The first poetical essays of most young authors are in the pastoral style, when the imagination is luxuriant, the hopes and contemplations romantic, and when the mind is better acquainted with the objects of nature and of the sight than with any other; but Chatterton, without the advantages of education or encouragement, and, on these accounts, diffident perhaps of his own powers, wanted the stimulative of indignation to prompt him to action; and a quickness of resentment appears through life to have been one of his most distinguishing characteristics.† From what has

† A late French writer, in his Memoirs of the poet De la Harpe, who had

been related, it is probable that Chatterton was no great favourite with Mr. Warner; he, however, found a friend in the under-master, Mr. Haynes, who conceived for him, I have been informed, a strong and affectionate attachment.

A very remarkable fact is recorded by Mr. Thistlethwaite in the letter already referred to. "Going down Horse-street, near the school, one day," says he, "I accidentally met with Chatterton. Entering into conversation with him, the subject of which I do not now recollect, he informed me that he was in the possession of certain old manuscripts, which had been found deposited in a chest in Redcliffe church, and that he had lent some or one of them to Philips. Within a day or two after this I saw Philips, and repeated to him the information I had received from Chatterton. Philips produced a manuscript

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manifested a like turn for satire in his early years, says—"La satyre est la "premiere qualité qui se develope ordinairement dans un jeune poete. Celui "se l'exerce d'unefaçon ridicule envers ses maitres & meme envers "M. Assalin."

on parchment or vellum, which I am confident was Elenoure and Juga, a kind of pastoral eclogue, afterwards published in the Town and Country Magazine for May 1769. The parchment or vellum appeared to have been closely pared round the margin; for what purpose, or by what accident, I know not, but the words were evidently entire and unmutilated. As the writing was yellow and pale, manifestly (as I conceive) occasioned by age, and consequently difficult to decypher, Philips had with his pen traced and gone over several of the lines, (which, as far as my recollection serves, were written in the manner of prose, and without any regard to punctuation,) and by that means laboured to attain the object of his pursuit, an investigation of their meaning. I endeavoured to assist him; but from an almost total ignorance of the characters, manners, language, and orthography of the age in which the lines were written, all our efforts were unprofitably exerted; and though we arrived at the explanation of, and connected many of the words, still the sense was notoriously de-

ficient*." If this narrative may be depended on, Chatterton had discovered these manuscripts before he was twelve years of age. It is, however, scarcely consistent with other accounts, since both Mrs. Chatterton and her daughter seem to be of opinion, that he knew nothing of the parchments brought from Redcliffe church, which were supposed to contain Rowley's poems, till after he had left school†.

Under all the disadvantages of education, the acquisitions of Chatterton were surprising. Besides the variety of reading which he had gone through, he had some knowledge of music.—Is it not probable that a few of the rudiments of vocal music made a part of the education of a charity boy? He had also acquired a taste for drawing, which afterwards he greatly improved; and the usher of the school asserted he had made

* Milles's Rowley.

† Milles's Prelim. Diss. p. 5. There appeares good reason for suspecting some mistake in Mr. Thistlethwaite's narrative, either as to the date, or some other circumstance.

a rapid progress in arithmetic. Soon after he left school, he corresponded with a boy, who had been his bed-fellow while at Colston's, and was bound apprentice to a merchant at New-York‡. Mrs. Newton says he read a letter at home, which he wrote to this friend; it consisted of a collection of all the hard words in the English language, and he requested his friend to answer it in the same style. An extraordinary effect of his discovering an employment adapted to his genius is remarked in the same letter. He had been gloomy from the time he began to learn, but it was observed that he became more cheerful after he began to write poetry†.

On the 1st of July 1767, he left the charity-school, and was bound apprentice to Mr. John Lambert, attorney, of Bristol, for seven years,

‡ At the desire of his friend, he wrote love verses to be transmitted to him, and exhibited as his own. It is remarkable, that when first questioned concerning the old poems, he said he was engaged to transcribe them for a gentleman, who also employed him to write verses on a lady with whom he was in love.

† Milles's Prelim. Diss. p. 5.

to learn the art of a scrivener. The apprentice fee was ten pounds; the master was to find him in meat, drink, lodging, and clothes; the mother in washing and mending. He slept in the same room with the foot-boy, and went every morning at eight o'clock to the office, which was at some distance, and, except the usual time for dinner, continued there till eight o'clock at night, after which he was at liberty till ten, when he was always expected to be at home. Mr. Lambert affords the most honourable testimony in Chatterton's favour, with respect to the regularity of his attendance, as he never exceeded the limited hours but once, when he had leave to spend the evening with his mother and some friends†. His hours of leisure also Mr. Lambert had no reason to suspect were spent in improper company, but generally with his mother, Mr. Clayfield, Mr. Barrett, or Mr. Catcott. He never had occasion to charge him with neglect of business, or any ill behaviour whatever. Once, and but once, he thought him-

† Mrs. Newton's Letter.

self under the necessity of correcting him, and that was the pure effect of his disposition for satire. A short time after he was bound to Mr. Lambert, his old schoolmaster received a very abusive anonymous letter, which he suspected came from Chatterton, and he complained of it to his master, who was soon convinced of the justice of the complaint, not only from the hand-writing, which was ill-disguised‡, but from the letter being written on the same paper with that which was used in the office. On this occasion Mr. Lambert corrected the boy with a blow or two. He however accuses him of a sullen and gloomy temper, which particularly displayed itself among the servants†. Chatterton's superior abilities, and superior information, with the pride which usually accompanies these qualities, doubtless rendered him an unfit inhabitant of the

‡ This circumstance is not unworthy of notice. If Chatterton was really the forger of the MSS. attributed to Rowley, how came he in this instance to be unable to disguise his own hand-writing?

† From the information of Mr. Lambert to a friend of the author.

kitchen, where his ignorant associates would naturally be inclined to envy, and would affect to despise those accomplishments, which he held in the highest estimation; and even the familiarity of vulgar and illiterate persons, must undoubtedly be rather disgusting than agreeable to a mind like his.

Mr. Lambert's was a situation not unfavourable to the cultivation of his genius. Though much confined, he had much leisure. His master's business consumed a very small portion of his time; frequently, his sister says, it did not engage him above two hours in a day*. While Mr. Lambert was from home, and no particular business interfered, his stated employment was to copy precedents; a book of which, containing 344 large folio pages, closely written by Chatterton while he remained in the office, is, I believe, still in the possession of Mr. Lambert, as well as another of about 30 pages. The office library

* Mrs Newton's Letter.

contained nothing but law books; except an old edition of Cambden's Britannia. There is no doubt, however, but Chatterton took care amply to supply his mental wants from his old acquaintance at the circulating libraries.

He had continued this course of life for upwards of a year; not however, without some symptoms of an aversion for his profession, before he began to attract the notice of the literary world. In the beginning of October 1768, the new bridge at Bristol was finished; at that time there appeared, in Farley's Bristol Journal, an account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, introduced by a letter to the printer, intimating that "The following description of *the Fryars first passing over the old bridge*, was taken from an ancient manuscript," and signed Dunhelmus Bristoliensis." The paper, if it be allowed to be the fabrication of modern times, demonstrates strong powers of invention, and an uncommon knowledge of ancient customs. So singular a memoir could not fail to excite curiosity, and many persons became anxious to

see the original. The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no account of it, nor of the person who brought the copy; but after much inquiry, it was discovered that the manuscript was brought by a youth between fifteen and sixteen years of age, of the name of Thomas Chatterton*. "To the threats of those who treated him (agreeably to his appearance) as a child, he returned nothing but haughtiness, and a refusal to give any account." By milder usage he was somewhat softened, and appeared inclined to give all the information in his power. He at first alleged, that he was employed to transcribe the contents of certain ancient manuscripts by a gentleman, who also had engaged him to furnish complimentary verses, inscribed to a lady with whom that gentleman was in love. On being further pressed, he at last informed the inquirers, that he had received the paper in question, together with many other manuscripts, from his father who had found them in a large chest in the upper

* Preface to Rowley's Poems.

room over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe church. But a more circumstantial account of the discovery of these manuscripts, is preserved in Mr. Bryant's Observations on Rowley's Poems. Over the north porch of St. Mary Redcliffe church, which was founded, or at least rebuilt, by Mr. W. Canynge, (an eminent merchant of Bristol in the 15th century, and in the reign of Edward the Fourth,) there is a kind of muniment room, in which were deposited six or seven chests, one of which in particular was called *Mr. Canynge's cofre*†; this chest, it is said, was secured by six keys, two of which were entrusted to the minister and procurator of the church, two to the mayor, and one to each of the church-wardens. In process

† When rents were received and kept in specie, it was usual for corporate bodies to keep the writings and rents of estates left for particular purposes, in chests appropriated to each particular benefaction, and called by the benefactor's name; several old chests of this kind are still existing in the University of Cambridge.

of time, however, the six keys appear to have been lost; and about the year 1727, a notion prevailed that some title deeds, and other writings of value, were contained in Mr. Canynge's cofre. In consequence of this opinion, an order of vestry was made, that the chest should be opened under the inspection of an attorney; and that those writings which appeared of consequence, should be removed to the south porch of the church. The locks were therefore forced, and not only the principal chest, but the others, which were also supposed to contain writings, were all broken open. The deeds immediately relating to the church were removed, and the other manuscripts were left exposed as of no value. Considerable depredations had, from time to time, been committed upon them, by different persons; but the most insatiate of these plunderers was the father of Chatterton. His uncle being sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe gave him free access to the church. He carried off, from time to time, parcels of the parchments, and one time alone, with the assistance of his boys, is known to have filled a large basket with them.

They were deposited in a cupboard in the school, and employed for different purposes, such as the covering of copy books, &c.; in particular, Mr. Gibbs, the minister of the parish, having presented the boys with twenty bibles, Mr. Chatterton, in order to preserve these books from being damaged, covered them with some of the parchments. At his death, the widow being under a necessity of removing, carried the remainder of them to her own habitation. Of the discovery of their value by the younger Chatterton, the account of Mr. Smith, a very intimate acquaintance, which he gave to Dr. Glynn of Cambridge, is too interesting to be omitted. "When young Chatterton was first articled to Mr. Lambert, he used frequently to come home to his mother, by way of a short visit. There, one day, his eye was caught by one of these parchments, which had been converted into a thread-paper. He found not only the writing to be very old, the characters very different from common characters, but that the subject therein treated was different from common subjects. Being naturally of an inquisitive and curious turn,

he was very much struck with their appearance, and, as might be expected, began to question his mother what those thread-papers were, how she got them, and whence they came. Upon farther inquiry, he was led to a full discovery of all the parchments which remained*;" the bulk of them consisted of poetical and other compositions, by Mr. Canynge, and a particular friend of his, Thomas Rowley, whom Chatterton at first called a monk, and afterwards a secular priest of the fifteenth century. Such, at least, appears to be the account which Chatterton thought proper to give, and which he wished to be believed. It is, indeed, confirmed by the testimony of his mother and sister. Mrs. Chatterton informed a friend of the Dean of Exeter, that on her removal from Pyle-street, she emptied the cupboard of its contents, partly into a large long deal box, where her husband used to keep his clothes, and partly into a square oak box of a smaller size; carrying both with their

* Bryant's Observations. p. 511—529.

contents to her lodgings, where, according to her account, they continued neglected and undisturbed, till her son first discovered their value; who having examined their contents, told his mother, 'that he had found a treasure, and was so glad nothing could be like it.' That he then removed all these parchments out of the large long deal box, in which his father used to keep his clothes, into the square oak box: That he was perpetually ransacking every corner of the house for more parchments, and, from time to time, carried away those he had already found by pockets full: That one day happening to see Clarke's History of the Bible covered with one of those parchments, he swore a great oath, and stripping the book, put the cover into his pocket, and carried it away; at the same time stripping a common little Bible, but finding no writing upon the cover, replaced it again very leisurely*. "Upon being informed

* Milles's Prelim Diss. p. 7. It does not appear that any of the parchments exhibited to Mr. Barrett, or Mr. Catcott, were of a size sufficient for a covering for an octavo book, much less for a quarto or folio. O.

of the manner in which his father had procured the parchments, he went himself to the place, and picked up four more, which if Mrs. Chatterton rightly remembers, Mr. Barrett has at this time in his possession*." "Mrs. Newton, his sister, being asked if she remembers his having mentioned Rowley's poems, after the discovery of the parchments; says, that he was perpetually talking on that subject, and once in particular, (about two years before he left Bristol) when a relation, one Mr. Stephens of Salisbury, made them a visit, he talked of nothing else†."

Nearly about the time when the paper in Farley's Journal, concerning the old bridge, became the subject of conversation, as Mr. Catcott, of Bristol, a gentleman of an inquisitive turn, and fond of reading, was walking with a friend in Redcliffe church, he was informed by him of several ancient pieces of poetry, which had been

* Milles's Prelim. Diss. p. 7.

† Ibid.

found there, and which were in the possession of a young person with whom he was acquainted. This person proved to be Chatterton, to whom Mr. Catcott desired to be introduced. He accordingly had an interview; and soon after obtained from him, very readily, without any reward, the Bristow Tragedy*, Rowley's Epitaph upon Mr. Canynge's ancestor†, with some other smaller pieces. In a few days he brought some more, among which was *the Yellow Roll.*— About this period, Mr. Barrett, a respectable surgeon in Bristol, and a man of letters, had projected a history of his native city, and was anxiously collecting materials for that work. Such a discovery, therefore, as that of Chatterton, could scarcely escape the vigilance of Mr. Barrett's friends. The pieces in Mr. Catcott's possession, of which some were copies and some originals, were immediately communicated to Mr. Barrett, whose friendship and patronage by these means

* See Vol. II. p. 87.

† Ibid. p. 124.

our young literary adventurer was fortunate enough to secure. During the first conversations which Mr. Catcott had with him, he heard him mention the names of most of the poems since printed, as being in his possession. He afterwards grew more suspicious and reserved; and it was but rarely, and with difficulty, that any more originals could be obtained from him. He confessed to Mr. Catcott that he had destroyed several; and some which he owned to have been in his possession, were never afterwards seen. One of these was the tragedy of the Apostate, of which a small part only has been preserved by Mr. Barrett. The subject of it was the apostatizing of a person from the Christian to the Jewish faith*. Mr. Barrett, however, obtained from him at different times several fragments, some of them of a considerable length; they are all written upon vellum, and he asserted them to be a part of the original manuscripts, which he had obtained in the manner which has been already related.

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† Bryant's Observations, p. 517.

The friendship of Mr. Barrett and Mr. Catcott was of considerable advantage to Chatterton. They supplied him occasionally with money, as a compensation for some of the fragments of Rowley, with which he gratified them†. He spent many agreeable hours in their company; and their acquaintance introduced him into a more respectable line than he could easily have attained without it. His sister remarks, that after he was introduced to these gentlemen, his ambition daily and perceptibly encreased; and he would frequently speak in raptures of the undoubted success of his plan for future life. "When in spirits, he would enjoy his rising fame, and, confident of advancement, he would promise his mother and I should be partakers of his success*." Both these gentlemen also lent him

† Some of his later compositions, however, demonstrate, that he was not thoroughly satisfied with his Bristol patrons; and Mr. Thistlethwaite does not hesitate to assert, that he felt himself greatly dissappointed in his expectations of pecuniary rewards for his communications. K.

* See Mrs. Newton's Letter.

books; Mr. Barrett lent him several medical authors†, and, at his request, gave him some instructions in surgery. His taste was versatile, and his studies various. In the course of the years 1768 and 1769, Mr. Thistlethwaite frequently saw him, and describes in a lively manner the employment of his leisure hours. "One day," says Mr. T. "he might be found busily employed in the study of heraldry and English antiquities, both of which are numbered among the most favourite of his pursuits; the next discovered him deeply engaged, confounded and perplexed amidst the subtleties of metaphysical disquisition, or lost and bewildered in the abstruse labyrinth of mathematical researches; and these in an instant again neglected and thrown aside, to make room for music and astronomy, of both which sciences his knowledge was entirely confined to theory. Even physic was not without a charm to allure his imagination, and he would talk of Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus, with all the confidence and familiarity

† See Mrs. Newton's Letter.

of a modern empiric*." It may naturally be supposed, that his acquaintance with most of these sciences was very superficial; but his knowledge of antiquities was extensive, and we might perhaps say profound. With a view of perfecting himself in these favourite studies, he borrowed Skinner's Etymologicon of Mr. Barrett, but returned it in a few days as useless, most of the interpretations being in Latin. He also borrowed Benson's Saxon Vocabulary, but returned it immediately on the same account†. His disappointment was partly compensated by the acquisition of Kersey's Dictionary, and Speght's Chaucer, (the glossary to which he carefully transcribed‡.) With these books he was furnished by Mr. Green, a bookseller in Bristol. Probably the mortification he received at not being able to make that use which he desired of Skinner and of Benson, might be an additional stimulative to the great inclination which

* Milles's Rowley, p. 456.

† Bryant's Observ. p. 532.

‡ Milles's Prelim. Diss. p. 5. and 17.

he manifested to acquaint himself with Latin, and his design to attempt it without a master. From this project his friend, Mr. Smith, took great pains to dissuade him, and advised him rather to apply to French, a competent knowledge of which might be sooner attained, and which promised to be of more essential service*. Whatever plan he adopted, he entered upon it with an earnestness and fervour almost unexampled. Indeed, the poetic enthusiasm was never more strongly exhibited than in Chatterton. Like Milton, he fancied he was more capable of writing well at some particular times than at others, and the full of the moon was the season when he imagined his genius to be in perfection; at which period, as if the immediate presence of that luminary added to the inspiration, he frequently devoted a considerable portion of the night to composition†.

* Bryant's Observ. p. 502.

† See Mrs. Newton's Letter.

"He was always," says Mr. Smith, "extremely fond of walking in the fields, particularly in Redcliffe meadows, and of talking about these (Rowley's) manuscripts, and sometimes reading them there. "Come (he would say) you and I "will take a walk in the meadow. I have got the "cleverist thing for you imaginable. It is worth "half-a-crown merely to have a sight of it, and "to hear me read it to you." When we arrived at the place proposed, he would produce his parchment, shew it and read it to me. There was one spot in particular, full in view of the church, in which he seemed to take a peculiar delight. He would frequently lay himself down, fix his eyes upon the church, and seem as if he were in a kind of trance. Then, on a sudden and abruptly, he would tell me, "that steeple was "burnt down by lightning: that was the place "where they formerly acted plays*." His Sundays were commonly spent in walking alone into the country about Bristol, as far as the duration

* Bryant's Observ. p. 530.

of day-light would allow; and from these excursions he never failed to bring home with him drawings of churches, or of some other objects, which had impressed his romantic imagination*.

His attention, while at Bristol, was not confined to Rowley; his pen was exercised in a variety of pieces, chiefly satirical, and several essays, both in prose and verse, which he sent to the Magazines. I have not been able to trace any thing of Chatterton's in the Town and Country Magazine (with which he appears to have first corresponded) before February 1769; but in the acknowledgments to correspondents for November 1768, we find "D. B. of Bristol's favour will be gladly received. *Dunhelmus Bristoliensis* was the signature he generally employed. In the course of the year 1769, he was a considerable contributor to that publication. One of the first

* The Dean of Exeter mentions Rowley's drawings of Bristol Castle, as genuine, but Mr. Warton reprobates them as fictions of Chatterton, the representations of a building which never existed, in a capricious, affected style of Gothic architecture, reducible to no system.

of his pieces which appeared was a letter on the tinctures of the Saxon heralds, dated Bristol, February 4;* and in the same Magazine a poem was inserted on Mr. Alcock, of Bristol, an excellent miniature painter, signed *Asaphides*†. In the same Magazine for March are some extracts from Rowley's manuscripts; and in different numbers for the succeeding months, some pieces called Saxon poems, written in the style of Ossian.‡

The whole of Chatterton's life presents a fund of useful instruction to young persons of brilliant and lively talents, and affords a strong dissuasive against that impetuosity of expectation, and those delusive hopes of success, founded upon the consciousness of genius and merit, which lead them to neglect the ordinary means of acquiring competence and independence. The

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* Vol. III. page 95.

† This piece, with two or three others in Chatterton's Miscellanies, was claimed by John Lockstone, a linendraper in Bristol, a great friend of Chatterton; by his confession, however, it was corrected by the latter.

‡ See Vol. III.

early disgust which Chatterton conceived for his profession, may be accounted one of the prime sources of his misfortunes. Among the efforts which he made to extricate himself from this irksome situation, the most remarkable is his application to the Hon. Horace Walpole, in March 1769; the ground of which was an offer to furnish him with some accounts of a series of great painters, who had flourished at Bristol, which Chatterton said had been lately discovered, with some old poems, in that city. The packet sent by Chatterton was left at Bathurst's, Mr. Walpole's bookseller, and contained, besides this letter, an ode or little poem, of two or three stanzas in alternate rhyme, on the death of Richard 1. as a specimen of the poems which were found. Mr. Walpole had but just before been made the instrument of introducing into the world Mr. M'Pherson's forgeries; a similar application, therefore, served at once to awaken his suspicion. He however, answered Chatterton's letter, desiring further information; and in reply, was informed, that "he (Chatterton) was the son of a poor widow, who supported him with

great difficulty; that he was apprentice to an attorney, but had a taste for more elegant studies." The letter hinted a wish that Mr. Walpole would assist him in emerging from so dull a profession, by procuring some place, in which he might pursue the natural bias of his genius. He affirmed that great treasures of ancient poetry had been discovered at Bristol, and were in the hands of a person who had lent him the specimen already transmitted, as well as a pastoral (Elinoure and Juga) which accompanied this second letter. Mr. Walpole wrote to a friend, a noble lady at Bath, to enquire after the author of these letters, who found his account of himself verified in every particular. In the mean time the specimens were communicated to Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason, and those gentlemen, at first sight pronounced them forgeries. Mr. Walpole, though convinced of the author's intention to impose upon him, could not, as he himself confesses, help admiring the spirit of poetry which animated these compositions. The testimonies of his approbation, however, were too cold to produce in Chatterton any thing but

lasting disgust. Mr. Walpole's reply was indeed (according to his own account) rather too much in the common-place style of Court replies; though some allowance is to be made for his peculiar situation, and for his just apprehension of a new imposition to be practised on him. He complained in general terms of his want of power to be a patron, and advised the young man to apply himself to the duties of his profession, as more certain means of attaining the independence and leisure of which he was desirous. This frigid reception extracted immediately from Chatterton, "a peevish letter," desiring the manuscripts back, as they were the property of another; and Mr. Walpole, either offended at the warm and independent spirit which was manifested by the boy, or pleased to be disengaged from the business in so easy a manner, proceeded on a journey to Paris, without taking any further notice of him. On his return, which was not for some time he found another epistle from Chatterton, in a style (as he terms it) "singularly impertinent;" expressive of much resentment on account of the detention

of his poems, roughly demanding them back, and adding, "that Mr. Walpole would not have *dared* to use him so ill, had he not been acquainted with the narrowness of his circumstances." The consequence was, therefore, such as might be expected. Mr. Walpole returned his poems and his letters in a blank cover, and never afterwards heard from him or of him during his life. The affront was never forgiven by the disappointed poet, though it is perhaps more than repaid by the ridiculous portrait which he has exhibited of Mr. W——, in the Memoirs of a Sad Dog, under the character of "the redoubted Baron Otranto, who has spent his whole life in conjectures."

On the score of these transactions, Mr. Walpole has incurred more censure than he really deserved. In an age when literature is so little patronized by those who wield all the powers of the state, and have in trust for the public the distribution of its emoluments; when men of the first abilities, actually engaged in the learned professions, are permitted to languish

in obscurity and poverty, without any of those rewards, which are *appropriated* to the professions they exercise, and are compelled to depend for a precarious subsistance on the scanty pittance, which they derive from diurnal drudgery in the service of booksellers, it can scarcely be deemed an instance of extraordinary illiberality that a private man, though a man of fortune, should be inattentive to the petition of a perfect stranger, a young man, whose birth or education entitled him to no high pretensions, and who had only conceived an unreasonable dislike to a profession both lucrative and respectable. If Chatterton had actually avowed the poems, perhaps a very generous and feeling heart, such as rarely exists at present, and least of all in the higher circles of life, might have been more strongly affected with their beauties, and might probably have extended some small degree of encouragement. But considering things as they are, and not as they ought to be, it was a degree of unusual condescension to take any notice whatever of the application; and when Chatterton felt so poignantly his disappointment,

he only demonstrated his ignorance of the state of patronage in this country, and acted like a young and ingenuous person, who judged of the feelings of courtiers by the generous emotions of his own breast, or the practice of times, which exist now only in records of romance. Mr. Walpole afterwards regretted, and I believe, sincerely, that he had not seen this extraordinary youth, and that he did not pay a more favourable attention to his correspondence; but, to be neglected in life, and regretted and admired when these passions can be no longer of service, has been the usual fate of learning and genius. Mr. Walpole was certainly under no obligation of patronizing Chatterton. To have encouraged and befriended him, would have been an exertion of liberality and munificence uncommon in the present day; but to ascribe to Mr. Walpole's neglect (if it can even merit so harsh an appellation) the dreadful catastrophe, which happened at the distance of nearly two years after, would be the highest degree of injustice and absurdity*.

* See Mr. Walpole's Letters Vol. III.

The reader has hitherto contemplated Chatterton in the pleasing light of an ingenious and virtuous youth. I reluctantly proceed to develope the principal circumstance which has involved his name and character in disgrace, and which certainly deprived the world prematurely of his excellent abilities. When or how he was unfortunate enough to receive a tincture of infidelity, we are not informed. Early in the year 1769, it appears from a poem on Happiness, addressed to Mr. Catcott, that he had drunk deeply of the poisoned spring: And in the conclusion of a letter to the same gentleman, after he left Bristol, he expresses himself: "Heaven send you the comforts of Christianity; I request them not, for I am no Christian." Infidelity, or scepticism at least, may be termed the disease of young, lively, and half-informed minds. There is something like discovery in the rejection of truths to which they have been from infancy in trammels. A little learning, too, misleads the understanding in an opinion of its own powers. When we have acquired the outlines of science, we are apt to suppose that every thing is within our

comprehension. Much study and much information are required to discover the difficulties in which the systems of infidels are involved. There are profound, as well as popular arguments, in favour of revealed religion; but when the flippancy of Voltaire or Hume has taught young persons to suppose that they have defeated the former, their understandings seldom recover sufficient vigour to pursue the latter with the ability and perseverance of a Newton or a Bryant.

The evil effect of these principles upon the morals of youth, is often found to survive the speculative impressions which they have made on the intellect. Wretched is that person, who, in the ardour and impetuosity of youth, finds himself released from all the salutary restraints of duty and religion; wretched is he, who, deprived of all the comforting hopes of another state, is reduced to seek for happiness in the vicious gratifications of this life; who, under such delusions, acquires habits of profligacy or discontent! The progress, however, from speculative to practical irreligion, is not so rapid as is commonly sup-

posed. The greatest advantage of a strict and orderly education is the resistance which virtuous habits, early acquired, oppose to the allurements of vice. Those who have sullied the youth of Chatterton with the imputation of extraordinary vices or irregularities, and have asserted, that "his profligacy was, at least, as conspicuous as his abilities*," have, I conceive, rather grounded these assertions on the apparently profane and immoral tendency of some of his productions, than on personal knowledge or a correct review of his conduct. During his residence at Bristol, we have the most respectable evidence in favour of the regularity of his conduct, namely, that of his master, Mr. Lambert. Of few young men in his situation it can be said, that during a course of nearly three years, he seldom encroached upon the strict limits which were assigned him, with respect to his hours of liberty; that his master could never accuse him of improper behaviour, and that he had the utmost reason to be satisfied

* Preface to Chatterton's Miscellanies, p. 18.

he never spent his hours of leisure in any but respectable company.

Mrs. Newton, with that unaffected simplicity which so eminently characterises her letter, most powerfully controverts the obloquy which had been thrown upon her brother's memory. She says, that while he was at Mr. Lambert's, he visited his mother regularly most evenings before nine o'clock, and they were seldom two evenings together without seeing him. He was for a considerable time remarkably indifferent to females. He declared to his sister that he had always seen the whole sex with perfect indifference, except those whom nature had rendered dear. He remarked, at the same time, the tendency of severe study to sour the temper, and indicated his inclination to form an acquaintance with a young female in the neighbourhood, apprehending that it might soften that austerity of temper which had resulted from solitary study. The juvenile Petrarch wanted a Laura, to polish his manners and exercise his fancy. He addressed a poem to Miss Rumsey; and they commenced,

Mrs. Newton adds, a corresponding acquaintance. "He would also frequently," she says, walk the College-Green with the young girls that statedly paraded there to shew their finery;" but she is persuaded that the reports which charge him with libertinism are ill-founded*. She could not perhaps have added a better proof of it, than his inclination to associate with modest women. The testimony of Mr. Thistlethwaite is not less explicit or less honourable to Chatterton. "The opportunities," says he, "which a long acquaintance with him afforded me, justify me in saying, that whilst he lived at Bristol, he was not the debauched character he has been represented. Temperate in his living, moderate in his pleasures,

* Mrs Newton's letter. I cannot help remarking a pleasant mistake of the Dean of Exeter: The orthography of Mrs. N. in the letter printed in Love and Madness, is not the most correct. Her words, "I really believe he was no debauchee (though some have reported it); the dear unhappy boy had faults enough, I saw with concern; he was proud and exceedingly imperious, but that of *venality* he could not be justly accused with." It is easy to see that Mrs. N. by *venality* means libertinism; but the Dean taking the word in the usual sense, makes use of it to disprove, what is seldom suspected of a poet, and least of all of Chatterton, that he was avaricious.

and regular in his exercises, he was undeserving of the aspersion. I admit that amongst his papers may be found many passages, not only immoral, but bordering upon a libertinism gross and unpardonable. It is not my intention to attempt a vindication of those passages, which, for the regard I bear his memory, I wish he had never written, but which I nevertheless believe to have originated rather from a warmth of imagination, aided by a vain affectation of singularity, than from any natural depravity, or from a heart vitiated by evil example.

But though it may not always be the effect of infidel principles, to plunge the person who becomes unfortunately infected with them into an immediate course of flagrant and shameless depravity, they seldom fail to unhinge the mind, and render it the sport of some passion, unfriendly to our happiness and prosperity. One of their first effects in Chatterton was to render the idea of suicide familiar, and to dispose him to think lightly of the most sacred deposit with which man is entrusted by his Creator. It has

been supposed that his violent death in London, was the sudden or almost instant effect of extreme poverty and disappointment. It appears, however, that long before he left Bristol, he had repeatedly intimated to the servants of Mr. Lambert, his intention of putting an end to his existence. Mr. Lambert's mother was particularly terrified, but she was unable to persuade her son of the reality of his threats, till he found by accident upon his desk a paper, entitled, the "Last Will and Testament of Thomas Chatterton," in which he seriously indicated his design of committing suicide on the following day, namely, Easter Sunday, April 15th, 1770. The paper was probably rather the result of temporary uneasiness*, than of that fixed aversion to his situation which he constantly manifested; but with principles and passions such as Chatterton displayed, Mr. Lambert considered it as no longer prudent, after so decisive a proof, to conti-

* I have been informed from good authority, that it was occasioned by the refusal of a gentleman, whom he had occasionally complimented in his poems, to accommodate him with a supply of money.

nue him in the house; he accordingly dismissed him immediately from his service, in which he had continued two years, nine months, and thirteen days.

If there was any sincerity in the intentions of committing suicide, which he expressed in the paper above alluded to, he was diverted from it for the present by the golden prospects with which he flattered himself from a new plan of life, on which he entered with his usual enthusiasm. A few months before he left Bristol, he had written letters to several booksellers in London*, "who," Mr. Thistlethwaite says, "finding him of advantage to them in their publications, were by no means sparing of their praises and compliments; adding the most liberal promises of assistance and employment, should he choose to make London the place of his residence." To the interrogatories of this gentleman concerning the plan of life which he intended to pursue

* Mrs. Newton's Letter.

on his arrival at London, his answer was remarkable, and corresponds with what has been just related. "My first attempt," said he, "shall be in the literary way: The promises I have received are sufficient to dispel doubt; but should I, contrary to my expectation, find myself deceived, I will in that case turn Methodist preacher: Credulity is as potent a deity as ever, and a new sect may easily be devised. But if that too should fail me, my last and final resource is a pistol."

Before he quitted Bristol, he had entered deeply into politics, and had embraced what was termed the patriotic party. In March 1770, he wrote a satirical poem, called "Kew Gardens," consisting of above 1300 lines. This he transmitted, in different packets, to Mr. George Wm. Edmunds, No. 73, Shoe-lane, Printer of a patriotic newspaper. At the bottom of the first packet, which contained about 300 lines, written in Chatterton's own hand, is this postscript. "Mr. Edmunds will send the author, Thomas Chatterton, twenty of the Journals, in which the above poem (which I shall continue) shall appear, by the

machine, if he thinks proper to put it in; the money shall be paid to his orders." The poem is a satire on the princess Dowager of Wales, Lord Bute, and their Friends in London and Bristol, but particularly on those in Bristol, who had distinguished themselves in favour of the Ministry. His signature on this occasion was DECIMUS; but whether the poem was ever printed or not, I have not been able to ascertain. I have been also informed of another political satire of near 600 lines, the manuscript of which, in Chatterton's hand-writing, is in the possession of a friend of Mr. Catcott. It is called "The Whore of Babylon*." The satire of this poem is also directed against the Ministry, and, like the former, it includes several of the Bristol people, not excepting Mr. George Catcott, and his brother the clergyman. But his party efforts were not confined altogether to poetry; he wrote an invective in prose against Bishop Newton, also signed Decimus, which, I believe, appeared in

* See page 159.

some of the periodical publications of the times. The manuscript of this letter is in Mr. Catcott's possession; but the style appears much inferior to that of his prose publications posterior to his arrival in London. To write well in prose is perhaps more the effect of art, of study, and of habit, than of natural genius. The rules of metrical composition are fewer, more simple, and require a less constant exercise of the judgment. In the infancy of societies, as well as of individuals, therefore, the art of poetry is antecedent to those of rhetoric and criticism, and arrives at perfection long before the language of prose attains that degree of strength, conciseness, and harmony, which is requisite to satisfy a delicate ear. Chatterton wrote also an indecent satirical poem, called "The Exhibition,*" occasioned by the improper behaviour of a person in Bristol. The satire of this poem is chiefly local, and the characters of most of the surgeons in Bristol are

* The Editor has examined the Poem of "The Exhibition," which is in the hands of Mr. Catcott, but thinks it too indecent for publication.

delineated in it. Some descriptive passages in this poem have great merit. Thus, speaking of a favourite organist, probably Mr. Allen, he says

> " He keeps the passions with the sound in play,
> " And the soul trembles with the trembling key."

The activity of his mind is indeed almost unparalleled. But our surprise must decrease, when we consider that he slept but little; and that his whole attention was directed to literary pursuits; for he declares himself so ignorant of his profession, that he was unable to draw out a clearance from his apprenticeship, which Mr. Lambert demanded†. He was also unfettered by the study of the dead languages, which usually absorb much of the time and attention of young persons; and though they may be useful to the attainment of correctness, perhaps they do not much contribute to fluency in writing. Mr. Catcott declared, that when he first knew Chatterton, he was ignorant even of Grammar.

† See the third letter of Chatterton.

In the latter end of April, 1770, Chatterton bade his native city (from which he had never previously been absent further than he could walk in half a Sunday) *a final adieu.* In a letter to his mother, dated April 26th, he describes in a lively style the little adventures of his journey, and his reception from his patrons, the booksellers and printers with whom he had corresponded; these were Mr. Edmunds, whom I had occasion to mention as a noted patriotic printer at that period; Mr. Fell, publisher of the Freeholder's Magazine; Mr. Hamilton, proprietor of the Town and Country; and Mr. Dodsley, of Pall-Mall. From all of them he professes to have received great encouragement, adding, that all approved of his design, and that he should probably be soon settled. In the same letter, he desires his mother to call upon Mr. Lambert. "Shew him this," says he, with uncommon dignity and spirit, "or tell him, if I deserve a recommendation, he would oblige me to give me one—if I do not, it would be beneath him to take notice of me."

His first habitation, after his arrival in London was at Mr. Walmsley's, a plaisterer in Shoreditch, to whom he was introduced by a relation of his, a Mrs. Ballance, who resided in the same house. Of his first establishment, his report is favourable. "I am settled," says he, in a letter to his mother, dated May 6th, "and in such a settlement as I could desire. I get four guineas a month by one Magazine; shall engage to write a history of England, and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers would more than support me. What a glorious prospect!" In consequence of his engagements with the different magazines, we find him, about the same time soliciting communications from his poetical and literary friends at Bristol, and desiring them to read the Freeholder's Magazine. In a letter dated the 14th of the same month, he writes in the same high flow of spirits: He speaks of the great encouragement which genius meets with in London; adding, with exultation, "If Rowley had been a Londoner instead of a Bristowyan, I might

have lived by copying his works*." He exhorts his sister to "improve in copying music, drawing, and every thing which requires genius;" observing that although, "in Bristol's mercantile style, those things may be useless, if not a detriment to her; *here* they are very profitable." His engagements at that period indeed appear to have been numerous; for besides his employment in the magazines, he speaks of a connection which he had formed with a doctor in music, to write songs for Ranelagh, Vauxhall, &c.; and in a letter of the 30th to his sister, he mentions another with a Scottish bookseller, to compile a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers, for which he was to have his board at the bookseller's house, and a handsome premium†.

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* Yet it does not appear that any of Rowley's pieces were exhibited after C. left Bristol. O.

† The Editor of Chatterton's Miscellanies confounds this with Northook's History of London; but that gentleman, in a letter printed in the St. James's Chronicle, denies having ever had the least knowledge of C. Indeed the scheme above alluded to appears not to have been proceeded in.

Party writing, however, seems to have been one of his favourite employments. It was agreeable to the satirical turn of his disposition, and it gratified his vanity, by the prospect of elevating him into immediate notice. When his relation, Mrs. Ballance, recommended it to him to endeavour to get into some office, he stormed like a madman, and alarmed the good old lady in no inconsiderable degree, by telling her, he hoped, with the blessing of God, very soon to be sent prisoner to the Tower, which would make his fortune." In his second letter to his mother, from London, he says, "Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings, since I first corresponded with the booksellers here. I shall visit him next week, and by his interest will insure Mrs. Ballance the Trinity-House. He affirmed that what Mr. Fell had of mine could not be the writings of a youth, and expressed a desire to know the author. By means of another bookseller, I shall be introduced to Townshend and Sawbridge. I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-house, and know all the geniusses there. A character is now unnessary; an author carries his character in his

pen." He informs his sister that, if money flowed as fast upon him as honours*, he would give her a portion of five thousand pounds. This extraordinary elevation of spirits arose from an introduction to the celebrated patriotic Lord Mayor, W. Beckford. Chatterton had, it seems, addressed an essay to him, which was so well received, that it encouraged him to wait upon his Lordship, in order to obtain his approbation to address a second letter to him, on the subject of the city remonstrance, and its reception. "His Lordship (adds he) received me as politely as a citizen could, and warmly invited me to call on him again. The rest is a secret." His inclination doubtless led him to espouse the party of opposition; but he complains, that "no money is to be got on that side the question; interest is on the other side." But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides. I believe I may be introduced (and if I am not, I'll introduce myself) to a ruling power

* Much allowance must be made in reading these letters. They are evidently written in a boasting style, and it is, to be feared sometimes with too little regard to the strictness of truth.

in the court party." When Beckford died, he is said to have been almost frantic, and to have exclaimed, that he was ruined. The elegy, however, in which he has celebrated him, contains more of frigid praise, than of ardent feeling; nor is there in it a single line which appears to flow from the heart. Indeed, that he was serious in his intention of writing on both sides, is evident from a list of pieces written by Chatterton, but never published, which Mr. Walpole has preserved. No. V. of these pieces is a letter to Lord North, dated May 26th, 1770, signed *Moderator*, and beginning, "My Lord, It gives me a painful pleasure, &c." It contains, as Mr. Walpole informs us, an encomium on Administration for rejecting the City Remonstrance. On the other hand, No. VI. is a letter to the Lord Mayor, Beckford, (probably that which he desired his permission to address to him). It is also dated May 26th, signed *Probus*, and contains a virulent invective against Government for rejecting the Remonstrance, beginning, "When the endeavours of a spirited people to free themselves from insupportable slavery, &c."

On the back of this essay, which is directed to Mr. Cary a particular friend of Chatterton in Bristol, is this indorsement: "Accepted by Bingley—set for, and thrown out of the North Briton, 21st June, on account of the Lord Mayor's death.

Lost by his death on this Essay,		£. 1 11	6
Gained in Elegies,	£. 2 2 0		
——— In Essays	3 3 0		
		5 5	0
Am glad he is dead by —		£. 3 13	6

"Essays," again says he to his sister, "on the patriotic side, fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuities to spare. On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted, and you must pay to have them printed; but then you seldom lose by it. Courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generally reward all who know how to daub them with an appearance of it."

On this sandy foundation of party writing

Chatterton erected a visionary fabric of future greatness; and, in the waking dreams of a poetical imagination, he was already a man of considerable public importance. It was a common assertion with him "that he would settle the nation before he had done." In a letter to his sister of the 20th July, he tells her, "My company is courted every where; and, could I humble myself to go into a compter, could have had twenty places before now; but I must be among the great; state matters suit me better than commercial." In a former letter he intimates, that he "might have had a recommendation to Sir George Colebrooke, an East-India Director, as qualified for an office no ways despicable, but," he adds, "I shall not take a step to the sea, whilst I can continue on land." His taste for dissipation seems to have kept pace with the increase of his vanity. To frequent places of public amusement, he accounts as necessary to him as food. "I employ my money," says he, "now in fitting myself fashionably, and getting into good company; this last article always brings me in interest."

While engaged in the examination of these curious letters, it is impossible not to be attracted by a remarkable passage. Chatterton informs his mother in the letter of May 14th, "A gentleman, who knows me at the Chapter, as an author, would have introduced me as a companion to the young Duke of Northumberland, in his intended general tour; but, alas! I speak no tongue but my own." It is not very credible, that any of the constant frequenters of the Chapter Coffee-house should be possessed of influence sufficient to recommend a person to the Duke of Northumberland, to so important an office as that of the care of his son; much less credible is it, that such a person would recommend a young literary adventurer, whose character was only known by an accidental meeting at a coffee-house; and least credible of all it is, that such a person was likely to be accepted on so slender a ground of recommendation. Whether this story therefore is a fabrication of Chatterton, or whether some person amused himself with sporting with the sanguine expectations of an inexperienced mind, must remain in doubt—But it certainly could have

no foundation in fact. The splendid visions of promotion and consequence however soon vanished, and our adventurer found no patrons but the booksellers; and even here he seems not to have escaped the poignant sting of disappointment. Soon after his arrival in London, he writes to his mother, "The poverty of authors is a common observation, but not always a true one. No author can be poor who understands the arts of booksellers; without this necessary knowledge the greatest genius may starve, and with it the greatest dunce may live in splendour. This knowledge I have pretty well dipped into." This knowledge however, instead of conducting to opulence and independence, proved a delusive guide; and though he boasts of having pieces in the month of June 1770 in the Gospel Magazine, the Town and Country, the Court and City, the London, the Political Register, &c. and that almost the whole Town and Country for the following month was his, yet it appears, so scanty is the remuneration for those periodical

labours, that even these uncommon exertions of industry and genius were insufficient to ward off the approach of poverty; and he seems to have sunk almost at once from the highest elevation of hope and illusion, to the depths of despair. Early in July he removed his lodgings from Shoreditch to Mrs. Angel's, a sack-maker in Brook-street, Holborn. Mr Walmsley's family affirmed that he assigned no reason for quitting their house. The author of Love and Madness attributes the change to the necessity he was under, from the nature of his employments, of frequenting public places. Is it not probable that he might remove, lest his friends in Shoreditch, who had heard his frequent boasts, and observed his dream of greatness, should be the spectators of his approaching indigence? Pride was the ruling passion of Chatterton, and a too acute sense of shame is ever found to accompany literary pride. But however he might be desirous of preserving appearances to the world, he was sufficiently lowered in his own expectations; and great indeed must have been his humiliation, when we find his towering ambition reduced to

the miserable hope of securing the very ineligible appointment of a surgeon's mate to Africa. To his friend Mr. Barrett he applied in his distress for a recommendation to this unpromising station. Even in this dreary prospect he was not, however, without the consolations of his muse; his fancy delighted itself with the expectation of contemplating the wonders of a country, where "Nature flourishes in her most perfect vigour; where the *purple* aloe, and the scarlet jessamine, diffuse their rich perfumes; where the reeking tygers bask in the sedges, or wanton with their shadows in the stream*."

His resolution was announced in a poem to Miss Bush, in the style of Cowley, that is, with too much affectation of wit for real feeling. Probably, indeed, when he composed the African Eclogues, which was just before, he might not be without a dstant contemplation of a similar design; and perhaps we are to attribute a part of

* See the African Eclogues.

the exulting expressions, which occur in the letters to his mother and sister, to the kind and laudible intention of making them happy with respect to his prospects in life; since we find him, almost at the very crisis of his distress, sending a number of little unnecessary presents to them and his grandmother, while perhaps he was himself almost in want of the necessaries of life.

On the score of incapacity probably, Mr. Barrett refused him the necessary recommendation, and his last hope was blasted*. Of Mrs. Angel, with whom he last resided, no inquiries have afforded any satisfactory intelligence; but there can be little doubt that his death was preceded by extreme indigence. Mr. Cross, an apothecary in Brook-street, informed Mr. Warton, that while Chatterton lived in the neighbourhood, he fre-

* This circumstance reflects no disgrace, but rather honour upon Mr. B. as he could not possibly foresee the melancholy consequence, and he could not in conscience be the instrument of committing the lives of a considerable number of persons to one totally inadequate to the charge.

quently called at the shop, and was repeatedly pressed by Mr. Cross to dine or sup with him in vain. One evening, however, human frailty so far prevailed over his dignity, as to tempt him to partake of the regale of a barrel of oysters, when he was observed to eat most voraciously†. Mrs. Wolfe, a barber's wife, within a few doors of the house where Mrs. Angel lived, has also afforded ample testimony, both to his poverty and his pride. She says, "that Mrs. Angel told her, after his death, that on the 24th of August, as she knew he had not eaten any thing for two or three days, she begged he would take some dinner with her; but he was offended at her expressions, which seemed to hint he was in want, and assured her he was not hungry." In these desperate circumstances, his mind reverted to what (we learn from Mr. Thistlethwaite, and other quarters) he had accustomed himself to regard as a last resource.—"Over his death, for the sake of the world," says the Author of Love and Madness, "I would willingly draw a veil. But this must not be. They

† Warton's Inquiry, p. 107.

who are in a condition to patronise merit, and they who feel a consciousness of merit which is not patronised, may form their own resolutions from the catastrophe of his tale;—those, to lose no opportunity of befriending genius; these, to seize every opportunity of befriending themselves, and, upon no account, to harbour the most distant idea of quitting the world, however it may be unworthy of them, lest despondency should at last deceive them into so unpardonable a step. Chatterton, as appears by the Coroner's Inquest, swallowed arsenic in water, on the 24th of August 1770, and died in consequence thereof the next day. He was buried in a shell, in the burying ground of Shoe-lane work-house*." Whatever unfinished pieces he might have, he cautiously destroyed them before his death; and his room, when broken open, was found covered with little scraps of paper. What must increase our regret for this hasty and unhappy step, is the information that the late Dr. Fry, head of St. John's College in Oxford, went to Bristol in the latter end of August 1770,

* Love and madness, p. 221.

in order to search into the history of Rowley and Chatterton, and to patronise the latter, if he appeared to deserve assistance—when, alas! all the intelligence he could procure was, that Chatterton had, within a few days, destroyed himself.

I have been induced, from the circumstances of the narrative, repeatedly to consider the character of Chatterton in the different stages of life in which I had occasion to contemplate him. Indeed, the character of any man is better understood from a fair and accurate statement of his life and conduct, than from the comments of any critic or biographer whatever. A few general observations, which could not with so much propriety be introduced into the body of the narrative, I shall, however, venture to subjoin; though I flatter myself the reader is not at this time unacquainted with the outline of his moral portrait.

The person of Chatterton, like his genius, was premature; he had a manliness and dignity beyond his years, and there was a something about

him uncommonly prepossessing. His most remarkable feature was his eyes, which, though grey, were uncommonly piercing; when he was warmed in argument, or otherwise, they sparkled with fire, and one eye, it is said, was still more remarkable than the other. His genius will be most completely estimated from his writings. He had an uncommon ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, and uncommon facility in the attainment of it. It was a favourite maxim with him, that "man is equal to any thing, and that every thing might be atchieved by diligence and abstinence†." His imagination, like Dryden's, was more fertile than correct; and he seems to have erred rather through haste and negligence, than through any deficiency of taste. He was above that puerile affectation which pretends to borrow nothing; he knew that original genius consists in forming new and happy combinations, rather than in searching after thoughts and ideas which

† If any uncommon character was mentioned in his hearing, "Mrs. Newton says he would only observe, that the person in question merited praise; but that God had sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach any thing, if they would be at the trouble of extending them."

never had occurred before; and that the man who never imitated, has seldom acquired a habit of good writing. If those poems, which pass under the name of Rowley, are really the productions of Chatterton, he possessed the strongest marks of a vigorous imagination and a sound judgment, in forming great, consistent, and ingenious plots, and making choice of the most interesting subjects.

If, on the other hand, we are to judge altogether from those pieces which are confessedly his own, we must undoubtedly assign the preference to those of the satirical class. In most of his serious writings, there is little that indicates their being composed with a full relish; when he is satirical, his soul glows in his composition.

Mr. Catcott affirms that Chatterton understood no language but his mother tongue; the same fact seems to be implied in his own confession, "that he spoke no tongue but his own;" and it receives confirmation from the testimony of Mr.

Smith, in his conversation with Dr. Glynn; yet we find him, even so early as the year 1768, annexing a Latin signature to the "Accounte of the Fryers passing the old Bridge," and there are some attempts at inscriptions in old French, in the design which he planned for his own tombstone*. He, probably, might have acquired some little knowledge of both these languages; but even if this was the case, there can be no doubt that it was very superficial. When we consider the variety of his engagements while at Bristol, his extensive reading, and the great knowledge he had acquired of the ancient language of his native country, we cannot wonder that he had not time to occupy himself in the study of other languages; and after his arrival in London, he had a new and necessary science to learn, the world; and that he made the most advantageous use of his time is evident from the extensive knowledge of mankind displayed in the different essays, which he produced occasionally for periodical publications.

* Chatterton's Will.

The lively and vigorous imagination of Chatterton contributed, doubtless, to animate him with that spirit of enterprise, which led him to form so many impracticable and visionary schemes for the acquisition of fame and fortune. His ambition was evident from his earliest youth; and perhaps the inequality of his spirits might, in a great measure, depend upon the fairness of his views, or the dissipation of his projects. His melancholy was extreme on some occasions, and, at those times, he constantly argued in favour of suicide. Mr. Catcott left him one evening totally depressed; but he returned the next morning with unusual spirits. He said, "he had sprung a mine," and produced a parchment, containing the *Parliament of Sprytes*, a poem.*

His natural melancholy was not corrected by the irreligious principles, which he had so unfortunately imbibed. To these we are certainly to attribute his premature death; and, if he can be proved guilty of the licentiousness which is by

* See Vol. 2. page 35.

some laid to his charge, it is reasonable to believe that a system, which exonerates the mind from the apprehension of future punishment, would not contribute much to restrain the criminal excesses of the passions. Had Chatterton lived, and been fortunate enough to fall into settled and sober habits of life, his excellent understanding would, in all probability, have led him to see the fallacy of those principles, which he had hastily embraced; as it was, the only preservatives of which he was possessed against the contagion of vice, were the enthusiasm of literature, and that delicacy of sentiment which taste and reading inspire. But though these auxiliaries are not wholly to be despised, we have too many instances of their inefficacy in supporting the cause of virtue, to place any confident reliance on them.

Under such circumstances there is little cause for surprize, if the passions of Chatterton should frequently have trespassed the boundaries of reason and moral duty. That he had strong resentments is evident from his great disposition

to satire, and particularly from the letter which has been mentioned as written by him to his school-master, soon after the commencement of his apprenticeship. That he was "proud and imperious," is allowed by his sister, and the generality of his acquaintance. He stands charged with a profligate attachment to women; the accusation, however, is stated in a vague and desultory manner, as if from common report, without any direct or decided evidence in support of the opinion. To the regularity of his conduct during his residence in Bristol, some respectable testimonies have been already exhibited. It is, indeed, by no means improbable, that a young man of strong passions, and unprotected by religious principles, might frequently be unprepared to resist the temptations of a licentious metropolis; yet, even after his arrival in London, there are some proofs in his favour, which ought not to be disregarded. During a residence of nine weeks at Mr. Walmesley's, he never staid out beyond the family hours, except one night, when Mrs. Ballance knew that he lodged at the house of a relation.

Whatever may be the truth of these reports, the list of his virtues still appears to exceed the catalogue of his faults. His temperance was in some respects exemplary. He seldom eat animal food, and never tasted any strong or spirituous liquors; he lived chiefly on a morsel of bread or a tart, with a draught of water. His sister affirms, that he was a lover of truth from the earliest dawn of reason; and that his school-master depended on his veracity on all occasions*: yet an occasional deviation from truth must be admitted in the list of his faults by all who are not persuaded of the genuineness of Rowley's poems. His high sense of dignity has been already noticed in two most striking instances; but the most amiable feature in his character, was his generosity and attachment to his mother and relations. Every favourite project for his advancement in life was accompanied with promises and encouragement to them; while in London, he continued to send them presents, at a time when he was known, himself, to be in want: and indeed, the unremitting

* Mrs. N's letter.

attention, kindness and respect, which appear in the whole of his conduct towards them, are deserving the imitation of those in more fortunate circumstances, and under the influence of better principles of faith than Chatterton possessed.*

He had a number of friends, and notwithstanding his disposition to satire, he is scarcely known to have had any enemies. By the accounts of all who were acquainted with him, there was something uncommonly insinuating in his manner and conversation. Mr. Cross informed Mr. Warton, that in Chatterton's frequent visits while he resided at Brook-street, he found his conversation, a little infidelity excepted, most captivating†. His extensive, though in many instances, superficial knowledge, united with his genius, wit and fluency, must have admirably

* It can never be sufficiently lamented, that this amiable propensity was not more uniform in Chatterton. A real love for his relations ought to have arrested the hand of suicide; but when religion is lost, all uniformity of principle is lost.

† Warton's Inquiry, 107.

accomplished him for the pleasures of society. His pride, which perhaps should rather be termed the strong consciousness of intellectual excellence, did not destroy his affability. He was always accessible, and rather forward to make acquaintance, than apt to decline the advances of others*. There is reason however to believe, that the inequality of his spirits, affected greatly his behaviour in company. His fits of absence were frequent and long. "He would often look stedfastly in a person's face without speaking, or seeming to see the person, for a quarter of an hour or more."

Chatterton had one ruling passion which governed his whole conduct, and that was the desire of literary fame; this passion intruded itself on every occasion, and absorbed his whole attention. Whether he would have continued to improve or the contrary, must have depended in some measure on the circumstances of his future

* "Last week being in the pit of Drury Lane theatre, I contracted an im-
"mediate acquaintance (which you know is no hard task to me) with a
"young gentleman," &c. See Letter to his mother.

life. Had he fallen into profligate habits and connections, he would probably have lost a great part of his ardour for the cultivation of his mind; and his maturer age would only have diminished the admiration which the efforts of his childhood have so justly excited.

At the shrine of Chatterton, some grateful incense has been offered. Mr. Warton speaks of him as "a prodigy of genius," as, "a singular instance of a prematurity of abilities." He adds, that "he possessed a comprehension of mind, and an activity of understanding, which predominated over his situation in life, and his opportunities of instruction*." And Mr. Malone "believes him to have been the greatest genius that England has produced since the days of Shakespear†." Mr. Croft, the ingenious author of Love and Madness, is still more unqualified in his praises. He asserts, that "no such human

* History of English poetry.

† Cursory Observations on the Poems attributed to Rowley, p. 41.

being, at any period of life, has ever been known, or possibly ever will be known." He adds, in another place, "an army of Macedonian and Swedish mad butchers, indeed, fly before him; nor does my memory supply me with any human being, who, at such an age, with such disadvantages, has produced such compositions‡. Under the Heathen mythology, superstition and admiration would have explained all, by bringing Apollo upon earth: nor would the god ever have descended with more credit to himself."

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‡ *Mohammed*, it is true, with hardly the usual education of his illiterate tribe, unable (as was imagined, and he pretended) even to read or write, *forged* the KORAN; which is to this day the most elegant composition in the Arabic language, and its standard of excellence. Upon the argument of improbability, that a man so illiterate should compose a book so admired, *Mohammed* artfully rested the principal evidence of his *Koran's* divinity. (Sale's Koran, P. Discourse, p. 42, 60.) He, who, merely from improbability, denies Chatterton to be the author of Rowley's Poems, must go near to admit God to be the Author of the *Koran*. But before we compare together Chatterton and Mohammed, it should be remembered that Mohammed was *forty* when he commenced prophet. Perhaps the most extraordinary circumstance about Mohammed is, that even familiarity could not sink him into contempt; that he contrived to be a hero and a prophet, even to his wives and his *valets de chambre*. Even his fits of the epilepsy he converted into proofs of his divine mission. It is probable, that, if Mohammed had been less salacious, and not subject to the falling sickness, out of thirty equal divisions of the known world, whereof Christianity claims five, and Paganism nineteen, the inhabitants of six would not now believe in the *Koran*.

To these I shall add the testimony of Dr. Knox :

" Unfortunate boy ! short and evil were thy days, but thy fame shall be immortal. Hadst thou been known to the munificent patrons of genius—

" Unfortunate boy ! poorly wast thou accommodated during thy short sojourning among us;—rudely wast thou treated,—sorely did thy feeling soul suffer from the scorn of the unworthy ; and there are, at last, those who wish to rob thee of thy only meed, thy posthumous glory. Severe, too, are the censurers of thy morals. In the gloomy moments of despondency, I fear thou hast uttered impious and blasphemous thoughts, which none can defend, and which neither thy youth, nor thy fiery spirit, nor thy situation, can excuse. But let thy more rigid censors reflect, that thou wast literally and strictly but a boy. Let many of thy bitterest enemies reflect what were their own religious principles, and whether they had any, at the age of fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen.

Surely it is a severe and an unjust surmise, that thou wouldest probably have ended thy life as a victim of the laws, if thou hadst not finished it as thou didst; since the very act by which thou durst put an end to thy painful existence, proves that thou thoughtest it better to die, than to support life by theft or violence.

"The speculative errors of a boy who wrote from the sudden suggestions of passion or despondency, who is not convicted of any immoral or dishonest act in consequence of his speculations, ought to be consigned to oblivion. But there seems to be a general and inveterate dislike to the boy, exclusively of the poet; a dislike which many will be ready to impute, and, indeed, not without the appearance of reason, to that insolence and envy of the little great, which cannot bear to acknowledge so transcendent and commanding a superiority in the humble child of want and obscurity.

"Malice, if there was any, may surely now be at rest; for "Cold he lies in the grave

below." But where were ye, O ye friends to genius, when, stung with disappointment, distressed for food and raiment, with every frightful form of human misery painted on his fine imagination, poor Chatterton sunk in despair? Alas! ye knew him not then, and now it is too late,—

> For now he is dead;
> Gone to his death bed,
> All under the willow tree.

So sang the sweet youth, in as tender an elegy as ever flowed from a feeling heart.

"In return for the pleasure I have received from thy poems, I pay thee, poor boy, the trifling tribute of my praise. Thyself thou hast emblazoned; thine own monument thou hast erected: But they whom thou hast delighted, feel a pleasure in vindicating thine honours from the rude attacks of detraction."*

The poetic eulogiums have, however, exceeded, both in number and excellence, the compliments

* Knox's Essays, No. 144.

of critical writers; a few remarkably interesting and beautiful, I shall select, with the double view of adorning the work, and gratifying the reader.

A poet, whose superior elegance and classical taste do not appear to have met with all the applause they have deserved, thus speaks of Chatterton:

"Yet as with ſtreaming eye the ſorrowing muſe,
"Pale CHATTERTON's untimely urn bedews;
"Her accents ſhall arraign the partial care,
"That ſhielded not her ſon from cold despair*."

The following is a beautiful monody written by Mrs. Cowley:

O CHATTERTON! for thee the penſive ſong I raiſe,
Thou object of my wonder, pity, envy, praiſe!
Bright Star of Genius!—torn from life and fame,
My tears, my verſe, ſhall conſecrate thy name!

Ye Muſes! who around his natal bed
Triumphant ſung, and all your influence ſhed;
APOLLO! thou who rapt his infant breaſt,
And in his dædal numbers ſhone confeſt,

* Pye's Progress of Refinement, Part 2.

Ah! why, in vain, such mighty gifts bestow?
—Why give fresh tortures to the Child of Woe?
Why thus, with barb'rous care, illume his mind,
Adding new sense to all the ills behind?

Thou haggard Poverty! whose cheerless eye
Transforms young Rapture to the pond'rous sigh,
In whose drear cave no Muse e'er struck the lyre,
Nor Bard e'er madden'd with poetic fire;
Why all thy spells for CHATTERTON combine?
His thought creative, why must thou confine?
Subdu'd by thee, his pen no more obeys,
No longer gives the song of ancient days;
Nor paints in glowing tints from distant skies,
Nor bids wild scen'ry rush upon our eyes——
Check'd in her flight, his rapid Genius cowers,
Drops her sad plumes, and yields to thee her powers.

Behold him, Muses! see your fav'rite son
The prey of want, ere manhood is begun!
The bosom ye have fill'd with anguish torn——
The mind you cherish'd, drooping and forlorn!

And now despair her sable form extends,
Creeps to his couch, and o'er his pillow bends.
Ah, see! a deadly bowl the fiend conceal'd,
Which to his eye with caution is revealed——
Seize it, Apollo!—seize the liquid snare!
Dash it to earth, or dissipate in air!
Stay, hapless Youth! refrain—abhor the draught,
With pangs, with rack, with deep repentance fraught!
Oh, hold! the cup with woe ETERNAL flows,
More—more than Death the pois'nous juice bestows!

In vain!—he drinks—and now the searching fires
Rush through his veins, and writhing he expires!
No sorrowing friend, no sister, parent, nigh,
To sooth his pangs, or catch his parting sigh;
Alone, unknown, the Muse's darling dies,
And with the vulgar dead unnoted lies!
Bright Star of Genius!—torn from life and fame,
My tears, my verse, shall consecrate thy name!

Nor has the Muse of Amwell,* been backward in commendation.

And Bristol! why thy scenes explore,
And why those scenes so soon resign,
And fail to seek the spot that bore
That wonderous tuneful Youth of thine,
The Bard, whose boasted ancient store
Rose recent from his own exhaustless mine.‡

Though Fortune all her gifts denied,
Though Learning made him not her choice,
The Muse still placed him at her side,
And bade him in her smile rejoice—
Description still his pen supplied,
Pathos his thought, and Melody his voice!

* Mr. Scott.

‡ This is at least the Author's opinion, notwithstanding all that has hitherto appeared on the other side of the question. The last line alludes to one of the ingenious Mr. Mason in his Elegy to a young Nobleman:

"See from the depths of his exhaustless mine
His glittering stores the tuneful spendthrift throws."

Conscious and proud of merit high,
Fame's wreath he boldly claim'd to wear;
But Fame, regardless, pass'd him by,
Unknown, or deem'd unworth her care:
The Sun of Hope forsook his sky;
And all his land look'd dreary, bleak, and bare!

Then Poverty, grim spectre, rose,
And horror o'er the prospect threw —
His deep distress too nice to expose;
Too nice for common aid to sue,
A dire alternative he chose,
And rashly from the painful scene withdrew.

Ah! why for Genius' headstrong rage
Did Virtue's hand no curb prepare?
What boots, poor youth! that now thy page
Can boast the public praise to share,
The learn'd in deep research engage,
And lightly entertain the gentle fair?

Ye, who superfluous wealth command,
O why your kind relief delay'd?
O why not snatch'd his desperate hand?
His foot on Fate's dread brink not stay'd?
What thanks had you your native land
For a new SHAKESPEARE or new MILTON paid!

For me—Imagination's power
Leads oft insensibly my way,
To where, at midnight's silent hour,
The crescent moon's slow-westering ray
Pours full on REDCLIFF's lofty tower,
And gilds with yellow light its walls of grey.

'Midst Toil and Commerce slumbering round,
Lull'd by the rising tide's hoarse roar,
There Frome and Avon willow-crown'd,
I view sad-wandering by the shore,
With streaming tears, and notes of mournful sound,
Too late their hapless Bard, untimely lost, deplore.

The following lines are uncommonly animated and poetical:

If changing times suggest the pleasing hope,
That Bards no more with adverse fortune cope;
That in this alter'd clime, where Arts increase,
And make our polish'd Isle a second Greece;
That now, if Poesy proclaims her Son,
And challenges the wreath by Fancy won;
Both Fame and Wealth adopt him as their heir,
And liberal Grandeur makes his life her care;
From such vain thoughts thy erring mind defend,
And look on CHATTERTON's disastrous end,
Oh, ill-starr'd Youth, whom Nature form'd in vain,
With powers on Pindus' splendid height to reign!
O dread example of what pangs await
Young Genius struggling with malignant fate!
What could the Muse, who fir'd thy infant frame
With the rich promise of Poetic fame;
Who taught thy hand its magic art to hide,
And mock the insolence of Critic pride;
What could her unavailing cares oppose,
To save her darling from his desperate foes;
From pressing Want's calamitous controul,
And Pride, the fever of the ardent soul?

Ah, see, too conscious of her failing power,
She quits her nursling in his deathful hour!
In a chill room, within whose wretched wall
No cheering voice replies to Misery's call;
Near a vile bed, too crazy to sustain
Misfortune's wasted limbs, convuls'd with pain,
On the bare floor, with heaven-directed eyes,
The hapless Youth in speechless horror lies
The pois'nous phial, by distraction drain'd,
Rolls from his hand, in wild contortion strain'd:
Pale with life-wasting pangs, it's dire effect,
And stung to madness by the world's neglect,
He, in abhorrence of the dangerous Art,
Once the dear idol of his glowing heart,
Tears from his Harp the vain detested wires,
And in the frenzy of Despair expires* !

Again, with all the honest resentment of indignant Genius,

Search the dark scenes where drooping Genius lies,
And keep from sorriest sights a nation's eyes,
That, from expiring Want's reproaches free,
Our generous country ne'er may weep to see
A future CHATTERTON by poison dead,
An OTWAY fainting for a little bread†.

* Hayley's Essay on Epic Poetry, Ep. iv. l. 211 to 248.

† Ibid, 336 to 234.

Mr. Coleridge has also written the following Monody to the memory of Chatterton.

When faint and sad o'er Sorrow's desart wild
Slow journeys onward poor Misfortune's child;
When fades each lovely form by Fancy drest,
And inly pines the self-consuming breast;
(No scourge of scorpions in thy right arm dread,
No helmed terrors nodding o'er thy head,)
Assume, O DEATH! the cherub wings of PEACE,
And bid the heart-sick Wanderer's anguish cease!

Thee, CHATTERTON! yon unblest stones protect
From Want, and the bleak Freezings of neglect!
Escap'd the sore wounds of Affliction's rod
Meek at the Throne of Mercy, and of God,
Perchance, thou raisest high th' enraptur'd hymn
Amid the blaze of Seraphim!

Yet oft ('tis nature's call)
I weep, that heaven-born Genius *so* should fall;
And oft, in Fancy's saddest hour, my soul
Averted shudders at the poison'd bowl.
Now groans my sickening heart, as still I view
Thy corse of livid hue;
And now a flash of indignation high
Darts thro' the tear, that glistens in mine eye!

Is this the land of song-ennobled Line?
Is this the land, where Genius ne'er in vain
Pour'd forth his lofty strain?
Ah me! yet SPENSER, gentlest bard divine,
Beneath chill Disappointment's shade,
His weary limbs in lonely anguish lay'd:

And o'er her darling dead
PITY hopeless hung her head,
While " mid the pelting of that merciless storm,"
Sunk to the cold earth OTWAY's famish'd form!

Sublime of thought, and confident of fame,
From vales where Avon winds the MINSTREL came.
Light-hearted youth! he hastes along,
And meditates the future song,
How dauntless Ælla fray'd the Dacyan foes;
See, as floating high in air
Glitter the sunny visions fair,
His eyes dance rapture, and his bosom glows!
Yes! Clad in Nature's rich array,
And bright in all her tender hues,
Sweet tree of Hope! thou loveliest child of Spring,
Most fair didst thou disclose thine early bloom,
Loading the west-winds with its soft perfume!
And Fancy, elfin form of gorgeous wing,
On every blossom hung her fostering dews,
That, changeful, wanton'd to the orient day!
But soon upon thy poor unsheltered head
Did Penury her sickly mildew shed:
And soon the scathing Light'ning bade thee stand
In frowning horror o'er the blighted land!

Ah! where are fled the charms of vernal Grace,
And Joy's wild gleams, light-flashing o'er thy face?
YOUTH of tumultuous soul, and haggard eye!
Thy wasted form, thy hurried steps I view,
On thy cold forehead starts the anguish'd dew:
And dreadful was that bosom-rending sigh!
Such were the struggles of the gloomy hour,
When CARE, of wither'd brow,
Prepar'd the poison's pow'r:

Already to thy lips was rais'd the bowl,
When near thee stood AFFECTION meek
(Her bosom bare, and wildly pale her cheek)
Thy sullen gaze she bade thee roll
On scenes that well might melt thy soul;
Thy native cot she flash'd upon thy view,
Thy native cot, where still, at close of day,
PEACE smiling sate, and listen'd to thy lay;
Thy Sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,
And mark thy Mother's tear;
See, see her breast's convulsive throe,
Her silent agony of woe!
Ah! dash the poison'd chalice from thy hand!

And thou had'st dash'd it, at her soft command,
But that DESPAIR and INDIGNATION rose,
And told again the story of thy woes;
Told the keen insult of th' unfeeling heart;
The dread dependance on the low-born mind;
Told every pang, with which thy soul must smart,
Neglect, and grinning Scorn, and Want combin'd!
Recoiling quick, thou bad'st the friend of pain
Roll the black tide of Death thro' every freezing vein!

Ye woods! that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep,
To Fancy's ear sweet is your murm'ring deep!
For *here* she loves the cypress wreath to weave;
Watching, with wistful eye, the sad'ning tints of eve.
Here, far from men, amid this pathless grove,
In solemn thought the Minstrel wont to rove,
Like star-beam on the slow sequester'd tide
Lone-glittering, through the high tree branching wide.
And here, in INSPIRATION's eager hour,
When most the big soul feels the mad'ning pow'r,

These wilds, these caverns roaming o'er,
Round which the screaming sea-guls soar,
With wild unequal steps he pass'd along
Oft pouring on the winds a broken song:
Anon, upon some rough rock's fearful brow
Would pause abrupt—and gaze upon the waves below.
Poor CHATTERTON! *he* sorrows for thy fate
Who would have prais'd and lov'd thee, ere too late.
Poor CHATTERTON! farewell! of darkest hues
This chaplet cast I on thy unshap'd tomb;
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom:
For oh! big gall-drops, shook from FOLLY's wing,
Have blacken'd the fair promise of my spring;
And the stern FATE transpierc'd with viewless dart
The last pale Hope, that shiver'd at my heart!

Hence, gloomy thoughts! no more my soul shall dwell
On joys that were! No more endure to weigh
The shame and anguish of the evil day,
Wisely forgetful! O'er the ocean swell
Sublime of Hope I seek the cottag'd dell
Where VIRTUE calm with careless step may stray;
And, dancing to the moon-light roundelay,
The wizard PASSIONS weave an holy spell!

O CHATTERTON! that thou wert yet alive!
Sure thou would'st spread the canvass to the gale,
And love, with us, the tinkling team to drive
O'er peaceful Freedom's UNDIVIDED dale;
And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng,
Hanging, enraptur'd, on thy stately song!
And greet with smiles the young-eyed POESY
All deftly mask'd, as hoar ANTIQUITY.

Alas vain Phantasies! the fleeting brood
Of Woe self-solac'd in her dreamy mood!
Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream,
Where Susquehannah pours his untam'd stream;
And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side
Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide,
Will raise a solemn CENOTAPH to thee,
Sweet Harper of time-shrouded MINSTRELSY!
And there, sooth'd sadly by the dirgeful wind,
Muse on the sore ills I had left behind.

The following Monody to the Memory of Chatterton, was written by the late Mrs. Robinson.

If GRIEF can deprecate the wrath of Heaven,
Or human frailty hope to be forgiven!
Ere now, thy sainted Spirit bends its way
To the bland regions of celestial day;
Ere now thy Soul, immers'd in purest air,
Smiles at the triumphs of supreme Despair;
Or, bath'd in seas of endless bliss, disdains
The vengeful memory of mortal pains;
Yet shall the MUSE a fond memorial give,
To shield thy Name, and bid thy GENIUS live.

Too proud for pity, and too poor for praise,
No voice to cherish, and no hand to raise;
Torn, stung, and sated, with this "mortal coil,"
This weary, anxious scene of fruitless toil;
Not all the graces that to youth belong,
Nor all the energies of sacred song;
Nor all that FANCY, all that GENIUS gave,
Could snatch thy wounded spirit from the grave.

Hard was thy lot, from every comfort torn;
In POVERTY's cold arms condemn'd to mourn;
To live by mental toil, e'en when the brain
Could scarce its trembling faculties sustain;
To mark the dreary minutes slowly creep;
Each day to labour, and each night to weep;
'Till the last murmur of thy frantic soul,
In proud concealment, from its mansion stole;
While ENVY, springing from her lurid cave,
Snatch'd the young LAURELS from thy rugged grave.
So the pale Primrose, sweetest bud of May,
Scarce wakes to beauty ere it feels decay;
While baleful weeds their hidden poisons pour,
Choak the green sod, and wither every flow'r.

Immur'd in shades, from busy scenes remov'd,
No sound to solace,—but the Verse he lov'd:
No soothing numbers harmoniz'd his ear;
No feeling bosom gave his griefs a tear;
Obscurely born—no gen'rous friend he found
To lead his trembling steps o'er Classic ground:
No patron filled his heart with flattering hope,
No tutor'd lesson gave his genius scope;
Yet, while poetic ardour nerv'd each thought,
And Reason sanction'd what AMBITION taught,
He soar'd beyond the narrow spells that bind
The slow perceptions of the vulgar mind;
The fire once kindled by the breath of FAME,
Her restless pinions fann'd the glitt'ring flame;
Warm'd by its rays, he thought each vision just;
For conscious VIRTUE seldom feels DISTRUST.

Frail are the charms delusive FANCY shows,
And short the bliss her fickle smile bestows;

Yet the bright prospect pleas'd his dazzled view,
Each HOPE seem'd ripen'd, and each PHANTOM true;
Fill'd with delight, his unsuspecting mind
Weigh'd not the grov'ling treach'ries of mankind;
For while a niggard boon his wants supply'd,
And NATURE's claims subdu'd the voice of PRIDE:
His timid talents own'd a borrow'd name,
And gain'd by FICTION what was due to FAME.

With secret labour, and with taste refin'd,
This Son of Mis'ry form'd his infant mind!
When op'ning Reason's earliest scenes began,
The dawn of childhood mark'd the future Man!
He scorn'd the puerile sports of vulgar boys,
His little heart aspir'd to nobler joys;
Creative Fancy winged his few short hours,
While soothing Hope adorn'd his path with flow'rs,
Yet FAME's recording hand no trophy gave,
Save the sad TEAR—to decorate his grave.

Yet in this dark mysterious scene of woe,
Conviction's flame shall shed a radiant glow;
His infant MUSE shall bind with nerves of fire
The sacrilegious hand that stabs its fire.
Methinks I hear his wand'ring Shade complain,
While mournful ECHO lingers on the strain;
Thro' the lone aisle his restless Spirit calls,
His phantom glides along the Minster's walls;
Where many an hour his devious footsteps trod,
E'er Fate resign'd him TO HIS PITYING GOD.

Yet shall the MUSE, to gentlest sorrow prone,
Adopt his cause, and make his griefs her own;
Ne'er shall her CHATTERTON's neglected Name
Fade in inglorious dreams of doubtful fame.

Shall he, whose pen immortal GENIUS gave,
Sleep unlamented in an unknown grave?
No,—the fond MUSE shall spurn the base neglect—
The Verse she cherish'd she shall still protect.

And if unpitied pangs the mind can move,
Or graceful numbers warm the heart to love;
If the fine raptures of poetic fire
Delight to vibrate on the trembling lyre;
If sorrow claims the kind embalming tear,
Or worth oppress'd excites a pang sincere;
Some kindred soul shall pour the song sublime,
And with the Cypress bough the Laurel twine,
Whose weeping leaves the wint'ry blast shall wave
In mournful murmurs o'er thy unbless'd grave.

And tho', no lofty VASE or sculptur'd BUST
Bends o'er the sod that hides thy sacred dust;
Tho' no long line of ancestry betrays
The PRIDE of RELATIVES, or POMP of PRAISE;
Tho' o'er thy name a blushing nation rears
OBLIVION'S wing—to hide REFLECTION'S tears;
Still shall thy Verse in dazzling lustre live,
And claim a brighter wreath THAN WEALTH can GIVE.

To these elegant offerings to the genius of Chatterton, it is with peculiar pleasure I add a sonnet to expression, from the polished and pathetic pen of Miss Helen Maria Williams.

Expression, child of soul! I fondly trace
Thy strong enchantments, when the poet's lyre,
The painter's pencil catch thy sacred fire,

And beauty wakes for thee her touching grace—
But from this frighted glance thy form avert
When horrors check thy tear, thy struggling sigh,
When frenzy rolls in thy impassion'd eye,
Or guilt sits heavy on thy lab'ring heart—
Nor ever let my shudd'ring fancy bear
The wasting groan, or view the pallid look
Of him* the Muses lov'd—when hope forsook
His spirit, vainly to the Muses dear!
For charm'd with heav'nly song, this bleeding breast,
Mourns the blest power of verse could give despair no rest—

Independent of the poems attributed to Rowley, Chatterton has left behind him a variety of pieces, published and unpublished†; the most considerable of the former are to be found in a volume of miscellanies, published in 1778, to which is perfixed a sketch for the late Alderman Beckford's statue, a specimen of Chatterton's abilities in the arts of drawing and design; and this publication was followed in 1786, by "a supplement to the miscellanies of Thomas Chatterton." The compositions contained in both these volumes are scarcely to be inspected

* Chatterton.

† All that industry could collect, will be found in this Edition.

with all the severity of criticism. Considerable allowances ought to be made for the exercises of his infantine years, for the incorrect effusions of momentary resentment, for a few lines thrown together in a playful mood to please an illiterate female, or to amuse a school-fellow, and perhaps not less for the hasty and involuntary productions of indigence and necessity, constructed for a magazine, and calculated for the sole purpose of procuring a subsistence. Of the poetical part of these miscellanies, I have already intimated, that the serious are inferior to the satirical.

In the elegy to the memory of Mr. Thomas Philips, of Fairford, we, however, meet with some descriptive stanzas, perhaps not unworthy the author of Rowley's poems:

" Pale rugged Winter bending o'er his head,
" His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
" His eyes, a dusky light, congealed and dead;
" His robe, a tinge of bright ethereal blue.
" His train a motley'd, sanguine sable cloud,
" He limps along the russet dreary moor;
" Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen and loud,
" Roll the white surges to the sounding shore."

" Fancy, whose various, figure-tinctured vest
" Was ever changing to a different hue;
" Her head, with varied bays and flowrets drest,
" Her eyes two spangles of the morning dew."

" Now as the mantle of the evening swells,
" Upon my mind I feel a thick'ning gloom!
" Ah! could I charm, by Necromantic spells,
" The soul of Philips from the deathy tomb!
" Then would we wander thro' this darken'd vale,
" In converse such as heavenly spirits use,
" And borne upon the pinions of the gale,
" Hymn the Creator, and exert the Muse."*

In a letter to his friend Cary, dated London, July 1, 1770, Chatterton tells him, " in the last London Magazine, and in that which comes out to day, are the only two pieces of mine I have the vanity to call poetry." These were the two African Eclogues†. I am sorry I cannot unite with the author in the commendation of these pieces; but Chatterton, as well as Milton, seems to have been incapable of estimating rightly the respective merits of his own productions. They are unconnected and unequal, though it must be confessed, that they contain some excellent lines;

* See pages 218 and 220, Vol. I.

† Ibid. 11 and 16.

the following occur almost at the beginning of the first eclogue, and are animated, expressive and harmonious:

" High from the ground the youthful warriors sprung,
" Loud on the concave shell the lances rung:
" In all the mystic mazes of the dance,
" The youths of Banny's burning sands advance,
" Whilst the soft virgin, panting, looks behind,
" And rides upon the pinions of the wind."

Of the correctness of the following simile in the second eclogue, I shall not determine; but the liveliness of the description evinces a most vigorous imagination.

" On Tiber's banks, close rank'd, a warring train,
" Stretch'd to the distant edge of Galca's plain:
" So when arrived at Gaigra's highest steep,
" We view the wide expansion of the deep;
" See in the gilding of her wat'ry robe,
" The quick declension of the circling globe;
" From the blue sea a chain of mountains rise,
" Blended at once with water and with skies:
" Beyond our sight in vast extension curl'd,
" The check of waves, the guardian of the world."

The satire of Chatterton has more of the luxuriance, fluency, and negligence of Dryden, than

of the terseness and refinement of Pope. The following lines are in the style of the former:

" Search nature o'er, procure me, if you can,
" The fancied character, an honest man.
" A man of sense not honest by constraint,
" (For fools are canvass, living but in paint)
" To Mammon, or to superstition slaves,
" All orders of mankind are fools or knaves:
" In the first attribute by none surpass'd,
" * * * * endeavours to obtain the last.*"

The following is an evident imitation of Mr. Pope, even to the cadence of the verse, but it is not equally successful with the last specimen:

" But why must Chatterton selected sit,
" The butt of every Critic's little wit?
" Am I alone for ever in a crime,
" *Nonsense in prose*, or *blasphemy in rhyme?*
" All monosyllables a line appears!—
" Is it not very often so in Shears?
" See gen'rous Eccas, length'ning out my praise,
" Enraptur'd with the music of my lays;
" In all the arts of panegyric grac'd,
" The cream of modern literary taste.‡"

* Epistle to the Rev. Mr. Catcott, Vol. I. page 93.

‡ The Defence, Vol. I. page 110.

In the poem on Happiness, are some strokes of satire in a superior style.*

The Consuliad,† a political piece, written at Bristol, is in the highest strain of party scurrility; and the Prophecy‡, written apparently a short time after, is in the style of Swift's minor pieces, and appears to be the genuine effusion of that enthusiastic love of liberty, which in tumultuous times generally takes possession of young and sanguine dispositions.

Of the prose compositions of Chatterton, his imitations of Ossian are certainly the worst: he has not indeed improved upon an indifferent model. They are full of wild imagery and inconsistent metaphor, with little either of plot or of character to recommend them.

His lighter Essays, such as the adventures of a star, the memoirs of a sad dog, the hunter of

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* Vol I. page 129. † Ibid, page 52.

‡ Ibid, page 66.

oddities, &c. display considerable knowledge of what is called the town, and demonstrate the keenness of his observation, and his quickness in acquiring any branch of knowledge, or in adapting himself to any situation. We are to remember, however, that he had been long conversant in this species of composition, and that a considerable fund of reading in magazines, reviews, &c. which Mr. Warton observes "form the *school of the people*," had prepared him well to exercise the profession of a periodical writer. Antiquities, however, constituted his favourite study, and in them his genius always appears to the greatest anvantage; even the most humorous of his pieces (Tony Selwood's letter) derives its principal excellence from his knowledge of ancient customs.

In the volume of Miscellanies attributed to him, there are some pieces to which his title is not well ascertained. Some with the signature of Asaphides, are claimed by one Lockstone, a linen-draper, and a particular acquaintance of Chatterton; and the story of Maria Friendless,

which Chatterton himself sent to the Town and Country Magazine, probably for the sake of obtaining an immediate and necessary supply of money, is almost a literal transcript of the letter of Misella in the Rambler.

If the reputation of Chatterton, however, rested solely on those works, which he acknowledged as his own, it would neither be so extensive as it is, nor probably so permanent as it is likely to continue. Rowley's poems have deservedly immortalized the name of Chatterton, and the controversy, which their publication excited, is the most curious and extraordinary controversy, which, since the days of Bentley, has divided the literary world.

I have already noticed the manner in which these poems are said to have been discovered. The account which Chatterton himself gave of the supposed author is nearly as follows:

THOMAS ROWLEY was born at Norton Malreward in Somersetshire, and educated at the

convent of St. Kenna, at Keynesham*. He was of the clerical profession, was confessor to the two Canynge's, Robert and William, about the latter end of the reign of Henry the VIth, or about the beginning of that of Edward IV.; and was at least connected with our lady's church in Bristol†; though he is elsewhere styled the "parish priest of St. John's in the city of Bristol‡." After the death of Mr. Robert Canynge, (who at his brother's desire, bequeathed Rowley 100 marks) he was employed by that brother, Mr. William, to travel through a considerable part of England to collect drawings. Mr. Canynge was so well satisfied with his success, that he rewarded him with a purse of two hundred pounds, and promised him that he should never be in want. He continued afterwards the confidential friend of Canynge. He wrote a variety of poems, many of them addressed to that extraordinary character. He first lived in a house on the hill,

* Note prefixed to "Ballade of Charitie," Vol. 2, page 360.

† Memoirs of Sir W. Canynge, Vol. 3, page 70.

‡ Introduction to the Battle of Hastings, Vol. 2, page 370.

and afterwards in one by the Tower; he survived his patron, and died at Westbury, in Gloucestershire. Such is Chatterton's account; but it is only fair to mention, that the existence of any such person as Rowley, is totally denied by the disputants on one side of the controversy.

There can, however, be no doubt concerning the existence of W. Canynge, the patron of Rowley, since it is attested by such a number of contemporary historians, and his remains lie interred in the church of which he was the founder. He is called by Chatterton, Sir William Canynge. He was the younger son of a citizen of Bristol, and in his youth afforded early prognostics of wisdom and ability. He was of a handsome person, and married for love, without a fortune. Soon after his marriage, his father and his eldest brother (who both loved money as much as he despised it) died, and left him large estates in land and money, and his brother John dependent upon him, whom he placed in such an advantageous line of business, that he afterwards became Lord-Mayor of London.

This dawn of prosperity was, however, soon clouded by death of his wife; to whose memory he afforded the most affectionate testimony, in rejecting the most splendid proposals for a second marriage. Of his native city he was Mayor five times; and in the year 1461, when Sir Baldwin Fulford was executed for treason, Canynge being then Mayor, pleaded for the criminal in vain. When he was knighted does not appear; but in the year 1467, a second marriage being proposed by the King, between him and and one of the Widdeville, (the Queen's) family, Sir William went into holy orders purposely to avoid it; and was ordained Acolythe by his friend Carpenter, Bishop of Worcester, the 19th of September. He was afterwards dean of the Collegiate church of Westbury in Wilts; with his usual munificence he rebuilt that college, and died in the year 1474, with the universal character of learning and virtue. Among the proofs of his munificence there still exist an alms-house or hospital, with a chapel, and the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol*. At a great expence he had

* Story of W. Canynge, Vol, 2.

collected a cabinet of curiosities; his collection of manuscripts, among which were copies of his own and Rowley's poems, were desposited in a room in Redcliffe church: of the actual or pretended discovery of which I have already treated. Such is Chatterton's history of Canynge, in which, though there are some facts, which are amply confirmed, there are also several which are disputed by those who deny the authenticity of Rowley's poems.

These poems, we have already seen, were produced by Chatterton at different times, who asserted that he had copied them from the fragments of those ancient parchments, which his father had procured from the Redcliffe chest; he could never be prevailed upon to produce any originals, except a few fragments, the largest not more than eight inches long, and four and a half wide. The writing on these Fragments was at least a tolerable imitation of ancient manuscript, and the parchment or vellum had every mark of age. The only poetical originals which he produced were, the challenge to Lyd-

gate, the song to Ella, and Lydgate's answer, all contained in one parchment; the account of W. Canynge's feast; the epitaph on Robert Canynge, and part of the story of W. Canynge.

The poems attributed to Rowley were first collected in an octavo volume, and published by Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned editor of Chaucer; a very splendid edition was afterwards published in quarto, by the late Dr. Milles, dean of Exeter, and president of the Society of Antiquaries, with a preliminary dissertation, and notes tending to prove that they were really written by Rowley and others in the 15th century.

The poetical merit of these pieces is considerable. The subjects are interesting, and infinite imagination is displayed in the construction of the plots or fables, in the arrangement of the incidents, and the delineation of the characters. The beauties of poetry are scattered through them with no sparing hand. The Lyric productions in particular, such as the chorus's in the Tragedies, abound with luxuriant description, most vi-

vid imagery, and striking metaphors. Through the veil of ancient language a happy adaptation of words is still apparent, and a style both energetic and expressive. Contrary to almost all the poetical productions of the times, when they are supposed to have been composed, they are in general conspicuous for the harmony and elegance of the verse. Indeed, some passages are inferior in none of the essentials of poetry, to the most finished productions of modern times. On the other hand, it must not be dissembled that some (and many will think no inconsiderable) part of the charm of these poems may probably result from the Gothic sublimity of the style. Whatever is vulgar in language is lost by time, and a small degree of obscurity in an ancient author gives a latitude to the fancy of the reader, who generally imagines the style to be more forcible and expressive than perhaps it intrinsically is. We gaze with wonder on an antique fabrick; and when novelty of thought is not to be obtained, the novelty of language to which we are unaccustomed, is frequently accepted as a substitute. Most poets therefore, at least such as have aspired

to the sublime, have thrown their dialect at least a century behind the common prose, and colloquial phraseology of their time; nor can we entertain a doubt, but that even Shakespear and Milton have derived advantages from the antique structure of some of their most admired passages. The facility of composition is also greatly increased where full latitude is permitted in the use of an obsolete dialect; since an author is indulged in the occasional use of both the old and the modern phraseology, and if the one does not supply him with the word for which he has immediate occasion, the other in all probability will not disappoint him.

That the subjects of Rowley's poems are in general interesting and well chosen, cannot, I think, be doubted by the judicious reader, but still it must be confessed, that the detail is occasionally heavy, flat, and insipid. The imagery and metaphors are frequently very common-place, and it is possible to labour through several stanzas without finding any striking beauty, when the attention of the reader is kept alive by the subject

alone. Many defects of style, and many passages of rant and bombast are concealed or excused by the appearance of antiquity; and where the harmony of the verse (which indeed is not often the case) is, perhaps, radically deficient, we are inclined to attribute it to a different mode of accenting, or to our ignorance of the ancient pronunciation.

The piece of most conspicuous merit in the collection, is Ælla, a Tragical Interlude, which is a most complete and well-written tragedy. The plot is both interesting and full of variety, though the dialogue is in some places tedious. The character of Celmonde reminds us of Glenalvon in Douglas, but it is better drawn: His soliloquy is beautiful and characteristic. The first chorus, or "Mynstrelles Songe" in this piece, is a perfect pastoral. It abounds in natural and tender sentiments, and apposite imagery, and the fertility of the author's genius is displayed in this little ballad; since, short as it is, it contains a complete plot or fable.

There are extant two parts, or rather two dif-

ferent copies of the Battle of Hastings. These appear to have been higher in the estimation of Chatterton, as well as of Dr. Milles, than most of the other productions of Rowley. When Chatterton brought the first part to Mr. Barrett, being greatly pressed to produce the poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said, that he had written this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another, the copy of an original by Rowley: and being then desired to produce that poem, he brought, after some time, to Mr. Barrett, the poem which is marked No. 2, in this Edition.

The first of these poems I cannot help classing among the most inferior of Rowley's. The mere detail of violence and carnage, with nothing to interest curiosity, or engage the more tender passions, can be pleasing to few readers. There is not a single episode to enliven the tedious narrative, and but few of the beauties of poetry to relieve the mind from the disgusting subject.

The second part is far superior. There is more of poetical description in it, more of nature, more

of character. The imagery is more animated, the incidents more varied. The character of Tancarville is well drawn, and the spirit of candour and humanity which pervades it, is perhaps unparalleled in any writer before the age of Shakespear. The whole episode of Gyrthe is well conducted, and the altercation between him and his brother Harold, is interesting. But the description of morning, and that of Salisbury plain, would be alone sufficient to rescue the whole poem from oblivion, and to intitle it to a place upon a classic shelf. The utmost efforts of the author, however, cannot always impart interest or variety to the dull catalogue of names, which have ceased to be remembered, and the unvaried recital of wounds and deaths. But Homer himself nods when engaged upon a topic so unfavourable to genius.

The Bristowe Tragedy, or the Deathe of Syr Charles Bawdin, has little but its pathetic simplicity to recommend it. There is nothing ingenious in the plot, or striking in the execution; and it only ranks upon a par with a number of tragic ballads, both ancient and modern, in the same style.

The eclogues are to be accounted some of the most perfect specimens among the poems of Rowley. Indeed, I am not acquainted with any pastorals superior to them, either ancient or modern. The first of them bears a remote resemblance to the first eclogue of Virgil; and contains a beautiful and pathetic picture of the state of England, during the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. The thoughts and images are all truly pastoral; and it is impossible to read it, without experiencing those lively, yet melancholy feelings, which a true delineation of nature alone can inspire. I cannot help feeling an irresistable inclination to present the reader with two stanzas, which have ever appeared to me particularly beautiful.

RAUFE.

Sai to mee nete; I kenne thie woe in myne;
O! I've a tale that Sabalus mote telle.
Swote flouretts, mantled meedows, forestes dygne;
Gravots far-kend arounde the Ermiets cell;
The swote ribible dynning yn the dell;
The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie courte;
Eke the highe songe and everych joie farewell,
Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte:
Impestering trobble onn mie heade doe comme,
Ne on kynde Seyncte to warde the aye encreasynge dome.

ROBERTE.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees,
Mie spreedynge flockes of shepe of lillie white,
Mie tendre applynges, and embodyde trees,
Mie Parker's Grange, far spreedynge to the syghte,
Mie cuyen kyne, mie bullockes stringe yn fyghte.
Mie gorne emblaunched with the comfreie plante,
Mie floure Seyncte Marie shotteyng with the lyghte,
Mie store of all the blessynges Heaven can grant.
I amm duressed unto sorrowes blowe,
Ihanten'd to the peyne, will lette ne salte teare flowe.*

The second eclogue is an eulogium on the actions of Richard I. in the Holy-land, which will be read with additional pleasure by those who have seen the short but spirited sketch of these wars in Mr. Gibbon's last volumes. The poem is supposed to be sung by a young shepherd, whose father is absent on the Holy war: and the Epode, or burthen, is happily imagined:

"Sprytes of the blest, and every seyncte ydedde,
"Pour out your pleasaunce on my fadre's hedde."

Before he has concluded his song, he is cheered by the sight of the vessel in which his father returns victorious.

* See Vol. 2, pages 5 and 6.

The third pastoral is chiefly to be admired for its excellent morality; it is, however, enlivened by a variety of appropriate imagery, and many of the ornaments of true poetry.

The last of these pastorals, called Elinoure and Juga, is one of the finest pathetic tales I have ever read. The complaint of two young females lamenting their lovers slain in the wars of York and Lancaster, was one of the happiest subjects that could be chosen for a tragic pastoral. Two stanzas of this poem, will, I flatter myself, amply justify this opinion: part of the former has been supposed, by the Anti-Rowleians, to be an imitation of Gray's elegy, "The breezy call of incense breathing morn," &c.

ELINOURE.

No moe the miskynette shall wake the morne,
The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;
No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne
Shall from the lessel rouze the foxe awaie;
I'll seke the foreste alle the lyve-longe daie;
Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche glebe will goe,
And to the passante Spryghtes lecture mie tale of woe.

JUGA.

Whan mokie cloudis do hange upon the leme
Of leden Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte;

The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreme
Of Selyness, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;
Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde!) gif to a spryte
Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dystraughte
Hys bledeynge claie-cold corse, and die eche daie ynn thoughte.*

The ballad of Charity is an imitation of the most beautiful and affecting of our Saviour's parables, the good Samaritan.—The poetical descriptions are truly picturesque. We feel the horror of the dark, cold night; we see "the big drops fall," and the "full flocks driving o'er the plain." "The welkin opens, and the yellow light'ning flies." "The thunder's rattling sound moves slowly on, and swelling, bursts into a violent crash; shakes the high spire," &c. If Chatterton were really the author of this poem, he probably alluded to his own deserted situation, since, it is said, he gave it to the publisher of the Town and Country Magazine, only a month before his death:

"Haste to the church-glebe house ashrewed manne!
"Haste to thy kiste, thie only dortouse bedde.
"Cale as the claie, whiche will gre on thie hedde,
"Is charitie and love aminge highe elves;
"Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves."†

* See Vol. 2, pages 31, 32. † Ibid, p. 362.

The lesser pieces in this collection are not without merit. There is much elegant satire in the two epistles to Canynge prefixed to Ælla; and some strokes of pleasantry in the "Storie of Canynge."

As a complete specimen of this author's abilities in Lyric composition, it is only necessary to refer to the incomparable ode or chorus in Goddwyn, a tragedy, which he has left imperfect.*

The poems of Rowley had not been long made public before their authenticity underwent a severe scrutiny; and a number of gentlemen conversant in antiquities, declared, that they could not be the productions of the fifteenth century, and openly pronounced them the forgeries of Chatterton. Their authenticity was defended by other persons of no inconsiderable note in the literary world. The controversy soon became voluminous; and the reader will not be inclined to consider it as unimportant, when on one side

* See Vol. 2, page 348.

the names of Walpole, Tyrwhitt, Warton,* Croft, and Malone, are mentioned: and on the other, those of Milles and Bryant; and I think I may venture to add, that of Mr. Matthias, though his candour and modesty, almost exempt him from being considered as a partizan.

I shall endeavour to exhibit a short sketch of the arguments on both sides of the question, and shall leave my readers to form their own conclusions.

The evidence on this subject naturally divides itself into two branches, external and internal: of the former, there is little satisfactory to be obtained; and it must be confessed, that the bulk of the external evidence is rather against that party which denies the authenticity of the poems. There are, however, a few facts on that side of the question which are of too much consequence to be disregarded.

* I have been well informed that both Mr. Warton and Mr. Tyrwhitt were formerly of sentiments directly opposite to those which they profess in their publications; if the poems therefore be forgeries of Chatterton, these gentlemen were at least among the first on whom he imposed.

Arguments against the Authenticity of Rowley's Poems.

External Evidence.

I. The first serious objection which occurs against the authenticity of the poems, is, that Chatterton never could be prevailed upon to produce more than four of the originals, and these extremely short, the whole not containing more than 124 verses. Had such a treasure of ancient poetry fallen into the hands of a young and ingenuous person, would he, it is said, have cautiously produced them to the world one by one? Would he not rather have been proud of his good fortune? Would not the communicativeness of youth have induced him to blaze the discovery abroad, and to call every lover of poetry and antiquity, to a participation of the pleasure? Would not the hope and offers of reward at least have prevented his destroying what, if preserved, would certainly be productive of profit, but the destruction of which could answer no purpose whatever?

II. The deficiency of proof in favour of Rowley, is strongly aided by the very probable proofs in favour of Chatterton. His abilities were in every respect calculated for such a deception. He had been in the habit of writing verses from his earliest youth, and produced some excellent poetry. He was known to have been conversant with our old English poets and historians, particularly Chaucer. His fondness for heraldry, introduced many books of antiquities to his notice; and even his profession disposed him to these studies, and enabled him with facility to imitate ancient writings. In *the Christmas games*, which are acknowledged to be his own, there is much of that peculiar learning in British antiquities, which was necessary to lay the foundation of Rowley's poems; and in his Essay on Sculpture, there is much of the same general information with which those compositions abound*. The

* Chatterton's Will appears to have been written a few days before he left Bristol to go to London; when in consequence, as it should seem, of his being refused a small sum of money by a gentleman, whom he had occasionally complimented in his poems, he had taken a resolution of destroying himself the next day. What prevented him from carrying this design at that time

transport and delight, which Chatterton always discovered on reading the poems to Mr. Smith, his sister, and his different friends, could not, it is said, have resulted from the mere pleasure of a discovery: it was the secret, but ardent feeling of his own abilities, and the consciousness that the praises which were bestowed upon them were all his own, which filled him with exultation, and produced those strong emotions, which even his habitual reserve on this subject was unable to conceal.*

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into execution does not appear; but the whole writing on this occasion is worth attention, as it throws much light on his real character, his acquaintance with old English writers, and his capability of understanding and imitating old French and Latin inscriptions, not indeed grammatically, but sufficient to answer the purposes to which he often applied this knowledge. From this writing it also appears that he would not allow King David to have been a holy man, from the strains of piety and devotion in his psalms, because a *great genius can effect any thing*; that is, *assume* any *character* and *mode* of *writing* he pleases. This is an answer from Chatterton himself, to one argument, and a very powerful one, in support of the authenticity of Rowley's poems. In that part of the Will addressed to Mr. George Catcott, Chatterton mentions Rowley's poems, but in so guarded a manner, that it is not easy to draw any certain information for or against their authenticity; though the parties on both sides have attempted it. The address to Mr. Barrett does no less credit to his own feelings, than to that gentleman's treatment of him; and the apology that follows to the two Mr. Catcotts, for some effusions of his satire upon them, is the best recompence he then had in his power to make to those gentlemen, from whom he had experienced much civility and kindness.

* Monthly Review for March, 1782.

III. The declaration of Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, concerning the first part of the Battle of Hastings, which he confessed *he had written himself*, is a presumption against the rest. He was then taken by surprize, but at other times preserved a degree of consistency in his falsehood.

IV. Mr. Rudhall, an intimate acquaintance of Chatterton, declared to Mr. Croft, that he saw him (Chatterton) disguise several pieces of parchment with the appearances of age, and that Chatterton told him, that the parchment which Mr. Rudhall had assisted him in blacking and disguising, was the very parchment he had sent to the printer's, containing "the account of the Fryers passing the old bridge."

V. The Rev. Mr. Catcott, brother to the Mr. Catcott before mentioned, affirmed, that having had a conversation one evening with Chatterton, he traced the very substance of this conversation, in a piece which that indefatigable genius produced sometime after as Rowley's.

VI. Chatterton at first exhibited the Songs to Ælla in his own hand-writing; and afterwards in the parchment, which he gave to Mr. Barrett as the original, there were found several variations, which it is supposed he had admitted through forgetfulness, or perhaps, as actual corrections, considering that the parchment was the copy which probably would be resorted to as a standard.*

VII. The hand-writing of the fragment containing the storie of W. Canynge, is quite different from the hand-writing of that which contains "the accounte of W. Canynge's feast;" and neither of them is written in the usual record hand of the age to which they are attributed. Indeed in the "accounte of W. Canynge's Feaste," the Arabian numerals, (63) are said to be perfectly modern, totally different from the figures used in the fifteenth century, and exactly such as Chatterton himself was accustomed to make.*

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* Cursory Observations on Rowley's poems, p. 44.

* See Tyrwhitt's Vindication, p. 135. Monthly Review, by Badcock, for March 1782.

VIII. The very existence of any such person as Rowley is questioned, and upon apparently good ground. He is not so much as noticed by William of Worcester, who lived nearly about the supposed time of Rowley, was himself of Bristol, and makes frequent mention of Canynge. "Bale, who lived two hundred years nearer to Rowley than we, and who, by unwearied industry, dug a thousand bad authors out of obscurity," has never taken the least notice of such a person;* nor yet Leland, Pitts, Tanner, nor indeed any other literary biographer. That no copies of any of his works should exist, but those deposited in Redcliffe church, is also a circumstance not easy to be surmounted.†

IX. Objections are even made to the manner in which the poems are said to have been preserved. That title deeds relating to the church or even historical records might be lodged in the muniment room of Redcliffe church, is allowed to be sufficiently probable; but that *poems* should have

* Walpole's two letters.

† Tyrwhitt's Vindication, p. 119, 121.

been consigned to a chest with six keys, kept in a private room in a church with title deeds and conveyances, and that these keys should be intrusted, not to the heads of a college, or any literary society, but to aldermen and churchwardens, is a supposition replete with absurdity; and the improbability is increased, when we consider that these very papers passed through the hands of persons of some literature, of Chatterton's father in particular, who had a taste for poetry, and yet without the least discovery of their intrinsic value.*

Internal Evidence.

I. In point of STYLE, COMPOSITION, and SENTIMENT, it is urged by Mr. Warton, and those who adopt the same side of the controversy, that the poems of Rowley are infinitely superior to every other production of the century, which is said to have produced them. Our ancient poets are minute and particular, they do not deal in ab-

* See Monthly Review for March 1782.

straction and general exhibition, but dwell on realities; but the writer of these poems adopts ideal terms and artificial modes of explaining a fact, and employs too frequently the aid of metaphor and personification.* Our ancient bards abound in unnatural conceptions, strange imaginations, and even the most ridiculous inconsistencies; but Rowley's poems present us with no incongruous combinations, no mixture of manners, institutions, usages, and characters: they contain no violent or gross improprieties.† One of the striking characteristics of old English poetry, is a continued tenor of disparity. In Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate, elegant descriptions, ornamental images, &c. bear no proportion to pages of languor, mediocrity, prosaic and uninteresting details; but the poems in question are uniformly supported, and are throughout poetical and animated.‡ Poetry, like other sciences (say these critics) has its gradual accessions and advancements; and the poems in question possess all that elegance, firmness of

* Matthias's Essay on Evid. p. 64.
† Warton's Inquiry, p. 21.
‡ Ibid, p. 20; Monthly Review, May 1782.

contexture, strength and brilliancy, which did not appear in our poetry before the middle of the present century.

II. There appears in these poems none of that LEARNING, which peculiarly marks all the compositions of the fifteenth century. Our old poets are perpetually confounding Gothic and classical allusions; Ovid and St. Austin are sometimes cited in the same line. A studious ecclesiastic of that period would give us a variety of useless authorities from Aristotle, from Boethius, and from the Fathers: and the whole would be interspersed with allusions to another kind of reading, viz. the old romances; the round table, with Sir Launcelott, and Sir Tristram and Charlemagne, would have been constantly cited.* Poems from such an author, would also have occasionally exhibited prolix devotional episodes, mingled with texts of Scripture, and addressed to the Saints and blessed Virgin; instead of apostrophes to such allegorical

* Warton's Inquiry, 21, 97, 99.

divinities as Truth and Content, and others of Pagan original.

As to the historical allusions which are really found in these poems, it is asserted, that they are only such as might be supplied by books which are easily obtained, such as Hollingshead and Fox, Fuller's church history, Geofry of Monmouth, and others of a similar nature;† and that general reading has been mistaken for profound erudition.‡

III. Some ANACHRONISMS have also been pointed out in the manuscripts of Rowley. Thus the art of *knitting stockings* is alluded to in the tragedy of Ælla; whereas it is a well-established fact, that the art was utterly unknown in the reign of Edward IV. Bristol is called a city, though it was not such till long after the death of that monarch. Canynge is said to have possessed a *cabinet* of coins, *drawings*, &c. though these words were not then in use; and *manuscripts* are spoken

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* Warton's Inquiry, 98.
† Matthias's Essay, p. 69. An Examination of Rowley's Poems, p. 24
‡ Warton's Inquiry.

of as rarities, at a time when there was scarcely any other books: when, in truth, a printed book must have been a much greater curiosity.*

IV. The METRE of the old English poetry, is said to be totally different from that of Rowley. The stanza in which the majority of these poems are written, consists of ten lines, the two first, of quatrains, which rhyme alternately, and it closes with an alexandrine; no example of which occurs in Chaucer, Lydgate or Gower. Spenser extended the old octave stanza to nine lines, closing with an alexandrine, to which Prior added a tenth.† Above all, the extraordinary instance of an English Pindaric in the fifteenth century, is ridiculed by Mr. Warton, which novelty (he says) "was reserved for the capricious ambition of Cowley's muse." That Rowley should ever have seen the original model of this irregular style of composition, is utterly improbable, since Pindar was one of the last classics that emerged at the restoration of literature.‡

* Cursory Observations on Rowley's poems, p. 22—25.
† Matthias's Essay, p. 66.
‡ Warton's Inquiry, p. 33, 39.

To this head may be referred the extraordinary *smoothness of the verse,* which is utterly unparalleled in any poet for more than a century after the supposed age of Rowley;* the accent or cadence, which is always modern; and the perfection and harmony of the rhyme.†

V. While the composition, metre, &c. are wholly modern, the LANGUAGE is asserted to be too ancient for the date of the poems. It is not the language of any particular period, but of two entire centuries.‡ The diction and versification are at perpetual variance.§ The author appears to have borrowed all his ancient language, not from the usage of common life, but from Speght, Skinner, and other lexicographers, and to have copied their mistakes.‖ He has even introduced words which never made a part of the English language, and

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* Cursory Observations, p. 5.

† Matthias's Essay, p. 67.

‡ Cursory Observations, p. 32.

§ Warton's Inquiry, p. 42.

‖ Matthias's Essay, p. 68. Tyrwhitt's Appendix to Rowley's Poems, and Vindication passim.

which are evidently the coinage of fancy, analogy, or mistake.*

VI. Notwithstanding this affectation of ancient language, it is added, that the tinsel of MODERN PHRASEOLOGY may in too many instances be detected. Thus such phrases as *Puerilitie; before* his *optics; blameless* tongue; the aucthoure of the *piece;* vessel wreckt upon the *tragic* sand; the *proto-sleyne* man," &c. could not be the language of the fifteenth century. We find also a number of modern formularies and combinations, e. g. "Systers in sorrow; poygnant arrowes *typp'd* with destinie; Oh, Goddes! Now by the Goddes; Ah, what avaulde; Awaie, awaie! (which is the cant of modern tragedy) Oh, thou, whate'er thie name;" with a number of compound epithets,† and other almost certain marks of modern composition.‡

* Matthias's Essay, p. 68. Tyrwhitt's Appendix to Rowley's Poems, and Vindication passim.

† Warton's Inquiry, p. 23, 24.

‡ Cursory Observations, p. 12, 13.

VII. To these may be added some passages which appear to be imitations of modern poets. Many of those, which have been cited to convict Chatterton of plagiarism, are, it must be confessed, such obvious thoughts, that they might be adopted by a person who had never seen the modern publications in which they appear; but such coincidences as the following are palpable:

"O! for a muse of fire!"	Shakes. Hen. V.
"O forre a spryte al feere!"	Ælla, l. 729.
"His beard all white as snow.	
"All flaxen was his pole."	Hamlet.
"Black his cryne as the winter nyghte,	
"White his rode, as the summer snowe."	Ælla, l. 851.
"No, no, he is dead,	
"Gone to his death-bed."	Hamlet.
"Mie love is dedde,	
"Gone to his deathe-bedde."	Ælla, l. 855.
"Unhousell'd, unanointed, *unaknell'd*,"	Hamlet in Pope's edit.
"Unburled, undelievre, unespryte."	Goddwyn, l. 27.
"Their souls from corpses *unaknell'd* depart."	Bat. of Hast. part 1, l. 288.

" The grey-goose wing that was thereon,
" In his hearts-blood was wet." Chevy-Chace.

" The *grey-goose* pynion, that *thereon* was sett,
" Eftsoons wyth smokyng *crimson bloud was wett.*"
Bat. of Hast. part 1, l. 200.

With such a force and vehement might
He did his body gore,
The spear went thro'. the other side
A large *cloth-yard* and *more.* Chevy-Chace.

With thilk a force it *did his body gore,*
That in his tender guts it entered,
In veritie, a full *cloth-yard or more.* Bat. of Hast.

Clos'd his eyes in endless night. Gray's bard.

He clos'd his eyne in everlastynge nyghte.
Bat. of Hast. part 2.

The advocates of Rowley, are, however, not destitute of arguments in their support; I shall therefore divide the evidence in the same manner as in stating the former, and endeavour to exhibit as fair a summary as possible.

ARGUMENTS TO PROVE THAT THE POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO ROWLEY, WERE REALLY WRITTEN BY HIM AND OTHERS IN THE 15th CENTURY.

External Evidence.

I. The first grand argument which the advocates on this side advance, is the constant and uniform assertion (except in a single instance) of Chatterton himself, who is represented by his sister, and all his intimates, as a lover of truth from the earliest dawn of reason. He was also most insatiable of fame, and abounded in vanity. He felt himself neglected, and many passages of his writings are full of invective on this subject. Is it probable, that such a person should barter the fair character of truth, which he loved, for the sake of persisting in falshood, which he detested? Is it probable, that a person of his consummate vanity, should uniformly give the honour of all his more excellent compositions to another, and only inscribe his name to those which were evidently inferior? But even though a man might be thus careless of his reputation

during his life time, under the conviction that he might assume the honour whenever he pleased, would this carelessness continue even at the hour of death? Would he at a moment, when he actually meditated his own destruction; in a paper which he inscribes—"All this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock Saturday (Evening), in the utmost distress of mind,"—still repeat with the utmost solemnity the same false assertion that he had affirmed during the former part of his life? there was at least *no occasion* to introduce the subject at that time, and he might have been silent, if he did not chuse to close his existence with a direct falsehood*. If we consider the joy which he manifested on the discovery of the parchments, the avidity with which he read them, he must be the most compleat of dissemblers, if really they contained no such treasure as he pretended. To another very extraordinary circumstance Mr. Catcott has pledged himself, which is, that on his first acquaintance

* See Chatterton's Will. See also the learned Mr. Bryant's Observations, p. 499, 547.

with Chatterton, the latter mentioned by *name* almost all the poems which have since appeared in print, and that at a time, when, if he were the author, one-tenth of them could not be written†.

II. Next to the asseverations of Chatterton himself, we are bound to pay at least some attention to those of all his friends. His mother accurately remembers the whole transaction concerning the parchments, as I have already stated it. His sister also recollects to have seen the original parchment of the poem on our Lady's Church, and, she thinks, of the Battle of Hastings: she remembers to have heard her brother mention frequently the names of Turgot, and of John Stowe, besides that of Rowley. *Mr. Smith, who was one of the most intimate friends of Chatterton, remembers to have seen manuscripts upon vellum, to the number of a dozen in his possession, many of them ornamented with the

† Bryant's Observations, p. 548.

* Milles's Preliminary Dissertation, p. 8.

heads of kings or of popes, and some of them as broad as the bottom of a large sized chair†. He used frequently to read to Mr. Smith, sometimes parts, and sometimes whole treatises from these old manuscripts; and Mr. Smith has very often been present while he transcribed them at Mr. Lambert's*. Mr. Capel, a jeweller, at Bristol, assured Mr. Bryant, that he had frequently called upon Chatterton, while at Mr. Lambert's, and had at times found him transcribing ancient manuscripts answering to the former description.† Mr. Thistlethwaite, in the curious letter already quoted, relates, that during the year 1768, "at divers visits, he found Chatterton employed in copying Rowley, from what he still considers as undoubted originals.‡." Mr. Cary also, another intimate acquaintance, frequently heard Chatterton mention these manuscripts soon after he left Colston's school. Every one of these gentlemen, as well as Mr. Clayfield and Mr. Rudhall, declare

† Bryant's Observations p. 528.
* Bryant's Observations.
† Ibid, p. 523.
‡ Milles's Rowley, p. 457.

unequivocally, from an intimate knowledge of Chatterton's learning and abilities, that they believe him incapable of producing the poems of Rowley.

III. That a number of manuscripts were found in Redcliffe church, cannot possibly be doubted after the variety of evidence which has been adduced to that purpose. Perrot, the old Sexton, who succeeded Chatterton's great uncle, took Mr. Shiercliffe, a miniature painter, of Bristol, as early as the year 1749, through Redcliffe church; he shewed him in the North porch a number of parchments, some loose and some tied up, and intimated, "that there were things there, which would one day be better known; and that in proper hands, they might prove a treasure." Many of the manuscripts in Mr. Barrett's hands bear all the marks of age, and are "signed by Rowley himself. The characters in each instance appear to be similar; and the hand-writing the same in all."

IV. The short time which Chatterton had to produce all these poems, is an extraordinary cir-

cumstance. It has been already stated, that he continued at Colston's school from the age of eight till that of fourteen and seven months: that he continued each day in school from seven or eight o'clock till twelve in the morning, and from one till four or five in the evening, and went to bed at eight. There is also reason to believe, that he did not discover or begin to copy these poems, or even to apply himself to antiquities, before the age of fifteen. In about the space therefore of two years and a half, he made himself master of the ancient language of this country; he produced more than two volumes of poetry, which are published, and about as many compositions, in prose and verse, as would nearly fill two volumes more. During this time he must have read a considerable variety of books. He was studying medicine, heraldry, and other sciences; he was practicing drawing; he copied a large book of precedents; and Mr. Lambert's business, though not extensive, must have occupied at least some part of his attention. Which, therefore, is the easier supposition, say the advocates for Rowley, that this almost miracle of

industry or ability was performed by a boy; or that Chatterton really copied the poems from ancient documents* ?

V. Chatterton is said further to have discovered great marks of ignorance on the manuscripts coming first into his possession. He read the name *Roulie* instead of Rowley, till he was

* These must have been transcribed by him, either in Mr. Lambert's office, or during the few hours he spent at home with his mother in an evening. Neither Mr. Lambert nor his mother or sister, take upon them to say, that they ever saw him this way employed. When not engaged in the immediate business of his profession, he was employed by his master to copy forms and precedents, as well to improve him in the law as to keep him employed. Of these law forms and precedents, Mr. Lambert has in his possession a folio book containing 334 pages, closely written by Chatterton; also 36 pages in another. In the noting book, 36 notarial acts; and in the letter-book, 38 letters copied.

The greatest part of his compositions, both under Rowley's name and his own, was written before he went to London, in April, 1770, he being then aged 17 years and five months; and of the former, Rowley's pieces, they were almost all exhibited a twelve month earlier, before April 1769.

Now the time taken up in preparing the parchment and imitating the old writing, must probably have been greater than the time spent in composing them. If he was in possession of the originals, surely he would not have bestowed all this time and pains in transcribing from originals, which he might have parted with to greater advantage; and if he did transcribe them, why destroy the greatest part of them, and exhibit only scraps and detached lines, for such only appear now to exist?

set right by Mr. Barrett†. In the acknowledged writings of Chatterton, there are also palpable mistakes, and marks of ignorance in history, geography, &c.; whereas no such appear in the poems of Rowley*. But what is of still greater consequence, Mr. Bryant has laboured to prove, that in almost innumerable instances, Chatterton did not understand the language of Rowley, but that he has actually misinterpreted, and sometimes mistranscribed him. Thus in "the English Metamorphosis," ver. 14.

"Their myghte is *knopped* ynne the froste of fere."

Chatterton having recourse to Chaucer and Skinner, has interpreted to *knop*, to *tie*, or *fasten*; whereas it really means, and the context requires that it should mean, to *nip*. Thus in the Second Battle of Hastings, 548, describing a sacrifice:

"Roastynge their *vyctualle* round about the flame;"

which Mr. Tyrwhitt himself has allowed ought

* Remarks on Warton, p. 9.

† Bryant's Observations, p. 477

to be *vyctimes*, and has accordingly cancelled the other word. Thus in Ælla, v. 678, we find:

"Theyre throngynge corses shall *onlyghte* the starres."

The word *onlyghte*, Chatterton has here strangely applied as meaning to *darken* the stars, whereas Mr. Bryant, by recurring to the Saxon, very reasonably supposes *onlych* to have been the proper word, and the line will then mean to *be like*, or to equal the stars in number. The word *cherisaunei*, which Chatterton has inserted in the "Introductionne to Ælla," never did really exist, and Mr. Bryant shews that the original word was certainly *cherisaunce:* and in the Second Eclogue, Chatterton has explained the word *amenused*, by *lessened*, or *diminished*; whereas the same able critic shews, that it never had any such meaning, but that it really signifies *accursed* or *abominable*. These and other similar mistakes (of which Mr. Bryant specifies a great number) he asserts, could never have happened, had Chatterton been any more than the transcriber of these extraordinary poems.

VI. With respect to the objection, that Rowley is not mentioned by other writers, it is answered, that there existed so little communication among mankind at that time, that Leland, who is a very curious writer, never makes the smallest mention of Canynge, Lydgate, or Occleve. That William of Worcester, does not mention Rowley, because, unless history demands it, writers do not commonly commemorate persons before their death, and Rowley was apparently alive when William of Worcester was at Bristol. In the register of the Diocese of Wells, however, there are two persons of the name of Thomas Rowley, mentioned as admitted into Holy Orders, one of whom might be the author of the poems*. In answer to the objection, why these manuscripts remained so long unknown to the world, Mr. Bryant says, "We may not be able to account any more for these manuscripts being so long neglected, than for those of Hesychius, Phœdrus, and Velleius Paterculus having been in the same situation†:"

* Mr. Bryant's Obs. p. 535, 543 544.
† Ibid, 499,

and with respect to the secreting of the originals by Chatterton, it is deemed a sufficient reply, that he might conceive very highly of their value, and therefore did not wish to part with them, or he might be apprehensive that they would be taken from him; and at last, in his indignation against the world, he probably destroyed all of them that remained at the time when he determined upon putting an end to his existence.

VII. The concessions of the adversaries ought not to pass unnoticed on this occasion. Mr. Warton admits, "that some poems written by Rowley might have been preserved in Canynge's chest; but if there were any, they were so enlarged and improved by Chatterton, as to become intirely new compositions*;" and in a subsequent publication, says, "I will not deny that Chatterton might discover parchments of humble prose, containing local memoirs and authentic deeds, illustrating the history of Bristol.

* History of English Poetry.

He might have discovered biographical diaries, or other notices of the lives of Canynge, Ischam, and Gorges." These concessions at least imply something of a doubt on the mind of the Laureat, concerning the existence of some important manuscripts, and seem of some consideration in the scale of controversy.

Internal Evidence in favour of the authenticity of Rowley's Poems.

I. The internal evidence (which we may call positive) on this side of the question is not very extensive, and the bulk of it consists in negative arguments, or a refutation of the adversaries' objections. The most material proof is derived from the ALLUSIONS TO FACTS and CUSTOMS, of which there is not much probability, that Chatterton could have a competent knowledge. Thus, if the "Dethe of Sir Charles Bawdin" be supposed, as Mr. Tyrwhitt himself thinks probable, to refer to the execution of Sir Baldwin of Fulford, the fact meets confirmation in all its circumstances, from a fragment published by

Hearne, and also from a parliamentary roll of the eighth of Edward IV; neither of which there is the least probability that Chatterton ever saw*. Thus the names which occur in the Battle of Hastings, may almost all be authenticated from the old historians; but they are scattered in such a variety of books, that they could not be extracted without infinite labour, and several of the books were in all probability not accessible by Chatterton.

To this head we may refer many particulars concerning Canynge, &c. as related by Chatterton, such as his paying 3000 marks to the king, *pro pace sua habenda*, &c. which are confirmed in an extraordinary manner by W. of Worcester, whose book was not made public till 1778, and which it was therefore impossible Chatterton could see previous to the publication of his memoirs; such is also the time of Canynge's entering into Holy Orders, which is confirmed by the

* Observations on Rowley's poems, p. 14.

Episcopal register of Worcester; and the anecdote of the steeple of Redcliffe church being burnt down by lightning in 1446. Of a similar kind is a circumstance in the orthography of the name *Fescampe*, (which is the right orthography,) while Holingshead, the only author accessible to Chatterton, has it *Flischampe*. The name of Robert Consul also, whom Rowley represents as having repaired the castle of Bristol, occurs in Leland, as the proprietor of that Castle*.

II. With regard to the STYLE, COMPOSITION, and SENTIMENT. If the poems appear superior to the efforts of the first scholars at the revival of letters; what are they, when considered as the productions of an uneducated charity boy, not quite seventeen? Those also who think that Chatterton could not reduce his genius to the standard of the age of Rowley, should, perhaps, rather wonder why he could never raise his own avowed productions to an equal degree of excel-

* See Bryant's Observations, p. 314, 326, 343, &c.

lence*. The poems attributed to Rowley, if his, are as much the work of his infantine years, as his own miscellaneous poems; indeed, many of the latter were composed some time after most of Rowley's were exhibited to the world; that they should be inferior in every excellence of poetry, is therefore a mystery not easy to be accounted for. Against the general proposition, that poetry like other arts is progressive, and never arrived to perfection in an early age; it has been judiciously urged, that "Genius is peculiar neither to *age* nor country," but that we have an example of one man (Homer), who in the very infancy of all arts, without guide or precursor, "gave to the world a work, which has been the admiration and model of all succeeding poets†." And though it be admitted, that Rowley's poems are pervaded by an uniform strain of excellence and taste, which does not appear in the other

* The most essential difference that strikes me between the poems of Rowley and Chatterton is, that the former are always built upon some consistent interesting plot, and are more *uniformly* excellent in the execution; the latter are irregular sallies upon ill-selected or trifling subjects.

† Matthias's Essay, p. 98.

works of his age now extant, yet when we compare any composition with another of the same or of any prior age, the difference subsisting, will frequently be found not to depend upon *time*, but upon the situation, genius and judgment of the respective authors*.

III. As to METRE, it is said, that in all languages the modes and measures of verse were originally invented and adopted from accidental circumstances, and agreeably to the taste of different authors; and that very early in the English poetry, a great variety of measures are known to have prevailed, such is the octave stanza, which is not many removes from the usual stanza of Rowley, the seven line stanza, or Rithm Royal, and that of ten lines used by Chaucer in one of his smaller poems. The argument founded on the smoothness of the verse, is attempted to be overturned by Mr. Bryant, who has produced extracts from poems still older than

* Matthias's Essay, page 72.

the age of Rowley, which are deficient neither in harmony nor cadence*.

IV. The objection founded on the ancient LANGUAGE of Rowley, is answerable by supposing that his language was probably provincial†. Several of the words objected to as of Chatterton's coining, have by more profound researches been traced in ancient writers. Many words in Rowley's poems cannot be found in those dictionaries and glossaries, to which Chatterton had access‡, and Chatterton's mistakes in transcribing and explaining the old language of Rowley, have already been instanced.

V. Many of the pretended IMITATIONS of THE MODERN poets to be found in Rowley, are objected to upon good grounds, as being ideas obvious to Rowley or any man; and as to the

* Cursory Observations, p. 425, &c.; 552.

† Ibid, p. 1, to 25.

‡ Matthias's Essay, p. 77.

others, why may we not suppose them, "insertions of Chatterton, either to please his own ear, or to restore some parts which were lost, or in places where the words were difficult to be decyphered*?" This argument acquires great weight, when the temper and génius of Chatterton is considered, and when it is recollected that all parties agree in the probability of many interpolations being made by him; and if this argument be admitted, it will in a great measure account for the modern phraseology which so frequently occurs in these poems.

In rejoinder to these arguments, a few facts have been stated by those who support the title of Chatterton. 1st. That no writings or chest deposited in Redcliffe church are mentioned in Mr. Canynge's will, which has been carefully inspected, nor any books except two, called "Liggers cum integra legenda," which he leaves

* Matthias's Essay, p. 105.

to be used occasionally in the choir by the two chaplains established by him*. 2d. To account for Chatterton's extensive acquaintance with old books out of the common line of reading, it is alledged that the old library at Bristol was, during his life time, of universal access, and Chatterton was actually introduced to it by the Rev. Mr. Catcott†. 3d. Chatterton's account of Canynge, &c. as far as it is countenanced by William of Worcester, (that is, as far as respects his taking orders and paying a fine to the king) may be found in the epitaph on Master Canynge, still remaining to be read by every person, both in Latin and English, in Redcliffe church, which indeed appears to be the authority, that William of Worcester himself has followed. Chatterton's account also of Redcliffe steeple, is to be found at the bottom of a print of that church, published in 1746, by one John Halfpenny, "in which was recounted the ruin of the steeple in 1446, by a tempest and fire." 4th. As to the old vellum or

* Tyrwhitt's Vindication, p. 117.

† Warton's Inquiry, p. 111.

parchment on which Chatterton transcribed his fragments, it is observed, that "at the bottom of each sheet of old deeds, (of which there were many in the Bristol chest) there is usually a blank space of about four or five inches in breadth;" and this exactly agrees with the shape and size of the largest fragment which he has exhibited, viz. Eight and a half inches long, and four and a-half broad†.

THUS I have exhibited as faithfully as I was able, an abstract of the arguments on both sides of this curious literary question. To the examination I sat down with a sceptical mind; nor can I recollect being influenced during the progress of the inquiry in a single instance, by the authority of names, by the force of ridicule, or the partialities of friendship. Some remarks, I believe, I may have added, which are not to be found in other books; in this, however, I am

† Cursory Observations p. 29.

not conscious of having favoured one party more than the other, but esteemed it a part of my duty to state the observations as they rose in my mind from a consideration of the facts. I shall not intrude upon my readers any verdict of my own concerning the issue of the controversy; since my only intention was to enable them, from a view of the arguments, to form their own conclusions; leaving them still open to the impression of any additional or more satisfactory evidence that may hereafter arise. I cannot, however, lay aside my pen without one general reflection. It is impossible to peruse the state of this controversy, without smiling at the folly and vanity of posthumous fame. The author of these poems, whoever he was, certainly never flattered himself with the expectation that they would ever excite half the curiosity, or half the admiration which they have excited in the literary world. If they really are the productions of Rowley, one of the first, both in order and in merit of our English poets, is defrauded of more than half his reputation; if they are the works of Chatterton, they neither served to raise him in the opinion of his

intimate acquaintance and friends, nor to procure for him the comforts or even the necessaries of life. He has descended to his grave with a dubious character; and the only praise which can be accorded him by the warmest of his admirers, is that of an elegant and ingenious impostor.

END OF THE LIFE.

SLY DICK.

From a copy in the hand writing of Sir Herbert Croft, in the volume of Chatterton's works purchased by Mr. Waldron at the sale of Sir Herbert's Library. He says "this was written by Chatterton at about eleven: as well as the following Hymn."

Sharp was the frost, the wind was high
And sparkling Stars bedeckt the Sky,
Sly Dick in arts of cunning skill'd,
Whose Rapine all his pockets fill'd,
Had laid him down to take his rest
And soothe with sleep his anxious breast.
Twas thus a dark infernal sprite
A native of the blackest Night,
Portending mischief to devise
Upon Sly Dick he cast his eyes;
Then strait descends the infernal sprite,
And in his chamber does alight:
In visions he before him stands,
And his attention he commands.

Thus spake the sprite—hearken my friend.
And to my counsels now attend.
Within the Garret's spacious dome
There lies a well stor'd wealthy room,
Well stor'd with cloth and stockings too,
Which I suppose will do for you,
First from the cloth take thou a purse,
For thee it will not be the worse,
A noble purse rewards thy pains,
A purse to hold thy filching gains;
Then for the stockings let them reeve
And not a scrap behind thee leave,
Five bundles for a penny sell
And pence to thee will come pell mell;
See it be done with speed and care
Thus spake the sprite and sunk in air.

When in the morn with thoughts erect
Sly Dick did on his dream reflect,
Why faith, thinks he, 'tis something too,
It might—perhaps—it might—be true,
I'll go and see—away he hies,
And to the Garret quick he flies,

Enters the room, cuts up the clothes
And after that reeves up the hose;
Then of the cloth he purses made,
Purses to hold his filching trade.

* * * *Cætera desunt.* * * *

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

From a Copy by Sir Herbert Croft, in the same volume.

Almighty Framer of the Skies!
O let our pure devotion rise,
  Like Incense in thy Sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable Shade
The Texture of our Souls were made
  Till thy Command gave Light.

The Sun of Glory gleam'd the Ray,
Refin'd the Darkness into Day,
  And bid the Vapors fly:
Impell'd by his eternal Love
He left his Palaces above
  To cheer our gloomy Sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn;
When the Archangel's heavenly Lays,
Attempted the Redeemer's Praise
And hail'd Salvation's Morn!

A Humble Form the Godhead wore,
The Pains of Poverty he bore,
To gaudy Pomp unknown:
Tho' in a human walk he trod
Still was the Man Almighty God
In Glory all his own.

Despis'd, oppress'd, the Godhead bears,
The Torments of this Vale of tears;
Nor bid his Vengeance rise,
He saw the Creatures he had made,
Revile his Power, his Peace invade;
He saw with Mercy's Eyes.

How shall we celebrate his Name,
Who groan'd beneath a Life of shame
In all Afflictions try'd;
The Soul is raptur'd to conceive
A Truth, which Being must believe,
The God Eternal dy'd.

My Soul exert thy Powers, adore,
Upon Devotion's plumage soar
To celebrate the Day:
The God from whom Creation sprung
Shall animate my grateful Tongue;
From him I'll catch the Lay!

X. Y.

APOSTATE WILL.

(FROM LOVE AND MADNESS.)

It is transcribed, says Sir Herbert Croft, from an old pocket-book in his mother's possession. It appears to be his first, perhaps his only, copy of it; and is evidently his hand writing. By the date he was eleven years and almost five months old. It is not the most extraordinary performance in the world: but, from the circumstance of Chatterton's parentage and education, it is unlikely, if not impossible, that he should have met with any assistance or correction; whereas, when we read the ode which Pope wrote at twelve, and another of Cowley at thirteen, we are apt to suspect a parent, friend, or tutor, of an amiable dishonesty, of which we feel, perhaps, that we should be guilty. Suspicions of this nature touch not Chatterton. He knew no tutor, no friend, no parent—at least no parent who could correct or assist him.

This poem appears to have been aimed at somebody, who had formerly been a Methodist, and was lately promoted (to the dignity, perhaps, of opening a pew or a grave; for Chatterton was the sexton's son) in the established church.

In days of old, when Wesley's power
Gather'd new strength by every hour;

Apostate Will, just sunk in trade,
Resolv'd his bargain should be made;
Then strait to Wesley he repairs,
And puts on grave and solemn airs;
Then thus the pious man address'd.
Good Sir, I think your doctrine best;
Your Servant will a Wesley be,
Therefore the principles teach me.
The preacher then instructions gave,
How he in this world should behave:
He hears, assents, and gives a nod,
Says every word's the word of God,
Then lifting his dissembling eyes,
How blessed is the sect! he cries;
Nor Bingham, Young, nor Stillingfleet,
Shall make me from this sect retreat.
He then his circumstance declar'd,
How hardly with him matters far'd,
Begg'd him next morning *for* to make
A small collection for his sake.
The preacher said, Do not repine,
The whole collection shall be thine.
With looks demure and cringing bows,
About his business strait he goes.

His outward acts were grave and prim,
The Methodist appear'd in him.
But, be his outward what it will,
His heart was an Apostate's still.
He'd oft profess an hallow'd flame,
And every where preach'd Wesley's name;
He was a preacher, and what not,
As long as money could be got;
He'd oft profess, with holy fire.
The labourer's worthy of his hire.

It happen'd once upon a time,
When all his works were in their prime,
A noble place appear'd in view;
Then——to the Methodists, adieu.
A Methodist no more he'll be,
The Protestants serve best for *he*.
Then to the curate strait he ran,
And thus address'd the rev'rend man:
I was a Methodist, tis true;
With penitence I turn to you.
O that it were your bounteous will
That I the vacant place might fill!

With justice I'd myself acquit,
Do every thing that's right and fit.
The curate straitway gave consent—
To take the place he quickly went.
Accordingly he took the place,
And keeps it with dissembled grace.

April 14th, 1764.

NARVA AND MORED,

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

This and the following Poems are printed from the Miscellanies.

Recite the loves of Narva and Mored
The priest of Chalma's triple idol said.
High from the ground the youthful warriors sprung,
Loud on the concave shell the lances rung:
In all the mystic mazes of the dance,
The youths of Banny's burning sands advance,
Whilst the soft virgin panting looks behind,
And rides upon the pinions of the wind:
Ascends the mountains brow, and measures round
The steepy cliffs of Chalma's sacred ground,
Chalma, the god whose noisy thunders fly
Thro' the dark covering of the midnight sky,
Whose arm directs the close-embattled host,
And sinks the labouring vessels on the coast;
Chalma, whose excellence is known from far;

From Lupa's rocky hill to Calabar.
The guardian god of Afric and the isles,
Where Nature in her strongest vigour smiles;
Where the blue blossom of the forky thorn,
Bends with the nectar of the op'ning morn:
Where ginger's aromatic, matted root,
Creep through the mead, and up the mountains shoot.

Three times the virgin, swimming on the breeze,
Danc'd in the shadow of the mystic trees:
When, like a dark cloud spreading to the view,
The first-born sons of war and blood pursue;
Swift as the elk they pour along the plain;
Swift as the flying clouds distilling rain.
Swift as the boundings of the youthful roe,
They course around, and lengthen as they go.
Like the long chain of rocks, whose summits rise,
Far in the sacred regions of the skies;
Upon whose top the black'ning tempest lours,
Whilst down its side the gushing torrent pours,
Like the long cliffy mountains which extend
From Lorbar's cave, to where the nations end,
Which sink in darkness, thick'ning and obscure,
Impenetrable, mystic, and impure;

The flying terrors of the war advance,
And round the sacred oak, repeat the dance.
Furious they twist around the gloomy trees,
Like leaves in autumn, twirling with the breeze.
So when the splendor of the dying day
Darts the red lustre of the wat'ry way;
Sudden beneath Toddida's whistling brink,
The circling billows in wild eddies sink,
Whirl furious round, and the loud bursting wave
Sinks down to Chalma's sacerdotal cave,
Explores the palaces on Zira's coast,
Where howls the war-song of the chieftain's ghost;
Where the artificer in realms below,
Gilds the rich lance, or beautifies the bow;
From the young palm-tree spins the useful twine,
Or makes the teeth of elephants divine.
Where the pale children of the feeble sun,
In search of gold, thro' every climate run:
From burning heat to freezing torments go,
And live in all vicissitudes of woe.
Like the loud eddies of Toddida's sea,
The warriors circle the mysterious tree:
'Till spent with exercise they spread around
Upon the op'ning blossoms of the ground.

The priestess rising, sings the sacred tale,
And the loud chorus echoes thro' the dale.

PRIESTESS.

Far from the burning sands of Calabar;
Far from the lustre of the morning star;
Far from the pleasure of the holy morn;
Far from the blessedness of Chalma's horn:
Now rest the souls of Narva and Mored,
Laid in the dust, and number'd with the dead.
Dear are their memories to us, and long,
Long shall their attributes be known in song.
Their lives were transient as the meadow flow'r
Ripen'd in ages, wither'd in an hour.
Chalma, reward them in his gloomy cave,
And open all the prisons of the grave.
Bred to the service of the godhead's throne,
And living but to serve his God alone,
Narva was beauteous as the op'ning day
When on the spangling waves the sun-beams play,
When the Mackaw, ascending to the sky,
Views the bright splendor with a steady eye.
Tall, as the house of Chalma's dark retreat;

Compact and firm, as Rhadal Ynca's fleet,
Compleatly beauteous as a summer's sun,
Was Narva, by his excellence undone.
Where the soft Togla creeps along the meads,
Thro' scented Calamus and fragrant reeds;
Where the sweet Zinsa spreads its matted bed
Liv'd the still sweeter flow'r, the young Mored;
Black was her face, as Togla's hidden cell;
Soft as the moss where hissing adders dwell.
As to the sacred court she brought a fawn,
The sportive tenant of the spicy lawn,
She saw and lov'd! and Narva too forgot
His sacred vestment and his mystic lot.
Long had the mutual sigh, the mutual tear,
Burst from the breast and scorn'd confinement there.
Existence was a torment! O my breast!
Can I find accents to unfold the rest!
Lock'd in each others arms, from Hyga's cave,
They plung'd relentless to a wat'ry grave;
And falling murmur'd to the pow'rs above,
"Gods! take our lives, unless we live to love."

Shoreditch, May 2, 1770. C.

THE DEATH OF NICOU,

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

On Tiber's banks, Tiber, whose waters glide
In slow meanders down to Gaigra's side;
And circling all the horrid mountain round,
Rushes impetuous to the deep profound;
Rolls o'er the ragged rocks with hideous yell;
Collects its waves beneath the earth's vast shell:
There for a while in loud confusion hurl'd,
It crumbles mountains down and shakes the world.
Till borne upon the pinions of the air,
Through the rent earth the bursting waves appear;
Fiercely propell'd the whiten'd billows rise,
Break from the cavern, and ascend the skies:
Then lost and conquer'd by superior force,
Through hot Arabia holds its rapid course;
On Tiber's banks where scarlet jas'mines bloom,
And purple aloes shed a rich perfume;

Where, when the sun is melting in his heat,
The reeking tygers find a cool retreat;
Bask in the sedges, lose the sultry beam,
And wanton with their shadows in the stream;
On Tiber's banks, by sacred priests rever'd,
Where in the days of old a god appear'd:
'Twas in the dead of night, at Chalma's feast,
The tribe of Alra slept around the priest.
He spoke; as evening thunders bursting near,
His horrid accents broke upon the ear;
Attend, Alraddas, with your sacred priest!
This day the sun is rising in the east;
The sun, which shall illumine all the earth,
Now, now is rising, in a mortal birth.
He vanish'd like a vapour of the night,
And sunk away in a faint blaze of light.
Swift from the branches of the holy oak,
Horror, confusion, fear, and torment broke:
And still when midnight trims her mazy lamp,
They take their way thro' Tiber's wat'ry swamp.
On Tiber's banks, close rank'd, a warring train,
Stretch'd to the distant edge of Galca's plain:
So when arriv'd at Gaigra's highest steep,
We view the wide expansion of the deep;

See in the gilding of her wat'ry robe,
The quick declension of the circling globe;
From the blue sea a chain of mountains rise,
Blended at once with water and with skies:
Beyond our sight in vast extension curl'd,
The check of waves, the guardians of the world.
Strong were the warriors, as the ghost of Cawn,
Who threw the Hill-of-archers to the lawn:
When the soft earth at his appearance fled;
And rising billows play'd around his head:
When a strong tempest rising from the main,
Dash'd the full clouds, unbroken on the plain.
Nicou, immortal in the sacred song,
Held the red sword of war, and led the strong;
From his own tribe the sable warriors came,
Well try'd in battle, and well known in fame.
Nicou, descended from the god of war,
Who liv'd coeval with the morning star:
Narada was his name; who cannot tell,
How all the world thro' great Narada fell!
Vichon, the god who rul'd above the skies,
Look'd on Narada, but with envious eyes:
The warrior dar'd him, ridicul'd his might,
Bent his white bow, and summon'd him to fight.

Vichon, disdainful, bade his lightnings fly,
And scatter'd burning arrows in the sky;
Threw down a star the armour of his feet,
To burn the air with supernat'ral heat;
Bid a loud tempest roar beneath the ground;
Lifted the sea, and all the earth was drown'd.
Narada still escap'd; a sacred tree
Lifted him up, and bore him thro' the sea.
The waters still ascending fierce and high,
He tower'd into the chambers of the sky:
There Vichon sat, his armour on his bed,
He thought Narada with the mighty dead.
Before his seat the heavenly warrior stands,
The lightning quiv'ring in his yellow hands.
The god astonish'd dropt; hurl'd from the shore,
He dropt to torments, and to rise no more.
Head-long he falls; 'tis his own arms compel,
Condemn'd in ever-burning fires to dwell.
From this Narada, mighty Nicou sprung;
The mighty Nicou, furious, wild and young.
Who led th' embattled archers to the field,
And bore a thunderbolt upon his shield:
That shield his glorious father died to gain,
When the white warriors fled along the plain.

When the full sails could not provoke the flood,
Till Nicou came and swell'd the seas with blood.
Slow at the end of his robust array,
The mighty warrior pensive took his way:
Against the son of Nair, the young Rorest,
Once the companion of his youthful breast.
Strong were the passions of the son of Nair,
Strong, as the tempest of the evening air.
Insatiate in desire; fierce as the boar;
Firm in resolve as Cannie's rocky shore.
Long had the gods endeavour'd to destroy,
All Nicou's friendship, happiness, and joy:
They sought in vain, 'till Vicat, Vichon's son,
Never in feats of wickedness outdone,
Saw Nica, sister to the Mountain king,
Drest beautiful, with all the flow'rs of spring:
He saw, and scatter'd poison in her eyes;
From limb to limb in varied forms he flies;
Dwelt on her crimson lip, and added grace
To every glossy feature of her face.
Rorest was fir'd with passion at the sight.
Friendship and honor, sunk to Vicat's right:
He saw, he lov'd, and burning with desire,
Bore the soft maid from brother, sister, sire.

Pining with sorrow, Nica faded, died,
Like a fair aloe, in its morning pride.
This brought the warrior to the bloody mead,
And sent to young Rorest the threat'ning reed.
He drew his army forth: Oh! need I tell!
That Nicou conquer'd, and the lover fell:
His breathless army mantled all the plain;
And Death sat smiling on the heaps of slain.
The battle ended, with his reeking dart,
The pensive Nicou pierc'd his beating heart:
And to his mourning valiant warriors cry'd,
I, and my sister's ghost are satisfy'd.

Brooke-Street, June 12.

ELEGY,

To the Memory of Mr. THOMAS PHILIPS, of Fairford.

No more I hail the morning's golden gleam;
No more the wonders of the view I sing:
Friendship requires a melancholy theme;
At her command the awful lyre I string.

Now as I wander thro' this leafless grove,
Where the dark vapours of the ev'ning rise,
How shall I teach the chorded shell to move;
Or stay the gushing torrents from my eyes?

Philips, great master of the boundless lyre,
Thee would the grateful muse attempt to paint;
Give me a double portion of thy fire,
Or all the pow'rs of language are too faint.

Say what bold number, what immortal line
The image of thy genius can reflect;
O, lend my pen what animated thine,
To shew thee in thy native glories deckt.

The joyous charms of spring delighted saw,
Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay:
Nothing was Spring which Philips did not draw,
And ev'ry image of his muse was May.

So rose the regal hyacinthal star;
So shone the pleasant rustic daisied bed;
So seem'd the woodlands less'ning from afar;
You saw the real prospect as you read.

Majestic Summer's blooming flow'ry pride
Next claim'd the honour of his nervous song;
He taught the streams in hollow trills to glide,
And lead the glories of the year along.

When golden Autumn, wreath'd in ripen'd corn,
From purple clusters press'd the foamy wine,
Thy genius did his sallow brows adorn,
And made the beauties of the season thine.

Pale rugged winter bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
His eyes, a dusky light, congeal'd and dead;
His robe, a tinge of bright etherial blue;

His train, a motley'd, sanguine, sable cloud,
He limps along the russet dreary moor;
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Nor were his pleasures unimprov'd by thee:
Pleasures he has, tho' horribly deform'd:
The silver'd hill, the polish'd lake, we see,
Is by thy genius fix'd, preserv'd, and warm'd.

The rough November has his pleasures too;
But I'm insensible to every joy:
Farewel the laurel, now I grasp the yew,
And all my little powers in grief employ,

In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,
Thy mind was honour, and thy soul divine;
With thee did ev'ry pow'r of genius dwell;
Thou wert the Helicon of all the nine,

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctur'd vest,
Was ever changing to a different hue:
Her head, with varied bays and flow'rets drest,
Her eyes, two spangles of the morning dew.

In dancing attitude she swept thy string,
And now she soars and now again descends.
And now reclining on the Zephyr's wing,
Unto the velvet-vested mead she bends.

Peace, deck'd in all the softness of the dove,
Over thy passions spread a silver plume:
The rosy vale of harmony and love,
Hung on thy soul in one eternal bloom.

Peace, gentlest, softest of the virtues, spread
Her silver pinions, wet with dewy tears,
Upon her best distinguish'd poet's head,
And taught his lyre the music of the spheres.

Temp'rance, with health and beauty in her train,
And massy-muscled Strength in graceful pride,
Pointed at scarlet Luxury and Pain,
And did at every chearful feast preside.

Content, who smiles at all the frowns of fate,
Fann'd from idea ev'ry seeming ill;
In thy own virtue, and thy genius great,
The happy muse laid anxious troubles still.

But see! The sick'ned glare of day retires,
And the meek ev'ning shades the dusky grey:
The west faint glimmers with the saffron fires,
And, like thy life, O Philips, dies away.

Here, stretch'd upon this heav'n-ascending hill,
I'll wait the horrors of the coming night;
I'll imitate the gently-plaintive rill,
And by the glare of lambent vapours write.

Wet with the dew, the yellow'd hawthorns bow;
The loud winds whistle thro' the echoing dell;
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,
And the shrill shriekings of the screech-owl swell.

With rustling sound the dusky foliage flies,
And wantons with the wind in rapid whirls.
The gurg'ling riv'let to the valley hies,
And lost to sight, in dying murmurs curls.

Now as the mantle of the ev'ning swells
Upon my mind, I feel a thick'ning gloom!
Ah! Could I charm, by friendship's potent spells,
The soul of Philips from the deathy tomb!

Then would we wander thro' the dark'ned vale,
In converse such as heav'nly spirits use,
And borne upon the plumage of the gale,
Hymn the Creator, and exhort the muse.

But horror to reflection! Now no more
Will Philips sing, the wonder of the plain,
When doubting whether they might not adore,
Admiring mortals heard the nervous strain.

A mad'ning darkness reigns thro' all the lawn,
Naught but a doleful bell of death is heard,
Save where into an hoary oak withdrawn,
The scream proclaims the curst nocturnal bird.

Now, rest my muse, but only rest to weep,
A friend made dear by ev'ry sacred tye!
Unknown to me be comfort, peace, or sleep,
Philips is dead, 'tis pleasure then to die!

FEBRUARY.

AN ELEGY.

Begin, my muse, the imitative lay,
Aonian doxies sound the thrumming string;
Attempt no number of the plaintive Gay,
Let me like midnight cats, or Collins sing.

If in the trammels of the doleful line
The bounding hail, or drilling rain descend;
Come, brooding Melancholy, pow'r divine,
And ev'ry unform'd mass of words amend.

Now the rough goat withdraws his curling horns,
And the cold wat'rer twirls his circling mop:
Swift sudden anguish darts thro' alt'ring corns,
And the spruce mercer trembles in his shop.

Now infant authors, madd'ning for renown,
Extend the plume, and hum about the stage,
Procure a benefit, amuse the town,
And proudly glitter in a title page.

Now, wrapt in ninefold fur, his squeamish grace
Defies the fury of the howling storm;
And whilst the tempest whistles round his face,
Exults to find his mantled carcase warm.

Now rumbling coaches furious drive along,
Full of the majesty of city dames,
Whose jewels sparkling in the gaudy throng,
Raise strange emotions and invidious flames.

Now Merit, happy in the calm of place,
To mortals as a Highlander appears,
And conscious of the excellence of lace,
With spreading frogs and gleaming spangles glares:

Whilst Envy, on a tripod seated nigh,
In form a shoe-boy, daubs the valu'd fruit,
And darting lightnings from his vengeful eye,
Raves about Wilkes, and politics, and Bute.

Now Barry, taller than a grenadier,
Dwindles into a strippling of eighteen;
Or sabled in Othello breaks the ear,
Exerts his voice, and totters to the scene.

Now Foote, a looking-glass for all mankind,
Applies his wax to personal defects;
But leaves untouch'd the image of the mind,
His art no mental quality reflects.

Now Drury's potent king extorts applause,
And pit, box, gallery, echo, "how divine!"
Whilst vers'd in all the drama's mystic laws,
His graceful action saves the wooden line.

Now—But what further can the muses sing?
Now dropping particles of water fall;
Now vapours riding on the north wind's wing,
With transitory darkness shadow all.

Alas! how joyless the descriptive theme,
When sorrow on the writer's quiet preys;
And like a mouse in Cheshire cheese supreme,
Devours the substance of the less'ning bayes,

Come, February, lend thy darkest sky.
There teach the winter'd muse with clouds to soar;
Come, February, lift the number high;
Let the sharp strain like wind thro' alleys roar.

Ye channels, wand'ring thro' the spacious street,
In hollow murmurs roll the dirt along,
With inundations wet the sabled feet,
Whilst gouts responsive, join th' elegiac song.

Ye damsels fair, whose silver voices shrill
Sound thro' meand'ring folds of Echo's horn;
Let the sweet cry of liberty be still,
No more let smoking cakes awake the morn.

O, Winter! Put away thy snowy pride;
O, Spring! Neglect the cowslip and the bell;
O, Summer! Throw thy pears and plums aside;
O, Autumn! Bid the grape with poison swell.

The pension'd muse of Johnson is no more!
Drown'd in a butt of wine his genius lies:
Earth! Ocean! Heav'n! The wond'rous loss deplore,
The dregs of Nature with her glory dies.

What iron Stoic can suppress the tear;
What sour reviewer read with vacant eye!
What bard but decks his literary bier!
Alas! I cannot sing—I howl—I cry—

Bristol, Feb. 12. D.

ELEGY,

On W. BECKFORD, Esq.

Weep on, ye Britons—give your gen'ral tear;
But hence, ye venal—hence each titled slave;
An honest pang should wait on Beckford's bier,
And patriot anguish mark the patriot's grave.

When like the Roman to his field retir'd,
'Twas you (surrounded by unnumber'd foes)
Who call'd him forth, his services requir'd,
And took from age the blessing of repose.

With soul impell'd by virtue's sacred flame,
To stem the torrent of corruption's tide,
He came, heav'n fraught with liberty! He came
And nobly in his country's service died.

In the last awful, the departing hour,
When life's poor lamp more faint and fainter grew;
As mem'ry feebly exercis'd her pow'r,
He only felt for liberty and you.

He view'd death's arrow with a christian eye,
With firmness only to a christian known;
And nobly gave your miseries that sigh
With which he never gratified his own.

Thou, breathing sculpture, celebrate his fame,
And give his laurel everlasting bloom;
Receiv'd his worth while gratitude has name,
And teach succeeding ages from his tomb.

The sword of justice cautiously he sway'd,
His hand for ever held the balance right;
Each venial fault with pity he survey'd,
But murder found no mercy in his sight.

He knew when flatterers besiege a throne,
Truth seldom reaches to a monarch's ear;
Knew, if oppress'd a loyal people groan,
'Tis not the courtier's interest he should hear.

Hence, honest to his prince, his manly tongue,
The public wrong and loyalty convey'd,
While titled tremblers, ev'ry nerve unstrung,
Look'd all around, confounded and dismay'd.

Look'd all around, astonish'd to behold,
(Train'd up to flatt'ry from their early youth)
An artless, fearless citizen, unfold
To royal ears, a mortifying truth.

Titles to him no pleasure could impart,
No bribes his rigid virtue could controul;
The star could never gain upon his heart,
Nor turn the tide of honour in his soul.

For this his name our hist'ry shall adorn,
Shall soar on Fame's wide pinions all sublime;
'Till heaven's own bright, and never dying morn
Absorbs our little particle of time.

ELEGY.

Haste, haste, ye solemn messengers of night,
Spread the black mantle on the shrinking plain;
But, ah! my torments still survive the light,
The changing seasons alter not my pain.

Ye variegated children of the spring;
Ye blossoms blushing with the pearly dew;
Ye birds that sweetly in the hawthorn sing;
Ye flow'ry meadows, lawns of verdant hue,

Faint are your colours; harsh your love-notes thrill,
To me no pleasure Nature now can yield:
Alike the barren rock and woody hill,
The dark-brown blasted heath, and fruitful field.

Ye spouting cataracts, ye silver streams;
Ye spacious rivers, whom the willow shrowds;
Ascend the bright crown'd sun's far-shining beams,
To aid the mournful tear-distilling clouds.

Ye noxious vapours, fall upon my head;
Ye writhing adders, round my feet entwine;
Ye toads, your venom in my foot-path spread;
Ye blasting meteors, upon me shine.

Ye circling seasons, intercept the year;
Forbid the beauties of the spring to rise;
Let not the life-preserving grain appear;
Let howling tempests harrow up the skies.

Ye cloud-girt, moss-grown turrets, look no more
Into the palace of the god of day:
Ye loud tempestuous billows, cease to roar,
In plaintive numbers, thro' the valleys stray.

Ye verdant-vested trees, forget to grow,
Cast off the yellow foliage of your pride:
Ye softly tinkling riv'lets, cease to flow,
Or swell'd with certain death and poison, glide.

Ye solemn warblers of the gloomy night,
That rest in lightning-blasted oaks the day,
Thro' the black mantles take your slow-pac'd flight,
Rending the silent wood with shrieking lay.

Ye snow-crown'd mountains, lost to mortal eyes,
Down to the valleys bend your hoary head,
Ye livid comets, fire the peopled skies—
For—lady Betty's tabby cat is dead.

TO MR. HOLLAND.

What numbers, Holland, can the muses find,
To sing thy merit in each varied part;
When action, eloquence, and ease combin'd,
Make nature but a copy of thy art.

Majestic as the eagle on the wing,
Or the young sky-helm'd mountain-rooted tree;
Pleasing as meadows blushing with the spring,
Loud as the surges of the Severn sea.

In terror's strain, as clanging armies drear!
In love, as Jove, too great for mortal praise,
In pity, gentle as the falling tear,
In all superior to my feeble lays.

Black anger's sudden rise, extatic pain,
Tormenting Jealousy's self-cank'ring sting;
Consuming Envy with her yelling train,
Fraud closely shrouded with the turtle's wing.

Whatever passions gall the human breast,
Play in thy features, and await thy nod;
In thee by art, the dæmon stands confest,
But nature on thy soul has stamp'd the god.

So just thy action with thy part agrees,
Each feature does the office of a tongue;
Such is thy native elegance and ease,
By thee the harsh line smoothly glides along.

At thy feign'd woe, we're really distrest,
At thy feign'd tears we let the real fall;
By every judge of nature 'tis confest,
No single part is thine, thou'rt all in all.

Bristol, July 21. D. B.

ON MR. ALCOCK,

Of BRISTOL,

AN EXCELLENT MINIATURE PAINTER.

Ye nine, awake the chorded shell,
Whilst I the praise of Alcock tell
In truth-dictated lays:
On wings of genius take thy flight,
O muse! above the Olympic height,
Make Echo sing his praise.

Nature in all her glory drest,
Her flow'ry crown, her verdant vest,
Her zone etherial blue,
Receives new charms from Alcock's hand;
The eye surveys, at his command,
Whole kingdoms at a view.

His beauties seem to roll the eye,
And bid the real arrows fly,
To wound the gazer's mind;
So taking are his men display'd,
That oft th' unguarded wounded maid,
Hath wish'd the painter blind.

His pictures like to nature shew,
The silver fountains seem to flow;
The hoary woods to nod:
The curling hair, the flowing dress,
The speaking attitude, confess
The fancy-forming god.

Ye classic Roman-loving fools,
Say, could the painters of the schools,
With Alcock's pencil vie?
He paints the passions of mankind,
And in the face displays the mind,
Charming the heart and eye.

Thrice happy artist, rouse thy powers,
And send, in wonder-giving show'rs,
Thy beauteous works to view:
Envy shall sicken at thy name,
Italians leave the chair of Fame,
And own the seat thy due.

Bristol, Jan. 29, 1769. ASAPHIDES.

TO MISS B----SH,

Of BRISTOL.

Before I seek the dreary shore,
Where Gambia's rapid billow's roar,
And foaming pour along;
To you I urge the plaintive strain,
And tho' a lover sings in vain,
Yet you shall hear the song.

Ungrateful, cruel, lovely maid,
Since all my torments were repaid
With frowns or languid sneers;
With assiduities no more
Your captive will your health implore,
Or tease you with his tears.

Now to the regions where the sun
Does his hot course of glory run,
And parches up the ground:
Where o'er the burning cleaving plains,
A long eternal dog-star reigns,
And splendor flames around:

There will I go, yet not to find
A fire intenser than my mind,
Which burns a constant flame:
There will I lose thy heavenly form,
Nor shall remembrance, raptur'd, warm,
Draw shadows of thy frame.

In the rough element the sea,
I'll drown the softer subject, thee,
And sink each lovely charm:
No more my bosom shall be torn;
No more by wild ideas borne,
I'll cherish the alarm.

Yet, Polly, could thy heart be kind,
Soon would my feeble purpose find
Thy sway within my breast:
But hence, soft scenes of painted woe,
Spite of the dear delight I'll go,
Forget her, and be blest.

D. CELORIMON.

THE ADVICE,

ADDRESSED TO

MISS M----- R-----, OF BRISTOL.

Revolving in their destin'd sphere,
The hours begin another year
As rapidly to fly;
Ah! think, Maria, (e'er in grey
Those auburn tresses fade away;)
So youth and beauty die.

Tho' now the captivated throng
Adore with flattery and song,
And all before you bow;
Whilst unattentive to the strain,
You hear the humble muse complain,
Or wreath your frowning brow.

Tho' poor Pitholeon's feeble line,
In opposition to the nine,
Still violates your name:
Tho' tales of passion meanly told,
As dull as Cumberland, as cold
Strive to confess a flame.

Yet, when that bloom, and dancing fire,
In silver'd rev'rence shall expire,
Ag'd, wrinkl'd, and defac'd:
To keep one lover's flame alive,
Requires the genius of a Clive,
With Walpole's mental taste.

Tho' rapture wantons in your air,
Tho' beyond simile you're fair;
Free, affable, serene:
Yet still one attribute divine,
Should in your composition shine;
Sincerity, I mean.

Tho' num'rous swains before you fall;
'Tis empty admiration all,
'Tis all that you require:
How momentary are their chains!
Like you, how unsincere the strains,
Of those, who but admire!

Accept, for once, advice from me,
And let the eye of censure see
Maria can be true:
No more for fools or empty beaux,
Heav'n's representatives disclose,
Or butterflies pursue.

Fly to your worthiest lover's arms,
To him resign your swelling charms,
And meet his gen'rous breast:
Or if Pitholeon suits your taste,
His muse with tatter'd fragments grac'd,
Shall read your cares to rest.

D.

The COPERNICAN SYSTEM.

The sun revolving on his axis turns,
And with creative fire intensely burns;
Impell'd the forcive air, our earth supreme,
Rolls with the planets round the solar gleam;
First Mercury compleats his transient year,
Glowing, refulgent, with reflected glare;
Bright Venus occupies a wider way,
The early harbinger of night and day;
More distant still our globe terraqueous turns,
Nor chills intense, nor fiercely heated burns;
Around her rolls the lunar orb of light,
Trailing her silver glories through the night:
On the earth's orbit see the various signs,
Mark where the sun, our year compleating, shines;
First the bright Ram his languid ray improves;
Next glaring wat'ry thro' the Bull he moves;
The am'rous Twins admit his genial ray;
Now burning, thro' the Crab he takes his way;

The Lion, flaming, bears the solar power;
The Virgin faints beneath the sultry shower.

Now the just Ballance weighs his equal force,
The slimy Serpent swelters in his course;
The sabled Archer clouds his languid face;
The Goat, with tempests, urges on his race;
Now in the water his faint beams appear,
And the cold Fishes end the circling year.
Beyond our globe the sanguine Mars displays
A strong reflection of primœval rays;
Next belted Jupiter far distant gleams,
Scarcely enlight'ned with the solar beams;
With four unfix'd receptacles of light,
He tours majestic thro' the spacious height:
But farther yet the tardy Saturn lags,
And five attendant luminaries drags;
Investing with a double ring his pace,
He circles thro' immensity of space.

These are thy wond'rous works, first source of good!
Now more admir'd in being understood.

Bristol, Dec. 23. D. B.

The CONSULIAD,

AN HEROIC POEM.

Of warring senators, and battles dire,
Of quails uneaten, Muse awake the lyre,
Where C—pb—ll's chimneys overlook the square,
And N—t—n's future prospects hang in air;
Where counseller's dispute, and cockers match,
And Caledodian earls in concert scratch;
A group of heroes, occupied the round,
Long in the rolls of infamy renown'd.
Circling the table all in silence sat,
Now tearing bloody lean, now champing fat;
Now picking ortolans, and chicken slain,
To form the whimsies of an *à-la-reine:*
Now storming castles of the newest taste,
And granting articles to forts of paste;

Now swallowing bitter draughts of Prussian beer;
Now sucking tallow of salubrious deer.
The god of cabinets and senates saw
His sons, like asses, to one centre draw.

Inflated Discord heard, and left her cell,
With all the horrors of her native hell:
She, on the soaring wings of genius fled,
And wav'd the pen of Junius round her head.
Beneath the table, veil'd from sight, she sprung,
And sat astride on noisy Twitcher's tongue:
Twitcher, superior to the venal pack
Of Bloomsbury's notorious monarch, Jack:
Twitcher, a rotten branch of mighty stock,
Whose interest winds his conscience as his clock:
Whose attributes detestable have long
Been evident, and infamous in song.
A toast's demanded; Madoc swift arose,
Pactolian gravy trickling down his clothes:
His sanguine fork a murder'd pigeon prest,
His knife with deep incision sought the breast.
Upon his lips the quivering accents hung,
And too much expedition chain'd his tongue.

When thus he sputter'd: "All the glasses fill,
And toast the great Pendragon of the hill:
Mab-Uther Owein, a long train of kings,
From whom the royal blood of Madoc springs.
Madoc, undoubtedly of Arthur's race,
You see the mighty monarch in his face:
Madoc, in bagnios and in courts ador'd,
Demands this proper homage of the board."

"Monarchs!" said Twitcher, setting down his beer:
His muscles wreathing a contemptuous sneer:
"Monarchs! Of mole-hills, oyster-beds, a rock;
These are the grafters of your royal stock:
My pony Scrub can sires more valiant trace—"
The mangled pigeon thunders on his face;
His op'ning mouth the melted butter fills,
And dropping from his nose and chin distils.
Furious he started, rage his bosom warms;
Loud as his lordship's morning dun he storms.
"Thou vulgar imitator of the great,
Grown wanton with the excrements of state:
This to thy head notorious Twitcher sends."
His shadow body to the table bends:

His straining arm uprears a loin of veal,
In these degenerate days, for three a meal:
In antient times, as various writers say,
An alderman or priest, eat three a day.
With godlike strength, the grinning Twitcher plies,
His stretching muscles and the mountain flies.
Swift, as a cloud that shadows o'er the plain,
It flew and scatter'd drops of oily rain.
In opposition to extended knives,
On royal Madoc's spreading chest it drives:
Senseless he falls upon the sandy ground,
Prest with the steamy load that ooz'd around.
And now Confusion spread her ghastly plume,
And Faction separates the noisy room.
Balluntun, exercis'd in every vice
That opens to a courtier's paradise,
With D—s—n trammel'd, scruples not to draw
Injustice up the rocky hill of law:
From whose humanity the laurels sprung,
Which will in George's-Fields be ever young.
The vile Balluntun, starting from his chair,
To Fortune thus address'd his private prayer:
" Goddess of fate's rotundity, assist
With thought-wing'd victory my untry'd fist;

If I the grinning Twitcher overturn,
Six Russian frigates at thy shrine shall burn;
Nine rioters shall bleed beneath thy feet;
And hanging cutters decorate each street."
The goddess smil'd, or rather smooth'd her frown,
And shook the triple feathers of her crown:
Instill'd a private pension in his soul.
With rage inspir'd, he seiz'd a Gallic roll:
His bursting arm the missive weapon threw,
High o'er his rival's head it whistling flew,
Curraras, for his Jewish soul renown'd,
Receiv'd it on his ear and kist the ground.
Curraras, vers'd in every little art,
To play the minister's or felon's part:
Grown hoary in the villainies of state,
A title made him infamously great.
A slave to venal slaves; a tool to tools:
The representative to knaves and fools.
But see! Commercial Bristol's genius sit,
Her shield a turtle-shell, her lance a spit.
See, whilst her nodding aldermen are spread,
In all the branching honours of the head;
Curraras, ever faithful to the cause,
With beef and ven'son their attention draws;

They drink, they eat, then sign the mean address;
Say, could their humble gratitude do less?
By disappointment vex'd, Balluntun flies;
Red lightnings flashing in his dancing eyes.
Firm as his virtue, mighty Twitcher stands,
And elevates for furious fight his hands:
One pointed fist, his shadow'd corps defends
The other on Balluntun's eyes descends:
A darkling, shaking light his optics view,
Circled with livid tinges red and blue.
Now fir'd with anguish and inflam'd by pride,
He thunders on his adversary's side:
With patt'ring blows prolongs th' unequal fight;
Twitcher retreats before the man of might.
But Fortune, (or some higher Power, or God)
Oblique extended forth a sable rod:
As Twitcher retrograde maintain'd the fray,
The harden'd serpent intercepts his way:
He fell, and falling with a lordly air,
Crush'd into atoms the judicial chair.
Curraras, for his Jewish soul renown'd,
Arose; but deafen'd with a singing sound,
A cloud of discontent o'erspread his brows;
Revenge in every bloody feature glows.

Around his head a roasted gander whirls,
Dropping Manilla sauces on his curls:
Swift to the vile Balluntun's face it flies,
The burning pepper sparkles in his eyes:
His India waistcoat reeking with the oil,
Glows brighter red, the glory of the spoil.

The fight is gen'ral; fowl repulses fowl;
The victors thunder, and the vanquish'd howl.
Stars, gartars, all the implements of shew,
That deck'd the pow'rs above, disgrac'd below.
Nor swords, nor mightier weapons did they draw,
For all were well acquainted with the law.
Let Drap—r to improve his diction fight;
Our heroes, like Lord George, could scold and write.
Gogmagog early of the jocky club;
Empty as C—br—ke's oratorial tub:
A rusty link of ministerial chain,
A living glory of the present reign,
Vers'd in the arts of ammunition bread,
He wav'd a red wheat manchet round his head:
David-ap-Howel, furious, wild, and young,
From the same line as royal Madoc sprung,

Occur'd, the object of his bursting ire,—
And on his nose receiv'd the weapon dire:
A double river of congealing blood,
O'erflows his garter with a purple flood.
Mad as a bull by daring mastiffs *tore*,
When ladies scream and greasy butchers roar;
Mad as B—rg—e when groping through the park,
He kiss'd his own dear lady in the dark;
The lineal representative of kings,
A carving weapon seiz'd, and up he springs:
A weapon long in cruel murders stain'd,
For mangling captive carcases ordain'd.
But Fortune, Providence, or what you will,
To lay the rising scenes of horror still;
In Fero's person seiz'd a shining pot,
Where bubbled scrips, and contracts flaming hot:
In the fierce Cambrian's breeches drains it dry,
The chapel totters with the shrieking cry,
Loud as the mob's reiterated yell,
When Sawny rose, and mighty Chatham fell.

Flaccus the glory of a masquerade;
Whose every action is of trifles made:

At Graft—n's well-stor'd table ever found;
Like G—n too for every vice renown'd.
G—n to whose immortal sense we owe,
The blood which will from civil discord flow:
Who swells each grievance, lengthens every tax,
Blind to the rip'ning vengeance of the axe.
Flaccus, the youthful, degagée and gay,
With eye of pity, saw the dreary fray:
Amidst the greasy horrors of the fight,
He trembled for his suit of virgin white.
Fond of his eloquence, and easy flow
Of talk verbose whose meaning none can know:
He mounts the table, but thro' eager haste,
His foot upon a smoaking court-pie plac'd:
The burning liquid penetrates his shoe,
Swift from the rostrum the declaimer flew,
But learnedly heroic he disdains,
To spoil his pretty countenance with strains.
Remounted on the table, now he stands,
Waves his high powder'd-head and ruffled hands.
"Friends! Let this clang of hostile fury cease,
Ill it becomes the plenipo's of peace:
Shall olio's, for internal battle drest,
Like bullets outward perforate the breast;

Shall jav'lin bottles blood ætherial spill;
Shall luscious turtle without surfeit kill?"
More had he said: when from Doglostock flung,
A custard pudding trembled on his tongue:
And, ah! Misfortunes seldom come alone,
Great Twitcher rising seiz'd a polish'd bone;
Upon his breast the oily weapon clangs;
Headlong he falls, propell'd by thick'ning bangs.
The prince of trimmers, for his magic fam'd,
Quarlendorgongos by infernals nam'd:
By mortals Alavat in common stil'd;
Nurs'd in a furnace, Nox and Neptune's child:
Bursting with rage, a weighty bottle caught,
With crimson blood and weighty spirits fraught;
To Doxo's head the gurgling woe he sends,
Doxo made mighty in his mighty friends.
Upon his front the stubborn vessel sounds,
Back from his harder front the bottle bounds:
He fell. The royal Madoc rising up,
Repos'd him weary on his painful crup:
The head of Doxo, first projecting down,
Thunders upon the kingly Cambrian's crown:
The sanguine tumour swells; again he falls;
On his broad chest the bulky Doxo sprawls.

Tyro the sage, the sensible, the strong,
As yet unnotic'd in the muse-taught song.
Tyro, for necromancy far renown'd,
A greater adept than Agrippa found;
Oft as his phantom reasons interven'd,
De Viris pension'd, the defaulter screen'd;
Another C—rt—t remains in Cl—;
In Fl—thc—r fifty Jefferies appear;
Tyro stood neuter, till the champions ti.'d,
In languid attitudes a truce desir'd.
Long was the bloody fight; confusion dire
Has hid some circumstances from the lyre:
Suffice it, that each hero kiss'd the ground,
Tyro excepted for old laws renown'd;
Who stretching his authoritative hand,
Loudly thus issu'd forth his dread command.
" Peace, wrangling senators, and placemen, peace,
In the King's name, let hostile vengeance cease!"
Aghast the champions hear the furious sound,
The fallen unmolested leave the ground.
" What fury, nobles, occupies your breast;
What, patriot spirits, has your minds possest.
Nor honorary gifts, nor pensions, please,
Say, are you Covent-Garden patentees!

How? 'wist you not what ancient sages said,
The council quarrels, and the poor have bread.
See this court-pie with twenty-thousand drest;
Be every thought of enmity at rest:
Divide it and be friends again," he said:
The council god return'd; and discord fled.

Bristol, Jan. 4, 1770. C.

ELEGY.

Joyless I seek the solitary shade,
Where dusky Contemplation veils the scene,
The dark retreat (of leafless branches made)
Where sick'ning sorrow wets the yellow'd green.

The darksome ruins of some sacred cell,
Where erst the sons of Superstition trod,
Tott'ring upon the mossy meadow, tell
We better know, but less adore our God.

Now, as I mournful tread the gloomy cave,
'Thro' the wide window (once with mysteries dight)
The distant forest, and the dark'ned wave
Of the swoln Avon ravishes my sight.

But see the thick'ning veil of evening's drawn,
The azure changes to a sable blue;
The rapt'ring prospects fly the less'ning lawn,
And Nature seems to mourn the dying view.

Self-sprighted Fear creeps silent thro' the gloom,
Starts at the rust'ling leaf, and rolls his eyes;
Aghast with horror, when he views the tomb,
With every torment of a hell he flies.

The bubbling brooks in plaintive murmurs roll,
The bird of omen, with incessant scream,
To melancholy thoughts awakes the soul,
And lulls the mind to contemplation's dream.

A dreary stillness broods o'er all the vale,
The clouded moon emits a feeble glare;
Joyless I seek the darkling hill and dale;
Where'er I wander sorrow still is there.

Bristol, Nov. 17, 1769.

THE PROPHECY.

When times are at the worst they will certainly mend.

I.

This truth of old was Sorrow's friend,
"Times at the worst will surely mend,"
The difficulty's then to know,
How long Oppression's clock can go;
When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
And hope that their redemption's nigh.

II.

When Vice exalted takes the lead,
And Vengeance hangs but by a thread;
Gay peeresses turn'd out o'doors;
Whoremasters peers, and sons of whores;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

III.

When vile Corruption's brazen face,
At council-board shall take her place;
And lords-commissioners resort,
To welcome her at Britain's court;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

IV.

See Pension's harbour large and clear,
Defended by St. Stephen's pier!
The entrance safe, by Current led,
Tiding round G—'s jetty head;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

V.

When Civil-Power shall snore at ease,
While soldiers fire—to keep the peace;
When Murders sanctuary find,
And petticoats can Justice blind;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

VI.

Commerce o'er Bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind, that fills her sail.
When she complains of vile restraint,
And Power is deaf to her complaint;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

VII.

When raw projectors shall begin,
Oppression's hedge to keep her in;
She in disdain will take her flight,
And bid the Gotham fools good night;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

VIII.

When tax is laid, to save debate,
By prudent ministers of state;
And, what the people did not give,
Is levied by prerogative;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

IX.

When Popish bishops dare to claim
Authority, in George's name;
By Treason's hand set up, in spite
Of George's title, William's right;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

X.

When Popish priest a pension draws
From starv'd exchequer, for the cause
Commission'd, proselytes to make
In British realms, for Britain's sake;
Look up, yé Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XI.

When snug in power, sly recusants
Make laws for British Protestants;
And d—g William's Revolution,
As justices claim execution;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XII.

When soldiers, paid for our defence,
In wanton pride slay innocence;
Blood from the ground for vengeance reeks,
Till Heaven the inquisition makes;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XIII.

When at Bute's feet poor Freedom lies,
Mark'd by the priest for sacrifice,
And doom'd a victim for the sins
Of half the *outs*, and all the *ins*;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XIV.

When Stewards pass a *boot* account,
And credit for the gross amount;
Then to replace exhausted store,
Mortgage the land to borrow more;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XV.

When scrutineers for private ends,
Against the vote declare their friends;
Or judge as you stand there alive,
That five is more than forty-five;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XVI.

When George shall condescend to hear
The modest suit, the humble prayer;
A prince, to purpled pride unknown!
No favourites disgrace the throne!
Look up, ye Britons! sigh no more,
For your redemption's at the door.

XVII.

When time shall bring your wish about,
Or, seven-years lease, *you sold,* is out;
No future contract to fulfil;
Your tenants holding at your will;
Raise up your heads! your right demand!
For your redemption's in your hand.

XVIII.

Then is your time to strike the blow,
And let the slaves of Mammon know,
Briton's true sons A BRIBE can scorn,
And die as *free* as they were born.
VIRTUE again shall take her seat,
And your redemption stand compleat.

A SONG,

ADDRESSED

TO MISS C—AM OF BRISTOL.

As Spring, now approaches with all his gay train,
And scatters his beauties around the green plain,
Come then, my dear charmer, all scruples remove,
Accept of my passion, allow me to love.

Without the soft transports which love must inspire,
Without the sweet torment of fear and desire,
Our thoughts and ideas are never refin'd,
And nothing but winter can reign in the mind.

But love is the blossom, the spring of the soul,
The frosts of our judgments may check, not controul,
In spite of each hindrance, the spring will return,
And nature with transports refining will burn.

This passion celestial, by Heav'n was design'd,
The only fix'd means of improving the mind,
When it beams on the senses, they quickly display,
How great and prolific, how pleasing the ray.

Then come, my dear charmer, since love is a flame,
Which polishes nature, and angels your frame,
Permit the soft passion to rise in your breast,
I leave your good nature to grant me the rest.

Shall the beautiful flow'rets all blossom around,
Shall Flora's gay mantle, enamel the ground,
Shall the red blushing blossom be seen on the tree,
Without the least pleasure or rapture for me?

And yet, if my charmer should frown when I sing,
Ah! what are the beauties, the glories of spring!
The flowers will be faded, all happiness fly,
And clouds veil the azure of every bright sky.

London, May 4, 1770. C.

TO A FRIEND.

This and the following Poems are reprinted from the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies.

MARCH 6th, 1768.

Dear Friend,

I have received both your favours — The Muse alone must tell my joy.

O'ERWHELM'D with pleasure at the joyful news,
I strung the chorded shell, and woke the Muse.
Begin, O Servant of the Sacred Nine!
And echo joy through ev'ry nervous line:
Bring down th' etherial Choir to aid the Song;
Let boundless raptures smoothly glide along.

My Baker's well! Oh words of sweet delight!
Now! now! my Muse, soar up th' Olympic height.
What wond'rous numbers can the Goddess find,
To paint th' extatic raptures of my mind?
I leave it to a Goddess more divine,
The beauteous Hoyland shall employ my line.

TO THE

BEAUTEOUS MISS HOYLAND.

Far distant from Britannia's lofty Isle,
What shall I find to make the Genius smile?
The bubbling fountains lose the power to please,
The rocky cataracts, the shady trees,
The juicy fruitage of enchanting hue,
Whose luscious virtues England never knew:
The variegated Daughters of the Land,
Whose numbers Flora strews with bounteous hand;
The verdant vesture of the smiling fields,
All the rich pleasures Nature's store-house yields,
Have all their powers to wake the chorded string:
But still they're subjects that the Muse can sing.
Hoyland more beauteous than the God of Day,
Her name can quicken and awake the Lay;

Rouse the soft Muse, from indolence and ease;
To live, to love, and rouse her powers to please.
In vain would Phœbus, did not Hoyland rise:
'Tis her bright eyes that gilds the Eastern skies;
'Tis she alone deprives us of the light;
And when she slumbers, then indeed 'tis night.
To tell the sep'rate beauties of her face
Would stretch Eternity's remotest space,
And want a more than man, to pen the line;
I rest; let this suffice, dear Hoyland's all divine.

ODE

To MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

Amidst the wild and dreary dells,
The distant echo-giving bells,
The bending mountains head;
Whilst Evening, moving thro' the sky,
Over the object and the eye,
Her pitchy robes doth spread.

There gently moving thro' the vale,
Bending before the blust'ring gale,
Fell apparitions glide;
Whilst roaring rivers echo round,
The drear reverberating sound
Runs through the mountain side:

Then steal I softly to the grove,
And singing of the Nymph I love,
Sigh out my sad complaint;
To paint the tortures of my mind,
Where can the Muses numbers find?
Ah! numbers are too faint!

Ah! Hoyland, Empress of my heart,
When will thy breast admit the dart,
And own a mutual flame?
When, wand'ring in the myrtle groves,
Shall mutual pleasures seal our loves,
Pleasures without a name?

Thou greatest beauty of the sex,
When will the little God perplex
The mansions of thy breast!
When wilt thou own a flame as pure,
As that seraphic souls endure,
And make thy Baker blest?

O! haste to give my passion ease,
And bid the perturbation cease,
That harrows up my soul!
The joy such happiness to find,
Would make the functions of my mind
In peace and love to roll.

ACROSTIC on MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

Enchanting is the mighty power of Love;
Life stript of amorous joys would irksome prove:
Ev'n Heaven's great Thund'rer wore th' easy chain;
And over all the world, Love keeps his reign.
No human heart can bear the piercing blade,
Or I than others, am more tender made.
Right thro' my heart a burning arrow drove,

Hoyland's bright eyes, were made the bows of Love.
Oh! torture, inexpressibly severe!
You are the pleasing Author of my care;
Look down, fair Angel, on a Swain distrest,
A gracious smile from you would make me blest.
Nothing but that blest favour stills my grief,
Death, that denied, will quickly give relief.

ACROSTIC on MISS CLARKE. 1768.

Seraphic virgins of the tuneful Choir,
Assist me to prepare the sounding lyre!
Like her I sing, soft, sensible, and fair,
Let the smooth numbers warble in the air;
Ye Prudes, Coquets, and all the misled throng,

Can Beauty, Virtue, Sense, demand the Song;
Look then on Clarke, and see them all unite;
A beauteous pattern, to the always-right.
Rest here, my Muse, not soar above thy sphere,
Kings might pay adoration to the fair,
Enchanting, full of joy, peerless in face and air.

To MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

Once more the Muse to beauteous Hoyland sings;
Her grateful tribute of harsh numbers brings
To Hoyland! Nature's richest, sweetest store,
She made an Hoyland, and can make no more.
Nor all the beauties of the world's vast round
United, will as sweet as her be found.
Description sickens to rehearse her praise.
Her worth alone will deify my days.
Enchanting creature! Charms so great as thine
May all the beauties of the day outshine.
Thy eyes to every gazer send a dart,
Thy taking graces captivate the heart.
O for a Muse that shall ascend the skies,
And like the subject of the Epode rise;
To sing the sparkling eye, the portly grace,
The thousand beauties that adorn the face

Of my seraphic Maid; whose beauteous charms
Might court the world to rush at once to arms.
Whilst the fair Goddess, native of the skies,
Shall sit above and be the Victor's prize.
O now, whilst yet I sound the tuneful lyre,
I feel the thrilling joy her hands inspire;
When the soft tender touch awakes my blood,
And rolls my passions with the purple flood.
My pulse beat high: my throbbing breast's on fire
In sad variety of wild desire.
O Hoyland! Heavenly Goddess! Angel, Saint,
Words are too weak thy mighty worth to paint;
Thou best, compleatest work that nature made,
Thou art my substance, and I am thy shade.
Possess'd of thee, I joyfully would go
Thro' the loud tempest, and the depth of woe.
From thee alone my being I derive,
One beauteous smile from thee, makes all my hopes
alive.

To MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

Since short the busy scene of life will prove,
Let us my Hoyland learn to live and love;
To love, with passions pure as morning light,
Whose saffron beams, unsullied by the night
With rosy mantles do the Heavens streak,
Faint imitators of my Hoyland's cheek.
The joys of Nature in her ruin'd state
Have little pleasure, tho' the pains are great.
Virtue and Love, when sacred bands unite,
'Tis then that Nature leads to true delight.
Oft as I wander thro' the myrtle grove,
Bearing the beauteous burden of my love,
A secret terror, lest I should offend
The charming Maid on whom my joys depend,
Informs my soul, that virtuous minds alone
Can give a pleasure, to the vile unknown.

But when the body charming, and the mind,
To ev'ry virtuous christian act inclin'd,
Meet in one person, Maid and Angel join;
Who must it be, but Hoyland the divine?
What worth intrinsic will that man possess,
Whom the dear charmer condescends to bless?
Swift will the minutes roll, the flying hours,
And blessings overtake the pair by showers.
Each moment will improve upon the past,
And every day be better than the last.
Love, means an unadulterated flame,
Tho' lust too oft usurps the sacred name;
Such passion as in Hoyland's breast can move,
'Tis that alone deserves the name of Love.
Oh was my merit great enough to find
A favour'd station in my Hoyland's mind;
Then would my happiness be quite compleat,
And all revolving joys as in a center meet.

To MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

Tell me, God of soft desires,
Little Cupid, wanton Boy,
How thou kindlest up thy fires!
Giving pleasing pain and joy.

Hoyland's beauty is thy bow,
Striking glances are thy darts;
Making conquests never slow,
Ever gaining conquer'd hearts.

Heaven is seated in her smile,
Juno's in her portly air;
Not Britannia's fav'rite Isle
Can produce a Nymph so fair.

In a desart vast and drear,
Where disorder springs around,
If the lovely fair is there,
'Tis a pleasure-giving ground.

Oh my Hoyland! blest with thee,
I'd the raging storm defy,
In thy smiles I live, am free;
When thou frownest, I must die.

To MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

WITH A PRESENT.

Accept, fair Nymph, this token of my love,
Nor look disdainful on the prostrate Swain;
By ev'ry sacred oath; I'll constant prove,
And act as worthy *for* to wear your chain.

Not with more constant ardour shall the sun
Chase the faint shadows of the night away;
Nor shall he on his course more constant run,
And cheer the universe with coming day,

Than I in pleasing chains of conquest bound,
Adore the charming Author of my smart;—
For ever will I thy sweet charms resound,
And paint the fair Possessor of my heart.

To MISS HOYLAND. 1768.

Count all the flow'rs that deck the meadow's side,
When Flora flourishes in new-born pride;
Count all the sparkling orbits in the sky;
Count all the birds that thro' the æther fly;
Count all the foliage of the lofty trees,
That fly before the bleak autumnal breeze;
Count all the dewy blades of verdant grass;
Count all the drops of rain that softly pass
Thro' the blue æther; or tempestuous roar;
Count all the sands upon the breaking shore;
Count all the minutes since the world began;
Count all the troubles of the life of man;
Count all the torments of the d——n'd in Hell,
More are the beauteous charms that make my Nymph excel.

To MISS CLARKE. 1768.

To sing of Clarke my Muse aspires,
A theme by charms made quite divine;
Ye tuneful Virgins sound your lyres,
Apollo aid the feeble line;
If Truth and Virtue, Wit, and Charms,
May for a fix'd attention call:
The darts of Love and wounding arms
The beauteous Clarke shall hold o'er all.
'Tis not the tincture of a skin,
The rosy lip, the charming eye.
No 'tis a greater Power within,
That bids the passion never die:
These Clarke possesses, and much more,
All beauty in her glances sport,
She is the Goddess all adore,
In Country, City, and at Court.

EPISTLE

TO THE

REVEREND MR. CATCOTT.

DECEMBER 6th, 1769.

What strange infatuations rule mankind!
How narrow are our prospects, how confin'd!
With universal vanity possest,
We fondly think our own ideas best:
Our tott'ring arguments are ever strong;
We're always self-sufficient in the wrong.

What philosophic Sage of pride austere
Can lend conviction an attentive ear?
What Pattern of humility and truth
Can bear the jeering ridicule of youth;

What blushing Author ever rank'd his Muse
With Fowler's Poet-Laureat of the Stews?
Dull Penny, nodding o'er his wooden lyre,
Conceits the vapours of Geneva fire.
All in the language of Apostles cry,
If Angels contradict me, Angels lie;
As all have intervals of ease and pain,
So all have intervals of being vain;
But some of folly never shift the scene,
Or let one lucid moment intervene;
Dull single acts of many-footed Prose
Their tragi-comedies of life compose;
Incessant madding for a system toy
The greatest of Creation's blessings cloy;
Their senses dosing a continual dream,
They hang enraptured o'er the hideous scheme:
So virgins tott'ring into ripe three score,
Their greatest likeness in baboons adore.

When you advance new systems, first unfold
The various imperfections of the old;
Prove Nature hitherto a gloomy night,
You the first focus of primæval light.

'Tis not enough you think your system true,
The busy world wou'd have you prove it too:
Then, rising on the ruins of the rest,
Plainly demonstrate your ideas best.
Many are best; one only can be right
Tho' all had inspiration to indite.

Some this unwelcome truth perhaps would tell,
Where Clogher stumbled, Catcott fairly fell.
Writers on Rolls of Science long renown'd
In one fell page are tumbled to the ground.
We see their systems unconfuted still;
But Catcott can confute them—if he will.
Would you the honour of a Priest mistrust
An excommunication proves him just.

Could Catcott from his better sense be drawn
To bow the knee to Baal's sacred lawn?
A mitred Rascal to his long-ear'd flocks
Gives ill example, to his wh—s, the p-x.
Yet we must reverence sacerdotal black,
And saddle all his faults on Nature's back;
But hold, there's solid reason to revere;
His Lordship has six thousand pounds a year;

In gaming solitude he spends the nights,
He fasts at Arthur's and he prays at White's;
Rolls o'er the pavement with his Swiss-tail'd six,
At White's the Athanasian Creed for Tricks.
Whilst the poor Curate in his rusty gown
Trudges unnotic'd thro' the dirty town.

If God made order, order never made
These nice distinctions in the preaching trade.
The servants of the Devil are rever'd,
And Bishops pull the Fathers by the beard.
Yet in these horrid forms Salvation lives,
These are Religion's representatives;
Yet to these idols must we bow the knee—
Excuse me, Broughton, when I bow to thee.
But sure Religion can produce at least,
One Minister of God — one honest Priest.

Search Nature o'er, procure me, if you can,
The fancy'd character, an honest Man
(A man of sense, not honest by constraint
For fools are canvass, living but in paint)
To Mammon or to Superstition slaves,
All orders of mankind are fools, or knaves:

In the first attribute by none surpast,
Taylor endeavours to obtain the last.

Imagination may be too confin'd;
Few see too far; how many are half blind!
How are your feeble arguments perplext
To find out meaning in a senseless text!
You rack each metaphor upon the wheel,
And words can philosophic truths conceal.
What Paracelsus humor'd as a jest,
You realize to prove your system best.
Might we not, Catcott, then infer from hence,
Your zeal for Scripture hath devour'd your sense?
Apply the glass of reason to your sight,
See Nature marshal oozy atoms right;
Think for yourself, for all mankind are free;
We need not Inspiration how to see.
If Scripture contradictory you find,
Be Orthodox, and own your senses blind.

How blinded are their optics, who aver,
What Inspiration dictates cannot err.
Whence is this boasted Inspiration sent,
Which makes us utter truths, we never meant?

Which couches systems in a single word,
At once deprav'd, abstruse, sublime, absurd.

What Moses tells us might perhaps be true,
As he was learn'd in all the Egyptians knew.

But to assert that Inspiration's giv'n,
The Copy of Philosophy in Heav'n,
Strikes at Religion's root, and fairly fells
The awful terrors of ten thousand Hells.
Attentive search the Scriptures and you'll find
What vulgar errors are with truths combin'd.
Your tortur'd truths, which Moses seem'd to know,
He could not unto Inspiration owe;
But if from God one error you admit,
How dubious is the rest of Holy Writ?

What knotty difficultys fancy solves?
The Heav'ns irradiate, and the Earth revolves;
But here Imagination is allow'd
To clear this voucher from its mantling cloud:
From the same word we different meanings quote,
As David wears a many colour'd coat.

O Inspiration, ever hid in night,
Reflecting various each adjacent light!
If Moses caught thee in the parted flood;
If David found thee in a sea of blood;
If Mahomet with slaughter drench'd thy soil,
On loaded asses bearing off thy spoil;
If thou hast favour'd Pagan, Turk, or Jew,
Say had not Broughton Inspiration too?
Such rank absurdities debase his line,
I almost could have sworn he copied thine.

Confute with candour, where you can confute,
Reason and arrogance but poorly suit.
Yourself may fall before some abler pen,
Infallibility is not for men.
With modest diffidence new schemes indite,
Be not too positive, tho' in the right.
What man of sense would value vulgar praise,
Or rise on Penny's prose, or duller lays?
Tho' pointed fingers mark the Man of Fame,
And literary Grocers chaunt your name;
Tho' in each Taylor's book-case Catcott shines,
With ornamental flow'rs and gilded lines;

Tho' youthful Ladies who by instinct scan
The Natural Philosophy of Man,
Can ev'ry reason of your work repeat,
As sands in Africa retain the heat:
Yet check your flowing pride: Will all allow
To wreathe the labour'd laurel round your brow?
Some may with seeming arguments dispense,
Tickling your vanity to wound your sense:
But Clayfield censures, and demonstrates too,
Your theory is certainly untrue;
On Reason and Newtonian rules he proves,
How distant your machine from either moves.
But my objections may be reckon'd weak,
As nothing but my mother tongue I speak;
Else would I ask; by what immortal Pow'r
All Nature was dissolv'd as in an hour?
How, when the earth acquir'd a solid state,
And rising mountains saw the waves abate,
Each particle of matter sought its kind,
All in a strata regular combin'd?
When instantaneously the liquid heap
Harden'd to rocks, the barriers of the deep,
Why did not earth unite a stony mass;
Since stony filaments thro' all must pass?

If on the wings of air the planets run,
Why are they not impell'd into the sun?
Philosophy, nay common sense, will prove
All passives with their active agents move.
If the diurnal motion of the air,
Revolves the planets in their destin'd sphere;
How are the secondary orbs impell'd?
How are the moons from falling headlong held?

'Twas the Eternal's fiat you reply;
And who will give Eternity the lie?
I own the awful truth, that God made all,
And by his fiat worlds and systems fall.
But study Nature; not an atom there
Will unassisted by her powers appear;

The fiat, without agents, is, at best,
For priestcraft or for ignorance a vest.
Some fancy God is what we Nature call,
Being itself material, all in all.
The fragments of the Deity we own,
Is vulgarly as various matter known.

No agents could assist Creation's birth:
We trample on our God, for God is Earth.
'Tis past the pow'r of language to confute
This latitudinary attribute.

How lofty must Imagination soar,
To reach absurdities unknown before!
Thanks to thy pinions, Broughton, thou hast brought
From the Moon's orb a novelty of thought.
Restrain, O Muse, thy unaccomplish'd lines,
Fling not thy saucy satire at Divines;
This single truth thy brother Bards must tell;
Thou hast one excellence, of railing well.
But disputations are befitting those
Who settle Hebrew points, and scold in prose.

O Learning, where are all thy fancied joys,
Thy empty pleasures and thy solemn toys?
Proud of thy own importance, tho' we see
We've little reason to be proud of thee:
Thou putrid fœtus of a barren brain,
Thou offspring illegitimate of Pain.

Tell me, sententious Mortals, tell me whence
You claim the preference to men of sense!
—— wants learning; see the letter'd throng
Banter his English in a Latin song.
Oxonian sages hesitate to speak
Their native Language, but declaim in Greek.
If in his jests a discord should appear,
A dull lampoon is innocently clear.
Ye classic Dunces, self-sufficient fools,
Is this the boasted justice of your schools?
——— has parts; parts which would set aside
The labour'd acquisitions of your pride;
Uncultivated now his Genius lies,
Instruction sees his latent beauties rise;
His gold is bullion, yours debas'd with brass,
Imprest with Folly's head to make it pass.

But ——— swears so loud, so indiscreet,
His thunders rattle thro' the list'ning street:
Ye rigid Christians, formally severe,
Blind to his charities, his oaths you hear;
Observe his virtues: Calumny must own
A noble soul is in his actions shown;

Tho' dark this bright original you paint,
I'd rather be a ——— than a Saint.
Excuse me, Catcott, if from you I stray,
The Muse will go where Merit leads the way;
The Owls of Learning may admire the night,
But ——— shines with Reason's glowing light.

Still Admonition presses to my pen,
The infant muse would give advice to men.
But what avails it, since the man I blame
Owns no superior in the paths of fame?
In springs, in mountains, strata, mines, and rocks,
Catcott is every notion Orthodox.
If to think otherwise you claim pretence,
*You're a detested heretick in sense.
But oh! how lofty your ideas roar,
In shewing wond'ring Cits the fossile store!

* *Renounce* is written over the two first words of this line. Which is the true meaning is uncertain, both being in his own hand-writing, and uncancelled.

The Ladies are quite ravish'd, as he tells
The short adventures of the pretty shells;
Miss Biddy sickens to indulge her touch,
Madame more prudent thinks 'twould seem to much;
The doors fly open, instantly he draws
The sparry lood, and wonders of applause;
The full dress'd Lady sees with envying eye
The sparkle of her di'mond pendants die;
Sage Natural Philosophers adore
The fossil whimsys of the numerous store.
But see! the purple stream begins to play,
To shew how fountains climb the hilly way.
Hark what a murmur echoes thro' the throng.
Gods! that the pretty trifle should be wrong!
Experience in the voice of Reason tells
Above its surface water never swells.

Where is the priestly soul of Catcott now?
See what a triumph sits upon his brow:
And can the poor applause of things like these,
Whose souls and sentiments are all disease,
Raise little triumphs in a man like you,
Catcott, the foremost of the Judging few?

So at Llewellin's your great brother sits,
The laughter of his tributary wits;
Ruling the noisy multitude with ease,
Empties his pint and sputters his decrees.

Dec. 20th, 1769.

MR. CATCOTT will be pleased to observe that I admire many things in his learned Remarks. This Poem is an innocent effort of poetical vengeance, as Mr. Catcott has done me the honour to criticise my Trifles. I have taken great poetical liberties and what I dislike in Verse possibly deserves my approbation in the plain Prose of Truth.—The many admirers of Mr. Catcott may on perusal of this rank me as an Enemy: But I am indifferent in all things, I value neither the praise or the censure of the Multitude.

SENTIMENT. 1769.

Since we can die but once, what matters it,
If rope or garter, poison, pistol, sword,
Slow-wasting sickness or the sudden burst
Of valve arterial in the noble parts,
Curtail the miseries of human life?
Tho' varied is the Cause, the Effect's the same;
All to one common Dissolution tends.

THE DEFENCE.

Dec. 25th, 1769.

No more, dear Smith, the hackney'd Tale renew;
I own their censure, I approve it too.
For how can Idiots, destitute of thought,
Conceive, or estimate, but as they're taught?
Say, can the satirizing Pen of Shears,
Exalt his name, or mutilate his ears?
None, but a Lawrence, can adorn his Lays,
Who in a quart of Claret drinks his praise.
T—l—r repeats, what Catcott told before,
But lying T—l—r is believ'd no more.
If in myself I think my notion just,
The Church and all her arguments are dust.

Religion's but Opinion's bastard Son,
A perfect mystery, more than three in one.

'Tis fancy all, distempers of the mind;
As Education taught us, we're inclin'd.
Happy the man, whose reason bids him see
Mankind are by the state of nature free;
Who, thinking for himself, despises those,
That would upon his better sense impose;
Is to himself the Minister of God,
Nor dreads the path, where Athanasius trod.
Happy (If Mortals can be) is the Man,
Who, not by Priest, but Reason rules his span;
Reason, to its Possessor a sure guide,
Reason, a thorn in Revelation's side.
If Reason fails, incapable to tread
Thro' gloomy Revelation's thick'ning bed,
On what authority the Church we own?
How shall we worship Deities unknown?
Can the Eternal Justice pleas'd receive
The prayers of those, who, ignorant, believe?

Search the thick multitudes of ev'ry Sect,
The Church supreme, with Whitfield's new Elect;
No individual can their God define,
No, not great Penny, in his nervous Line.

But why must Chatterton selected sit,
The butt of ev'ry Critic's little wit?
Am I alone for ever in a crime;
Nonsense in prose, or blasphemy in Rhyme?
All monosyllables a line appears?
Is it not very often so in Shears?
See gen'rous Eccas, length'ning out my praise
Inraptur'd with the music of my Lays;
In all the arts of panegyric grac'd,
The cream of modern Literary Taste.

Why, to be sure, the metaphoric line
Has something sentimental, tender, fine;
But then how hobbling are the other two;
There are some beauties, but they're very few.
Besides the Author, 'faith 'tis something odd,
Commends a reverential awe of God.
Read but another fancy of his brain;
He's Atheistical in every strain.
Fallacious is the charge: Tis all a lie,
As to my reason I can testify.
I own a God, immortal, boundless, wise,
Who bid our glories of Creation rise;

Who form'd his varied likeness in mankind,
Centring his many wonders in the mind;
Who saw Religion, a fantastic night
But gave us Reason to obtain the light.
Indulgent Whitfield scruples not to say,
He only can direct to Heaven's high-way.
While Bishops, with as much vehemence tell,
All *Sects heterodox are food for Hell.
Why then, dear Smith, since Doctors disagree,
Their notions are not oracles to me:
What I think right I ever will pursue
And leave you liberty to do so too.

* Sorts is written under Sects. Both in the Author's hand-writing, and uncancelled.

SONG

TO MR. G. CATCOTT. 1769.

I.

Ah blame me not, Catcott, if from the right way
My notions and actions run far.
How can my ideas do other but stray,
Depriv'd of the ruling North-Star?

II.

Ah blame me not, Broderip, if mounted aloft,
I chatter and spoil the dull air;
How can I imagine thy foppery soft,
When discord's the voice of my fair?

III.

If Turner remitted my bluster and rhymes,
If Harding was girlish and cold,
If never an ogle was met from Miss Grimes,
If Flavia was blasted and old;

IV.

I chose without liking, and left without pain,
Nor welcom'd the frown with a sigh;
I scorn'd, like a monkey, to dangle my chain,
And paint them new charms with a lie.

V.

Once Cotton was handsome; I flam'd, and I burn'd,
I died to obtain the bright Queen:
But when I beheld my Epistle return'd,
By Jesu it alter'd the scene.

VI.

She's damnable ugly, my Vanity cried,
You lie, says my Conscience, you lie;
Resolving to follow the dictates of Pride,
I'd view her a hag to my eye.

VII.

But should she regain her bright lustre again,
And shine in her natural charms,
'Tis but to accept of the works of my pen,
And permit me to use my own arms.

HECCAR and GAIRA,

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

Jan. 3, 1770.

Where the rough Caigra rolls the surgy wave,
Urging his thunders thro' the *echoing cave;
Where the sharp rocks, in distant horror seen,
Drive the white currents thro' the spreading green;
Where the loud Tyger, pawing in his rage,
Bids the black Archers of the wilds engage;
Stretch'd on the sand, two panting warriors lay,
In all the burning torments of the day;
Their bloody jav'lins reek'd one living steam
Their bows were broken at the roaring stream;

* *Distant* is written under echoing in the M.S.S.

Heccar the Chief of Jarra"s fruitful Hill,
Where the dark vapours nightly dews distil,
Saw Gaira the companion of his soul,
Extended where loud Caigra's billows roll;
Gaira, the King of warring Archers found,
Where daily lightnings plow the sandy ground,
Where brooding tempests howl along the sky,
Where rising desarts whirl'd in circles fly.

HECCAR.

Gaira, 'tis useless to attempt the chace,
Swifter than hunted Wolves they urge the race;
Their lessening forms elude the straining eye,
Upon the plumage of Macaws they fly.
Let us return, and strip the reeking slain
Leaving the bodies on the burning plain.

GAIRA.

Heccar, my vengeance still exclaims for blood,
'Twould drink a wider stream than Caigra's flood.
This jav'lin, oft in nobler quarrels try'd,
Put the loud thunder of their arms aside.

Fast as the streaming rain, I pour'd the dart,
Hurling a whirlwind thro' the trembling heart:
But now my lingring feet revenge denies,
O could I throw my jav'lin from my eyes!

HECCAR.

When Gaira the united armies broke,
Death wing'd the arrow; Death impell'd the stroke.
See, pil'd in mountains, on the sanguine sand
The blasted of the lightnings of thy hand.
Search the brown desart, and the glossy green;
There are the trophies of thy valour seen.
The scatter'd bones mantled in silver white,
Once animated, dared the force* in fight.
The Children of the Wave, whose pallid race,
Views the faint sun display a languid face,
From the red fury of thy justice fled,
Swifter than torrents from their rocky bed.
Fear with a sicken'd silver ting'd their hue:
The guilty fear, when vengeance is their due.

*Query, whether not intended for foes?

GAIRA.

Rouse not Remembrance from her shadowy cell,
Nor of those bloody sons of mischief tell.
Cawna, O Cawna! deck'd in sable charms,
What distant region holds thee from my arms?
Cawna, the pride of Afric's sultry vales,
Soft as the cooling murmur of the gales,
Majestic as the many colour'd Snake,
Trailing his glories thro' the blossom'd brake:
Black as the glossy rocks, where Eascal roars,
Foaming thro' sandy wastes to Jaghirs shores;
Swift as the arrow, hasting to the breast,
Was Cawna, the companion of my rest.

The sun sat low'ring in the Western sky,
The swelling tempest spread around the eye;
Upon my Cawna's bosom I reclin'd,
Catching the breathing whispers of the wind:
Swift from the wood a prowling Tiger came;
Dreadful his voice, his eyes a glowing flame;
I bent the bow, the never-erring dart
Pierc'd his rough armour, but escap'd his heart;

He fled, tho' wounded, to a distant waste,
I urg'd the furious flight with fatal haste;
He fell, he dy'd — spent in the fiery toil,
I strip'd his carcase of the furry spoil,
And as the varied spangles met my eye,
On this, I cried, shall my lov'd Cawna lie.
The dusky midnight hung the skies in grey;
Impell'd by Love, I wing'd the airy way;
In the deep valley and the mossy plain,
I sought my Cawna, but I sought in vain,
The pallid shadows of the azure waves
Had made my Cawna and my children slaves.
Reflection maddens, to recall the hour,
The Gods had giv'n me to the Dæmon's power.
The dusk slow vanish'd ftom the hated lawn,
I gain'd a mountain glaring with the dawn.
There the full sails, expanded to the wind,
Struck horror and distraction in my mind,
There Cawna mingled with a worthless train,
In common slav'ry drags the hated chain.
Now judge, my Heccar, have I cause for rage?
Should aught the thunder of my arm assuage?
In ever-reeking blood this jav'lin dy'd
With vengeance shall be never satisfied;

I'll strew the beaches with the mighty dead
And tinge the lily of their features red.

HECCAR.

When the loud shriekings of the hostile cry
Roughly salute my ear, enrag'd I'll fly;
Send the sharp arrow quivering thro' the heart
Chill the hot vitals with the venom'd dart;
Nor heed the shining steel or noisy smoke,
Gaira and Vengeance shall inspire the stroke.

The METHODIST.

May 1770.

Says Tom to Jack, 'tis very odd,
These Representatives of God,
In Color, way of life and evil,
Should be so very like the Devil.
Jack, understand, was one of those,
Who mould Religion in the Nose,
A red hot Methodist; his face
Was full of Puritanic Grace,
His loose lank hair, his slow gradation,
Declar'd a late Regeneration;
Among the daughters long renown'd,
For standing upon holy ground;
Never in carnal battle beat,
Tho' sometimes forc'd to a retreat.

But C——t, Hero as he is,
Knight of incomparable phiz,
When pliant Doxy seems to yield,
Courageously forsakes the field.
Jack, or to write more gravely, John
Thro' Hills of Wesley's Works had gone;
Could sing one hundred Hymns by rote;
Hymns which will sanctify the throte:
But some indeed compos'd so odly,
You'd swear 'twas bawdy Songs made Godly.

COLIN INSTRUCTED. 1770.

Young Colin was as stout a boy
As ever gave a Maiden joy;
But long in vain he told his tale
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.

Ah why the whining Shepherd cried,
Am I alone your smiles denied,
I only tell in vain my tale
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.

True Colin, said the laughing Dame,
You only whimper out your flame,
Others do more than sigh their tale.
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.

He took the hint, &c.

A BURLESQUE CANTATA. 1770.

RECITATIVE.

Mounted aloft in Bristol's narrow Streets,
Where Pride and Luxury with meanness meets,
A sturdy Collier prest the empty sack,
A troop of thousands swarming on his back;
When sudden to his rapt extatic view
Rose the brown beauties of his red-hair'd Sue.
Music spontaneous echoed from his tongue,
And thus the Lover rather bawl'd, than sung.

AIR.

Zaunds! Prithee pretty Zue is it thee,
Odzookers I mun have a kiss.
A Sweetheart should always be free,
I whope you wunt take it amiss.

Thy peepers are blacker than caul,
  Thy carcase is sound as a sack,
Thy visage is whiter than ball,
  Odzookers I mun have a smack.

RECITATIVE.

The swain descending, in his raptured arms
Held fast the Goddess, and despoil'd her charms.
Whilst lock'd in Cupid's amorous embrace,
His jetty *skinnis* met her red bronz'd face;
It seem'd the sun when labouring in eclipse.
And on her nose he stampt his sable lips,
Pleas'd ———.

SONG.

FANNY OF THE HILL.* 1770.

If gentle Love's immortal fire
Could animate the quill,
Soon should the rapture-speaking Lyre
Sing Fanny of the Hill.

My panting heart incessant moves,
No interval 'tis still;
And all my ravish'd nature loves
Sweet Fanny of the Hill.

Her dying soft expressive eye,
Her elegance must kill,
Ye Gods! how many thousands die
For Fanny of the Hill.

* Miss F. B.——, on Radcliff-Hill, Bristol.

A love-taught tongue angelic air
A sentiment, a skill
In all the graces of the Fair,
Mark Fanny of the Hill.

Thou mighty Power, eternal Fate,
My happiness to fill,
O! bless a wretched Lover's state
With Fanny of the Hill.

The name of *Fanny*, which was first written, was afterwards cancelled, and that of *Betsy* substituted in its stead; but for what reason was best known to the Author.

HAPPINESS. 1770.

From Love and Madness. Corrected from Mr. Catcott's copy..

Since Happiness was not ordain'd for man,
Let's make ourselves as easy as we can;
Possest with fame or fortune, friend or w——e,
But think it Happiness——we want no more.

Hail Revelation! sphere-envelop'd dame,
To some divinity, to most a name,
Reason's dark-lantern, superstition's sun,
Whose cause mysterious and effect are one——
From thee, ideal bliss we only trace,
Fair as Ambition's dream, or Beauty's face,
But, in reality, as shadowy found
As seeming truth in twisted mysteries bound.

What little rest from over-anxious care
The Lords of Nature are design'd to share,
To wanton whim and prejudice we owe.
Opinion is the only God we know.
Our furthest wish, the Deity we fear
In diff'rent subjects, differently appear.
Where's the foundation of religion plac'd?
On every individual's fickle taste.
The narrow way the priest-rid mortals tread,
By superstious prejudice misled.——
This passage leads to Heaven—yet, strange to tell!
Another's conscience finds it lead to Hell.
Conscience, the soul-Camelion's varying hue,
Reflects all notions, to no notion true.——
The bloody son of Jesse, when he saw
The mystic priesthood kept the Jews in awe,
He made himself an ephod to his mind,
And sought the Lord, and always found him kind.
In murder, horrid cruelty, and lust,
The Lord was with him, and his actions just.

Priestcraft, thou universal blind of all,
Thou idol, at whose feet all nations fall,

Father of misery, origin of sin,
Whose first existence did with fear begin;
Still sparing deal thy seeming blessings out,
Veil thy Elisium with a cloud of doubt——
Since present blessings in possession cloy,
Bid hope in future worlds expect the joy——
Or, if thy sons the airy phantoms slight,
And dawning Reason wou'd direct them right,
Some glittering trifle to their optics hold;
Perhaps they'll think the glaring spangle gold,
And, madded in the search of coins and toys,
Eager pursue the momentary joys.

Mercator worships Mammon and adores
No other Deity but gold and w——es.
Catcott is very fond of talk and fame;
His wish a perpetuity of name;
Which to procure, a pewter altar's made,
To bear his name, and signify his trade,
In pomp burlesq'd the rising spire to head,
To tell futurity a pewterer's dead.
Incomparable Catcott, still pursue
The seeming Happiness thou hast in view:

Unfinish'd chimnies, gaping spires compleat,
Eternal fame on oval dishes beat;
Ride four-inch bridges, clouded turrets climb,
And bravely die—to live in after-time.
Horrid idea! if on rolls of fame
The twentieth century only find thy name.
Unnotic'd this in prose or tagging flower
He left his dinner to ascend the tower.
Then, what avails thy anxious spitting pain?
Thy laugh-provoking labours are in vain.
On matrimonial pewter set thy hand;
Hammer with ev'ry power thou canst command;
Stamp thy whole self, original as 'tis,
To propagate thy whimsies, name and phyz——
Then, when the tottering spires or chimnies fall,
A Catcott shall remain admir'd by all.

Eudo, who has some trifling couplets writ,
Is only happy when he's thought a wit——
Thinks I've more judgement than the whole Reviews,
Because I always compliment his Muse.
If any mildly would reprove his faults,
They're critics envy-sicken'd at his thoughts.

To me he flies, his best-beloved friend,
Reads me asleep, then wakes me to commend.

Say, sages — if not sleep-charm'd by the rhyme,
Is flattery, much-lov'd flattery, any crime?
Shall dragon Satire exercise his sting,
And not insinuating Flattery sing?
Is it more noble to torment than please?
How ill that thought with rectitude agrees!

Come to my pen, companion of the lay,
And speak of worth where merit cannot say;
Let lazy Barton undistinguish'd snoar,
Nor lash his generosity to Hoare;
Praise him for sermons of his curate bought,
His easy flow of words, his depth of thought;
His active spirit, ever in display,
His great devotion when he drawls to pray;
His sainted soul distinguishably seen,
With all the virtues of a modern Dean.

Varo, a genius of peculiar taste,
His misery in his happiness is plac'd;

When in soft calm the waves of Fortune roll,
A tempest of reflection storms the soul;
But what would make another man distrest,
Gives him tranquillity and thoughtless rest:
No disappointment can his peace invade,
Superior to all troubles not self-made——
This character let grey Oxonians scan,
And tell me of what species he's a man.
Or be it by young Yeatman criticized,
Who damns good English if not Latinized.
In Aristotle's scale the Muse he weighs,
And damps her little fire with copied lays!
Vers'd in the mystic learning of the schools,
He rings bob-majors by Leibnitzian rules.

Pulvis, whose knowledge centres in degrees,
Is never happy but when taking fees.
Blest with a bushy wig and solemn grace,
Catcott admires him for a fossile face.

When first his farce of countenance began,
Ere the soft down had mark'd him almost man,
A solemn dullness occupied his eyes,
And the fond mother thought him wond'rous wise:

— But little had she read in Nature's book,
That fools assume a philosophic look.

O Education, ever in the wrong,
To thee the curses of mankind belong;
Thou first great author of our future state,
Chief source of our religion, passions, fate:
On every atom of the Doctor's frame
Nature has stampt the pedant with his name;
But thou hast made him (ever wast thou blind)
A licens'd butcher of the human kind.
— Mould'ring in dust the fair Lavinia lies;
Death and our Doctor clos'd her sparkling eyes.
O all ye Powers, the guardians of the world!
Where is the useless bolt of vengeance hurl'd?
Say, shall this leaden sword of plague prevail,
And kill the mighty where the mighty fail!
Let the red bolus tremble o'er his head,
And with his cordial julep strike him dead.

But to return — in this wide sea of thought,
How shall we steer our notions as we ought?
Content is happiness, as sages say ——
But what's content? The trifle of a day.

Then, friend, let inclination be thy guide,
Nor be by superstition led aside.
The Saint and Sinner, fool and wise attain
An equal share of easiness and pain.

THE RESIGNATION.

From Love and Madness.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky;
Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the pow'r of human skill,—
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom ought but Thee
Incroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

CLIFTON.

From a Copy in Chatterton's hand-writing deposited by Dr. Glyn in the British Museum.

Clifton, sweet village! now demands the lay,
The lov'd retreat of all the rich and gay;
The darling spot which pining maidens seek,
To give Health's roses to the pallid cheek.
Warm from its font the holy water pours,
And lures the sick to Clifton's neighbouring bowers.
Let bright Hygeia her glad reign resume,
And o'er each sickly form renew her bloom.
Me, whom no fell disease this hour compels
To visit Bristol's celebrated Wells,
Far other motives prompt my eager view;
My heart can here its fav'rite bent pursue,
Here can I gaze, and pause, and muse between,
And draw some moral truth from ev'ry scene.

Yon dusky rocks, that, from the stream arise
In rude rough grandeur, threat the distant skies,
Seem as if nature in a painful throe,
With dire convulsions, lab'ring to and fro,
(To give the boiling waves a ready vent)
At one dread stroke the solid mountain rent;
The huge cleft rocks transmit to distant fame,
The sacred gilding of a good saint's name.
Now round the varied scene attention turns
Her ready eye — my soul with ardor burns;
For on that spot my glowing fancy dwells,
Where Cenotaph its mournful story tells —
How Britain's heroes, true to Honour's laws,
Fell, bravely fighting in their country's cause.
But tho' in distant fields your limbs are laid,
In Fame's long list your glories ne'er will fade;
But blooming still beyond the gripe of death,
Fear not the blast of time's inclouding breath.
Your generous leader rais'd this stone to say,
You follow'd still where Honour led the way;
And by this tribute, which his pity pays,
Twines his own virtues with his soldiers' praise.
Now Brandon's cliffs my wand'ring gazes meet,
Whose craggy surface mocks the ling'ring feet;

Queen Bess's gift, (so ancient legends say)
To Bristol's fair; where to the sun's warm ray
On the rough bush the linen white they spread,
Or deck with russet leaves the mossy bed.

Here as I musing take my pensive stand,
Whilst evening shadows lengthen o'er the land,
O'er the wide landscape cast the circling eye,
How ardent mem'ry prompts the fervid sigh;
O'er the historic page my fancy runs,
Of Britain's fortunes — of her valiant sons.
Yon Castle, erst of Saxon standards proud,
Its neighbouring meadows dy'd with Danish blood.
Then of its later fate a view I take:
Here the sad Monarch lost his hope's last stake;
When Rupert bold, of well-atchiev'd renown,
Stain'd all the fame his former prowess won.
But for its ancient use no more employ'd,
Its walls all moulder'd and its gates destroy'd;
In Hist'ry's roll it still a shade retains,
Tho' of the fortress scarce a stone remains.
Eager at length I strain each aching limb,
And breathless now the mountain's summit climb.

Here does attention her fixt gaze renew,
And of the city takes a nearer view.
The yellow Avon, creeping at my side,
In sullen billows rolls a muddy tide;
No sportive Naiads on her streams are seen,
No chearful pastimes deck the gloomy scene;
Fixt in a stupor by the chearless plain,
For fairy flights the fancy toils in vain:
For tho' her waves, by commerce richly blest,
Roll to her shores the treasures of the west,
Tho' her broad banks Trade's busy aspect wears,
She seems unconscious of the wealth she bears.
Near to her banks, and under Brandon's hill,
There wanders Jacob's ever murm'ring rill,
That, pouring forth a never-failing stream,
To the dim eye restores the steady beam.
Here too (alas! tho' tott'ring now with age)
Stands our deserted, solitary stage,
Where oft our Powell, Nature's genuine son,
With tragic tones the fix'd attention won:
Fierce from his lips his angry accents fly,
Fierce as the blast that tears the northern sky;
Like snows that trickle down hot Ætna's steep,
His passion melts the soul, and makes us weep:

But O! how soft his tender accents move—
Soft as the cooings of the turtle's love—.
Soft as the breath of morn in bloom of spring,
Dropping a lucid tear on Zephyr's wing:
O'er Shakespeare's varied scenes he wandered wide,
In Macbeth's form all human pow'r defy'd;
In shapeless Richard's dark and fierce disguise,
In dreams he saw the murdered train arise;
Then what convulsions shook his trembling breast,
And strew'd with pointed thorns his bed of rest!
But fate has snatch'd thee—early was thy doom,
How soon enclos'd within the silent tomb!
No more our raptur'd eyes shall meet thy form,
No more thy melting tones our bosoms warm.
Without thy pow'rful aid, the languid stage
No more can please at once and mend the age.
Yes, thou art gone! and thy beloved remains
Yon sacred old Cathedral wall contains;
There does the muffled bell our grief reveal,
And solemn organs swell the mournful peal;
Whilst hallow'd dirges fill the holy shrine,
Deserved tribute to such worth as thine.
No more at Clifton's scenes my strains o'erflow,
For the Muse, drooping at this tale of woe,

Slackens the strings of her enamour'd lyre,
The flood of gushing grief puts out her fire:
Else would she sing the deeds of other times,
Of saints and heroes sung in monkish rhymes;
Else would her soaring fancy burn to stray,
And thro' the cloister'd aisle would take her way,
Where sleep, (ah! mingling with the common dust)
The sacred bodies of the brave and just.
But vain the attempt to scan that holy lore,
These soft'ning sighs forbid the muse to soar.
So treading back the steps I just now trod,
Mournful and sad I seek my lone abode.

To MISS HOYLAND.

From a MS. of Chatterton's, in the British Museum.

Sweet are thy charming smiles, my lovely maid,
Sweet as the flow'rs in bloom of spring array'd;
Those charming smiles thy beauteous face adorn,
As May's white blossoms gaily deck the thorn.
Then why when mild good-nature basking lies
Midst the soft radiance of thy melting eyes,
When my fond tongue would strive thy heart to move,
And tune its tones to every note of love;
Why do those smiles their native soil disown,
And (chang'd their movements) kill me in a frown!

Yet, is it true, or is it dark despair,
That fears you're cruel whilst it owns you fair?

O speak, dear Hoyland! speak my certain fate,
Thy love enrapt'ring, or thy constant hate.
If death's dire sentence hangs upon thy tongue,
E'en death were better than suspence so long.

To MR. POWEL.

From a MS. of Chatterton's, in the British Museum.

What language, Powel! can thy merits tell,
By Nature form'd in every path t'excel:
To strike the feeling soul with magic skill,
When every passion bends beneath thy will.
Loud as the howlings of the northern wind
Thy scenes of anger harrow up the mind;
But most thy softer tones our bosoms move,
When Juliet listens to her Romeo's love.
How sweet thy gentle movements then to see—
Each melting heart must sympathize with thee.

Yet, though design'd in every walk to shine,
Thine is the furious, and the tender thine;
Though thy strong feelings and thy native fire,
Still force the willing gazers to admire,
Though great thy praises for thy scenic art,
We love thee for the virtues of thy Heart.

TO MISS C.

ON HEARING HER PLAY ON THE HARPSICHORD.

From a MS. of Chatterton's, in the British Museum.

Had Israel's Monarch, when misfortune's dart
Pierc'd to its deepest core his heaving breast,
Heard but thy dulcet tones, his sorrowing heart
At such soft tones, had sooth'd itself to rest.

Yes, sweeter far than Jesse's son's thy strains,
Yet what avail if sorrow they disarm;
Love's sharper sting within the soul remains,
The melting movements wound us as they charm.

The ART of PUFFING

BY A BOOKSELLER'S JOURNEYMAN.

Copied from a MS. of Chatterton.

Vers'd by Experience in the subtle Art,
The myst'ries of a Title I impart:
Teach the young Author how to please the Town,
And make the heavy drug of Rhime go down.
Since Curl, immortal, never dying name!
A Double Pica in the Book of Fame,
By various arts did various Dunces Prop,
And tickled every fancy to his Shop:
Who can like Pottinger, ensure a Book?
Who judges with the solid taste of Cooke?
Villains exalted in the midway Sky,
Shall live again to drain your Purses dry:

Nor yet unrivalled they: see Baldwin comes,
Rich in Inventions, Patents, Cuts, and hums:
The honorable Boswell writes, 'tis true,
What else can Paoli's supporter do.
The trading Wits endeavour to attain,
Like Booksellers, the World's first Idol Gain:
For this they puff the heavy Goldsmith's Line,
And hail his Sentiment, tho' trite, divine;
For this, the patriotic bard complains,
And Bingley binds poor Liberty in Chains:
For this was every reader's faith deceiv'd,
And Edmunds swore what nobody believ'd;
For this the Wits in close Disguises fight;
For this the varying Politicians write;
For this each month new Magazines are sold,
With Dullness fill'd and transcripts of the Old.
The Town and Country struck a lucky hit,
Was novel, sentimental, full of Wit:
Aping her Walk the same success to find,
The Court and City hobbles far behind:
Sons of Apollo learn; Merit's no more,
Than a good Frontispiece to grace the door.

The Author who invents a title well,
Will always find his cover'd Dullness sell;
Flexney and every Bookseller will buy,
Bound in neat Calf, the Work will never die.

July 22, 1770. PAMP.

COPY of VERSES written by CHATTERTON,

TO A LADY IN BRISTOL.

* *From a copy given by Chatterton to Mr. H. Kater, of Bristol.*

To use a worn out simile,
From flow'r to flow'r the busy Bee
With anxious labor flies,
Alike from scents which give distaste,
By Fancy as disgusting plac'd,
Repletes his useful thighs.

Nor does his vicious taste prefer
The fopling of some gay parterre
The mimickry of art!
But round the meadow—Violet dwells,
Nature replenishing his Cells,
Does ampler stores impart.

So I a humble dumble Drone
Anxious and restless when alone
Seek comfort in the Fair,
And featur'd up in tenfold brass,
A rhyming, staring, am'rous ass
To You address my pray'r.

But ever in my love-lorn flights
Nature untouch'd by Art delights,
Art ever gives disgust.
Why, says some Priest of mystic thought,
The Bard alone by nature taught,
Is to that nature just.

But ask your orthodox divine
If ye perchance shou'd read this line
Which fancy now inspires:
Will all his sermons, preaching, prayers,
His Hell, his Heaven, his solemn airs
Quench Nature's rising fires?

In natural religion free,
I to no other bow the knee,
Nature's the God I own:
Let Priests of future torments tell,
Your anger is the only Hell,
No other Hell is known.

I, steel'd by destiny was born
Well fenc'd against a woman's scorn,
Regardless of that Hell
I fired by burning Planets came
From flaming hearts to catch a flame,
And bid the bosom swell.

Then catch the shadow of a heart,
I will not with the substance part,
Although that substance burn,
Till as a hostage you remit,
Your heart, your sentiment, your Wit,
To make a safe return.

A Rev'rend Cully Mully Puff,
May call this Letter odious stuff,
With no Greek motto grac'd;
Whilst you, despising the poor strain;
"The Dog's unsufferably vain
"To think to please my Taste!"

'Tis vanity, 'tis impudence
Is all the merit, all the sense
Thro' which to fame I trod,
These (by the Trinity 'tis true)
Procure me friends and notice too,
And shall gain you by G—d.

The Whore of Babylon.

From the Original, copied by Mr. Catcott.

The WHORE of BABYLON,

BOOK THE FIRST.

Newton,* accept the Tribute of a Line
From one whose humble Genius honors Thine.
Mysterious shall thy mazy numbers seem,
To give Thee matter for a future Dream.
Thy happy Talents, meanings to untie,
My vacancy of meaning may supply;
And where the Muse is witty in a Dash
Thy explanations may enforce the Lash:
How shall the Line grow servile in respect,
To North or Sandwich Infamy direct.

* Dr. Newton, then Bishop of Bristol.

Unless a wise *elipsis* intervene,
How shall I satarize the sleepy Dean.*
Perhaps the Muse might fortunately strike
An highly finish'd Picture, very like,
But Deans are all so lazy, dull and fat,
None could be certain worthy Barton sat.
Come then my Newton leave the musty Lines
Where Revelation's farthing candle shines,
In search of hidden Truths let others go,
Be thou the Fiddle to my Puppet-Show:
What are these hidden Truths but secret Lies,
Which from diseas'd Imaginations rise;
What if our Politicians should succeed
In fixing up the Ministerial creed,
Who could such Golden Arguments refuse
Which melts and proselytes the harden'd Jews.
When universal Reformation bribes
With Words and wealthy Metaphors the Tribes,
To empty Pews the brawny Chaplain swears,
Whilst none but trembling Superstition hears.

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* Dr. Barton, Dean of Bristol.

When Ministers with sacerdotal hands
Baptise the Flock in streams of golden sands,
Thro' ev'ry Town Conversion wings her way,
And Conscience is a Prostitute for pay.
Faith removes Mountains, like a modern Dean;
Faith can see Virtues which were never seen.
Our pious Ministry this sentence quote,
To prove their Instrument's superior Vote,
Whilst Luttrell, happy in his Lordship's Voice,
Bids Faith persuade us 'tis the People's choice.
This Mountain of Objections to remove,
This knotty, rotten Argument to prove,
Faith insufficient, Newton caught the Pen,
And shew'd by Demonstration, one was ten.
What boots it if he reason'd right or no,
'Twas orthodox, the Thane* would have it so.
And who shall Doubts and false Conclusions draw
Against the Inquisitions of the Law;
With Goalers, Chains, and Pillories must plead,
And Mansfield's Conscience settle right his creed:

* Lord Bute.

Is Mansfield's Conscience then, will Reason cry,
A standard Block to dress our Notions by.
Why what a Blunder has the Fool let fall,
That Mansfield has no Conscience, none at all.
Pardon me, Freedom! this and something more
The knowing Writer might have known before;
But bred in Bristol's mercenary cell,
Compell'd in scenes of Avarice to dwell,
What gen'rous Passion can refine my Breast?
What besides Interest has my Mind possest?
And should a gabbling Truth like this be told
By me, instructed here to slave for Gold,
My prudent Neighbours, (who can read,) would see
Another Savage to be starv'd in me.
Faith is a pow'rful Virtue ev'ry where:
By this once Bristol drest, for Cato, Clare;
But now the Blockheads grumble, Nugent's made
Lord of their choice, he being Lord of Trade.
They bawl'd for Clare when little in their Eyes,
But cannot to the Titled Villain rise.
This State credulity, a Bait for Fools,
Employs his Lordship's Literary Tools.
Murphy, a Bishop of the chosen Sect,
A ruling Pastor, of the Lord's elect,

Keeps Journals, Posts, and Magazines in awe,
And parcels out his daily Statute Law.
Would you the Bard's Veracity dispute?
He borrows Persecution's Scourge from Bute,
An excommunication Satire writes,
And the slow Mischief trifles till it bites.
This Faith, a Subject for a longer Theme,
Is not the Substance of a waking dream;
Tho' blind and dubious to behold the right,
Its Optics mourn a fixt Egyptian Night.
Yet things unseen, are seen so very clear,
She knew fresh muster must begin the year;
She knows that North, by Bute and Conscience led,
Will hold his honors till his favor's dead;
She knows that Martin, ere he can be great,
Must practice at the Targot of the State:
If then his erring Pistol should not kill,
Why Martin must remain a Traitor still.
His gracious Mistress, gen'rous to the Brave,
Will not neglect the necessary Knave,
Since pious Ch—dl—gh is become her Grace,
Martin turns Rump, to occupy her place.
Say, Rigby, in the Honors of the Door
How properly a Knave succeeds a Whore.

She knows the subject almost slipt my Quill,
Lost in that Pistol of a Woman's Will;
She knows when Bute would exercise his Rod,
The worthiest of the worthy Sons of God.
But (say the Critics) this is saying much,
The Scriptures tell us Peace-makers are such
Who can dispute his Title, who deny
What Taxes and Oppression justify:
Who of the Thane's Beatitude can doubt?
Oh! was but North as sure of being out.
And, (as I end whatever I begin,)
Was Chatham but as sure of being in.
But foster Child of Fate, dear to a Dame,
Whom Satire freely would, but dare not name.
Ye plodding Barristers who hunt a Flaw,
What mischief would you from the Sentence draw.
Tremble and stand attentive as a Dean,
Know Royal Favour is the Thing I mean.
To sport with Royalty the Muse forbears,
And kindly takes Compassion on my Ears,
When once Shibbeard in glorious Triumph stood
Upon a Rostrum of distinguish'd Wood,
Who then withheld his Guinea or his Praise,
Or envy'd him his Crown of English Bays?

But now *Modestus*, Truant to the Cause,
Assists the Pioneers who sap the Laws,
Wreaths Infamy around a sinking Pen,
Who could withhold the Pilory again.
But lifted into notice, by the eyes
Of one whose optics always set to rise,
Forgive a Pun, ye Rationals, forgive
A flighty youth as yet unlearnt to live.
When I have conn'd each Sage's musty rule,
I may with greater Reason play the Fool.
Burgum and I, in ancient Lore untaught,
Are always, with our Nature, in a fault:
Tho' C——n would instruct us in the part,
Our stubborn Morals would not err by Art.
Having in various Starts from Order stray'd
We'll call Imagination to our aid.
See *Bute* astride upon a wrinkled Hag,
His hand replenish'd with an open'd Bag,
Whence fly the Ghosts of Taxes and Supplies,
The Sales of Places, and the last Excise.
Upon the ground in seemly order lay'd
The Stuarts stretch'd the Majesty of Plaid.
Rich with the Peer, dependance bow'd the head,
And saw their hopes, arising from the dead,

His countrymen were muster'd into place,
And a Scotch Piper was above his Grace.
But say, Astrologers, could this be strange,
The Lord of the Ascendant rul'd the change,
And music, whether bagpipes, fiddles, drums,
All which is sense as meaning overcomes.
So now this universal fav'rite Scot
His former native poverty forgot,
The highest member of the car of state,
Where well he plays at blindman's buff with Fate,
If Fortune condescends to bless his play
And drop a rich Havannah in his way,
He keeps it with intention to release
All conquests at the gen'ral Day of Peace.
When first and foremost to divide the spoil,
Some millions down might satisfy his toil:
To guide the carr of war he fancied not
Where honor, and not money, could be got.
The Scots have tender honors to a man;
Honor's the tie that bundles up the clan.
They want one requisite to be divine,
One requisite in which all others shine.
They're very poor; then who can blame the hand
Who polishes by wealth his native land.

And to compleat the worth possest before
Gives ev'ry Scotchman one perfection more,
Nobly bestows the infamy of place,
And C—mpb—ll struts about in doubled lace.
Who says Bute barters Place, and nobly sold
His King, his union'd Countrymen, for Gold?
When ministerial Hirelings proofs defy,
If Musgrave cannot prove it, how can I?
No Facts unwarranted shall soil my quill,
Suffice it there's a strong suspicion still.
When Bute the iron rod of favour shook,
And bore his haughty passions in his look,
Nor yet contented with his boundless sway,
Which all perforce must outwardly obey,
He sought to throw his Chain upon the mind,
Nor would he leave conjectures unconfin'd;
We saw his measures wrong, and yet in spite
Of Reason we must think these measures right:
Whilst curb'd and check'd by his imperious Rein,
We must be satisfied, and not complain.
Complaints are Libels, as the present age
Are all instructed by a Law-wise Sage,
Who, happy in his eloquence and fees,
Advances to preferment by degrees,

Trembles to think of such a daring step,
As from a Tool to *Chancellor* to leap.
But lest his Prudence should the Law-disgrace,
He keeps a longing eye upon the mace.
Whilst Bute was suffer'd to pursue his Plan,
And ruin Freedom as he rais'd his Clan,
Could not his Pride, his universal Pride,
With working undisturb'd be satisfied?
But when we saw the Villainy and fraud,
What Conscience but a Scotchman's could applaud?
But yet 'twas nothing cheating in our sight,
We should have humm'd ourselves and thought them
right.
This Faith, establish'd by the mighty Thane,
Will long outlive that system of the Dane:
This Faith—but now the number must be brief,
All human things are center'd in belief;
And, (or the Philosophic Sages dream,)
Nothing is really so as it may seem.
Faith is a Glass to rectify our Sight,
And teach us to distinguish wrong from right:
By this corrected Bute appears a Pitt,
And Candour marks the lines which Murphy writ.

Then let this Faith support our ruin'd Cause,
And give us back our Liberties and Laws.
No more complain of Fav'rites made by Lust,
No more think Chatham's Patriot reasons just,
But let the Babylonish Harlot see,
You to her *Baal* bow the humble knee.
Lost in the praises of the fav'rite Scot,
My better theme, my Newton, was forgot.
Blest with a pregnant wit, and never known
To boast of one impertinence his own,
He warp'd his Vanity to serve his God,
And in the paths of pious Fathers trod:
Tho Genius might have started something new,
He honor'd Lawn, and prov'd his Scripture true,
No Literary Worth presum'd upon,
He wrote the understrapper of St. John,
Unravell'd ev'ry mystic Simile,
Rich in the Faith, and fanciful as me,
Pull'd Revelation's sacred Robes aside,
And saw what Priestly modesty should hide;
Then seiz'd the pen, and with a good intent,
Discover'd hidden meanings never meant.
The Reader, who in carnal Notions bred,
Has *Athanasius* without rev'rence read;

Will make a scurvy kind of Lenten-Feast
Upon the tortur'd Offals of the Beast;
But if in happy Superstition taught,
He never once presum'd to doubt in thought,
Like C——, lost in Prejudice and Pride,
He takes the literal meaning for his Guide.
Let him read *Newton*, and his Bill of Fare.
What Prophesies unprophesied are there!
In explanations he's so justly skill'd,
The pseudo Prophet's myst'ries are fulfill'd;
No superficial Reasons have disgrac'd
The worthy Prelate's Sacerdotal Taste;
No flaming arguments he holds in view,
Like C——n he affirms it, and 'tis true.
Faith, Newton, is the tott'ring churchman's crutch,
On which our blest Religion builds so much;
Thy Fame would feel the loss of this support,
As much as Sawny's Instruments at Court:
For Secret Services, without a name,
And Myst'ries in Religion are the same.
But, to return to State, from whence the Muse
In wild digression smaller themes pursues,
And Rambling from his Grace's magic Rod,
Descends to lash the Ministers of God.

Both are adventures perilous and hard,
And often bring Destruction on the Bard;
For Priests and Hirelings, Ministers of State,
Are Priests in love, Infernals in their hate.
The Church, no theme for Satire, scorns the Lash,
And will not suffer Scandal in a Dash.
Not Bute, so tender in his spotless Fame;
Not Bute, so careful of his Lady's Name.
Has sable lost its Virtue? will the Bell
No longer send a straying Sprite to Hell?
Since Souls, when animate with Life, are sold
For Benefices, Bishopricks, and Gold;
Since Mitres, nightly laid upon the Breast,
Can charm the Nightman, Conscience, into rest,
And learn'd Exorcists very lately made
Greater improvements in the living trade;
Since Warburton (of whom in future Rhymes)
Has settled Reformation on the Times,
Whilst from the teeming press his numbers fly,
And, like his Reasons, just exist and die;
Since in the steps of clerical degree
All thro' the *Telescope* of Fancy see:
Tho' Fancy under Reason's lash may fall,
Yet Fancy in Religion's all in all.

Amongst the cassock'd Worthies is there one
Who has the Conscience to be Freedom's Son?
Horn, patriotic Horn, will join the cause,
And tread on mitres to procure applause.
Prepare thy Book, and sacerdotal Dress,
To lay a walking Spirit of the Press,
Who knocks at midnight at his Lordship's door,
And roars in hollow voice, an hundred more:
A hundred more — his rising Lordship cries,
Astonishment and terror in his eyes:
A hundred more — By G—d, I wo'nt comply:
Give, quoth the voice, I'll raise a hue and cry;
In a wrong scent the leading Beagle's gone,
Your interrupted measures may go on;
Grant what I ask, I'll witness to the Thane
I'm not another Fanny of Cock-lane.
Enough, says Mungo, reassume the quill,
And what I can afford to give I will.
When Bute the Ministry and People's head
With Royal favour pension'd Johnson dead,
The Muse in undeserv'd oblivion sunk,
Was read no longer, and the Man was drunk.
Some Blockhead, ever envious of his fame,
Massacred Shakespear, in the Doctor's name:

The pulpit saw the cheat, and wonder'd not,
Death is of all Mortality, the Lot.
Kenrick had wrote his Elegy, and penn'd
A piece of decent praise for such a Friend;
And universal Catcalls testifi'd
How mourn'd the Critics when the Genius dy'd.
But now, tho' strange the Fact to Deists seem,
His Ghost is risen in a venal theme!
And emulation madden'd all the Row,
To catch the strains which from a Spectre flow,.
And print the Reasons of a Bard deceas'd,
Who once gave all the Town a weekly Feast.
As Beer to ev'ry drinking purpose dead,
Is to a wond'rous Metamorphose led,
And open'd to the action of the winds,
In Vinegar a Resurrection finds,
His Genius dead, and decently interr'd,
The clam'rous noise of Duns sonorous heard,
Tour'd into life, assum'd the heavy pen,
And saw existence for an hour again,
Scatter'd his thoughts spontaneous from his brain,
And prov'd we had no reason to complain;
Whilst from his Fancy, Figures budded out,
As hair on humid carcases will sprout.

Horne set this restless shallow Spirit still,
And from his venal fingers snatch'd the quill.
If in defiance of the Priestly word
He still will scribble learnedly absurd,
North is superior in a potent charm,
To lay the terrors of a false alarm.
Another hundred added to his five
No longer is the stumbling-block alive,
Fix'd in his chair, contented and at home,
The busy Rambler will no longer roam,
Releas'd from servitude, (such 'tis to think,)
He'll prove it perfect happiness to drink;
Once, (let the Lovers of Irene weep,)
He thought it perfect happiness to sleep:
Irene, perfect Composition, came
To give us Happiness, the Author Fame;
A snore was much more grateful than a clap,
And box, pit, gallery, own'd it in a nap.
Hail Johnson, chief of Bards, thy rigid Laws
Bestow'd due praise, and Critics snoar'd applause.
If from the humblest station in a place,
By Writers fix'd eternal in disgrace,
Long in the Literary World unknown,
To all but scribbling Blockheads of its own,

Then only introduc'd (unhappy Fate)
The subject of a Satire's deadly hate;
Whilst equally the butt of ridicule,
The Town was dirty, and the Bard a Fool:
If from this place where Catamites are found
To swarm like Scotchmen Sawney's shade around,
I may presume to exercise the pen,
And write a greeting to the best of men;
Health is the ruling Minister I send,
Nor has the Minister a better Friend:
Greater perhaps in Titles, Pensions, Place,
He inconsiderately prefers his Grace.
Ah! North! a humbler Bard is better far;
Friendship was never found near Grafton's star;
Bishops are not by office orthodox:
Who'd wear a Title when they'd titled Fox;
Nor does the honorary shame stop here,
Have we not Weymouth, Barrington, and Clare.
If noble Murders, as in Tale we're told,
Made Heroes of the Ministers of old;
If noble Murders, Barrington's divine,
His Merit claims the laureated line;
Let officers of Train bands wisely try
To save the blood of Citizens and fly.

When some bold Urchin beats his drum in sport
Our Tragic Trumpets entertain the Court,
The Captain flies thro' ev'ry street in Town,
And safe from Dangers wears his Civic crown:
Our noble Secretary scorn'd to run,
But with his magic wand discharg'd his Gun;
I leave him to the Comforts of his Breast,
And midnight Ghosts to howl him into rest.
Health to the instruments of Bute the Tool,
Who with the little vulgar seems to rule;
But since the wiser maxims of the age
Marks for a Neddy Ptolomy the Sage,
Since Newton and Copernicus have taught
Our blundering senses are alone in fault,
The Wise look further, and the Wise can see
The hand of Sawney actuating thee;
The Clock-work of thy Conscience turns about,
Just as his Mandates wind Thee in and out.
By his Political Machine my Rhimes
Conceive an estimation of the Times,
And as the Wheels of State in measures move,
See how Time passes in the World above,
While tott'ring on the slipp'ry age of doubt
Sir Fletcher sees his Train Bands flying out,

Thinks the Minority, acquiring state,
Will undergo a change, and soon be great.
North issues out his hundred to the crew,
Who catch the atoms of the Golden Dew.
The etiquets of wise Sir Robert takes
The doubtful, stand resolv'd, and one forsakes.
He shackles ev'ry Vote in Golden Chains,
And Johnson in his List of Slaves maintains:
Rest, Johnson, hapless Spirit, rest and drink,
No more defile thy Claret-Glass with Ink,
In quiet sleep repose thy heavy head,
Kenrick disdains to p—s upon the Dead;
Administration will defend thy Fame,
And Pensions add Importance to thy Name.
When sovereign Judgment owns thy Work divine,
And ev'ry Writer of Reviews is thine,
Let busy Kenrick vent his little Spleen,
And spit his Venom in a Magazine.
Health to the Minister, nor will I dare
To pour out Flatt'ry in his noble ear:
His Virtues, Stoically great, disdains
Smooth Adulation's entertaining Strains,

And, red with Virgin Modesty, withdraws
From wondering Crowds and murmurs of Applause.
Here let no disappointed Rhymer say,
Because his Virtue shuns the Glare of Day,
And, like the Conscience of a Bristol Dean,
Is never by the subtlest Optic seen,
That Virtue is with North a Priestish jest
By which a mere Nonentity's exprest.
No—North is strictly Virtuous, Pious, Wise,
As ev'ry pension'd Johnson testifies.
But, Reader, I had rather you should see
His Virtues in another than in me.
Bear witness, Bristol, nobly prove that I
From Thee or North, was never paid to lie.
Health to the Minister; his Vices known,
(As ev'ry Lord has Vices of his own,
And all who wear a Title think to shine,
In forging Follies foreign to his Line)
His Vices shall employ my ablest Pen,
And mark him out a Miracle of Men.
Then let the Muse the lashing strain begin,
And mark Repentance upon ev'ry Sin.

Why this recoil? and will the dauntless Muse
To lash a Minister of State refuse?
What! is his Soul so black Thou canst not find
Aught like a human Virtue in his mind?
Then draw him so, and to the Public tell
Who owns this Representative of Hell.
Administration lifts her Iron Chain,
And Truth must abdicate her lawful strain.
O Prudence! if by Friends or Council sway'd
I had thy saving Institutes obey'd,
And, lost to ev'ry Love but Love of Self,
A Wretch like H——s living but in Pelf,
Then happy in a Coach or Turtle-Feast,
I might have been an Alderman at least.
Sage are the Arguments by which I'm taught
To curb the wild excursive flights of Thought.
Let H——s wear his self-sufficient Air,
Nor dare remark, for H——s is a Mayor.
If C——'s flimsy System can't be prov'd,
Let it alone, C——'s much belov'd.
If B——ry bought a Bacon for a Strange
The man has Credit, and is great on Change.

If C——n ungrammatically spoke,
'Tis dang'rous on such Men to pass a Joke.
If you from Satire can withhold the Line,
At ev'ry public Hall perhaps you'll dine.
I must confess, rejoins the prudent Sage,
You're really something clever for your Age.
Your Lines have Sentiment, and now and then
A Lash of Satire stumbles from your Pen.
But ah! that Satire is a dangerous thing,
And often wounds the Writer with its sting:
Your Infant Muse should sport with other Toys,
Men will not bear the ridicule of Boys.
Some of the Aldermen (for some indeed
For want of Education, cannot read,
And those who can, when they aloud rehearse
What Fowler, happy Genius, titles Verse,
To spin the Strains, sonorous thro' the Nose,
The Reader cannot call it Verse or Prose.)
Some of the Aldermen may take offence
At my maintaining them devoid of sense;
And if you touch their Aldermanic Pride,
Bid dark Reflection tell how Savage died.

Besides the Town, the sober honest Town,*
Gives Virtue her Desert, and Vice her Frown.
Bids Censure brand with Infamy your name,
I, even I, must think you are to blame:
Is there a Street within this spacious place
That boasts the Happiness of one fair Face,
Where Conversation does not turn on you,
Blaming your wild Amours, your Morals too:
Oaths, sacred and tremendous, Oaths you swear,
Oaths, that might shock a Lutt'rell's Soul to hear;
These very Oaths, as if a Thing of Joke,
Made to betray, intended to be broke,
Whilst the too tender and believing Maid,
(Remember pretty * *) is betray'd.
Then your Religion, ah! beware, beware,
Altho' a Deist is no Monster here,
Yet hide your Tenets, Priests are powerful Foes,
And Priesthood fetters Justice by the Nose.
Think not the merit of a jingling Song
Can countenance the Author's acting wrong;
Reform your Manners, and with solemn air
Hear C——t bray and R——s squeak in Pray'r.

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*Some of the subsequent lines will appear in the "Extract from Kew Gardens."

Honor the scarlet Robe, and let the Quill
Be silent when his Worship eats his fill.
Regard thy Int'rest, ever love Thyself;
Rise into Notice, as you rise in Pelf:
The Muses have no Credit here, and Fame
Confines itself to the Mercantile Name;
Then clip Imagination's Wing, be wise,
And great in Wealth, (to real Greatness rise;)
Or if you must persist to sing and dream,
Let only Panegyric be your Theme:
Make North a Chatham, canonize his Grace,
And get a Pension, or procure a Place."

Damn'd narrow Notions! tending to disgrace
The boasted Reason of the Human Race.
Bristol may keep her prudent Maxims still,
But know, my saving Friends, I never will.
The Composition of my Soul is made
Too great for servile, avaricious Trade:
When raving in the Lunacy of Ink
I catch the Pen, and publish what I think.
North is a Creature, and the King's misled;
Mansfield and Norton came as Justice fled:

Few of our Ministers are over wise:
Old Harpagon's a Cheat, and Taylor lies.
When cooler Judgment actuates my Brain,
My cooler Judgment still approves the strain;
And if a horrid Picture greets your View,
There it continues still, if copied true.
Tho' in the double Infamy of Lawn
The future Bishoprick of Barton's drawn.
Protect me, fair ones, if I durst engage
To serve ye in this Catamitish Age,
To exercise a Passion banish'd hence,
And summon Satire in to your Defence.
Woman, of ev'ry Happiness the best,
Is all my Heaven; Religion is a jest.
Nor shall the Muse in any future Book
With awe upon the Chains of Favour look:
North shall in all his Vices be display'd,
And Warburton in lively Pride array'd;
Sandwich shall undergo the healing Lash,
And read his Character without a Dash:
Mansfield, surrounded by his Dogs of Law,
Shall see his Picture drawn in ev'ry flaw:
Luttrell, (if Satire can descend so low,)
Shall all his Native little Vices show:

And Grafton, tho' prudentially resign'd,
Shall view a striking Copy of his Mind.
Whilst Iron Justice, lifting up her Scales,
Shall weigh the Princess Dowager of Wales.

Finis. Book the First.

E L E G Y,

On the Death of Mr. JOHN TANDEY, Senr.

A sincere Christian Friend. He died 5th January, 1769, aged 76.

From the Original, copied by Mr. Catcott.

I.

Ye Virgins of the sacred Choir
Awake the soul-dissolving Lyre,
Begin the mournful strain;
To deck the much-lov'd *Tandey's* Urn,
Let the Poetic Genius burn,
And all Parnassus drain.

II.

Ye Ghosts! that leave the silent Tomb,
To wander in the Midnight Gloom,
Unseen by Mortal Eye:
Garlands of *Yew* and *Cypress* bring,
Adorn his Tomb, his praises sing,
And swell the gen'ral Sigh.

III.

Ye Wretches, who could scarcely save
Your starving Offspring from the Grave,
By God afflicted sore;
Vent the big Tear, the soul-felt sigh,
And swell your meagre Infant's cry,
For *Tandey* is no more.

IV.

To you his Charity he dealt,
His melting Soul your Mis'ries felt,
And made your woes his own:
A common Friend to all Mankind;
His Face the Index of his Mind,
Where all the Saint was shown.

V.

In Him the Social Virtues join'd,
His Judgment sound, his Sense refin'd,
His Actions ever just —
Who can suppress the rising Sigh,
To think such Saint-like Men must die,
And mix with common Dust.

VI.

Had Virtue pow'r from Death to save,
The good Man ne'er would see the Grave,
But live immortal here:
Hawksworth and *Tandey* are no more;
Lament, ye Virtuous and ye Poor,
And drop the unfeigned Tear.

N.B. The above-mentioned Gentleman was a Man of unblemished Character; and Father-in-Law to Mr. William Barrett, Author of the History of Bristol; and lies interred in *Redcliff Church*, in the same Vault with Mr. Barrett's Wife. — The Elegy would have been inserted in one of the Bristol Journals, but was suppressed at the particular request of Mr. Tandey's eldest Son.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS INTENDED MARRIAGE.

From the Original, copied by Mr. Catcott.

I.

Marriage, dear M——, is a serious thing;
'Tis proper every Man should think it so:
'Twill either ev'ry human Blessing bring,
Or load Thee with a Settlement of Woe.

II.

Sometimes indeed it is a middle State,
Neither supremely blest nor deeply curst;
A stagnant Pool of Life; a Dream of Fate:
In my opinion, of all States the worst.

III.

Observe the Partner of thy future State:
If no strong Vice is stamp'd upon her Mind,
Take her; and let her ease thy am'rous pain:
A little Error, proves her human-kind.

IV.

What we call Vices are not always such;
Some Virtues scarce deserve the sacred name:
Thy wife may love, as well as pray too much,
And to another stretch her rising Flame.

V.

Chuse no Religionist; whose every Day
Is lost to Thee and Thine, to none a Friend:
Know too, when Pleasure calls the Heart astray.
The warmest Zealot, is the blackest Fiend.

VI.

Let not the Fortune first engross thy Care,
Let it a second Estimation hold:
A Smithfield-Marriage is of Pleasures bare,
And Love, without the Purse, will soon grow cold.

VII.

Marry no letter'd Damsel, whose wise head
May prove it just to graft the Horns on Thine:
Marry no Ideot, keep her from thy Bed;
What the Brains want, will often elsewhere shine.

VIII.

A Disposition good, a Judgment sound,
Will bring substantial Pleasures in a Wife:
Whilst Love and Tenderness in Thee are found,
Happy and calm will be the Married Life.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

On THOMAS PHILLIPS's DEATH.

From the Original, copied by Mr. Catcott.

To Clayfield, long renown'd the Muses' Friend,
Presuming on his Goodness this I send:
Unknown to you, Tranquillity and Fame,
In this address perhaps I am to blame.
This rudeness let necessity excuse,
And anxious Friendship for a much-lov'd Muse.
Twice have the circling hours unveil'd the East
Since Horror found me and all Pleasure ceas'd;
Since ev'ry Number tended to deplore;
Since Fame asserted, Phillips was no more.

Say, is he mansion'd in his Native Spheres,
Or is't a Vapor that exhales in Tears!
Swift as Idea rid me of my Pain,
And let my dubious Wretchedness be plain.
It is too true: the awful Lyre is strung,
His Elegy the Sister Muses sung.

O may he live, and useless be the Strain!
Fly gen'rous Clayfield, rid me of my pain.
Forgive my boldness, think the urgent Cause,
And who can bind Necessity with Laws:
I wait the Admirer of your noble Parts,
You, Friend to Genius, Sciences, and Arts.

FABLES for the COURT,

Addressed to Mr. Michael Clayfield, of Bristol.

Transcribed by Mr. Catcott, October 19, 1796, *from Chatterton's M.S.*

THE SHEPHERDS.

Morals, as Critics must allow,
Are almost out of Fashion now,
And if we credit Dodsley's Word,
All Applications are absurd.
What has the Author to be vain in
Who knows his Fable wants explaining,
And substitutes a second Scene
To publish what the first should mean:

Besides, it saucily reflects
Upon the Reader's Intellects.
When arm'd in Metaphors and Dashes,
The Bard some noble Villain lashes,
'Tis a direct Affront, no Doubt,
To think he cannot find it out.
The sing-song Trifles of the Stage,
The happy Fav'rites of the Age,
Without a meaning crawl along,
And, for a Moral, gives a Song.
The Tragic Muse, once pure and chaste,
Is turn'd a Whore, debauch'd by Taste:
Poor Juliet never claims the Tear
'Till borne triumphant on the Bier,
And Ammon's Son is never great
'Till seated in his Chair of State;
And yet the Harlot scarce goes down,
She's been so long upon the Town,
Her Morals never can be seen.
Not rigid Johnson seems to mean,
A tittering Epilogue contains
The Cobweb of a Poet's Brains.
If what the Muse prepares to write
To entertain the public sight,

Should in it's Characters be known,
The Knowledge is the Reader's own.
When Villainy and Vices shine,
You wo'nt find Sandwich in the Line;
When little Rascals rise to Fame,
Sir Fletcher cannot read his Name;
Nor will the Muse digressive run,
To call the King his Mother's Son,
But plodding on the beaten way,
With honest North prepares the Lay,
And should the meaning Figures please
The dull Reviews of laughing Ease,
No Politician can dispute
My Knowledge of the Earl of Bute.

A Flock of Sheep, no matter where,
Was all an aged Shepherd's Care;
His Dogs were watchful, and he took
Upon Himself the ruling Crook:
His Boys who wattled-in the Fold
Were never bought and never sold.
'Tis true, by strange Affection led,
He visited a Turnip Bed;

And, fearful of a Winter Storm,
Employ'd his Wool to keep it warm;
But that comparatively set
Against the present heavy Debt,
Was but a trifling piece of State,
And hardly made a Villain great.
The Shepherd died—— the dreadful Toll
Entreated Masses for his Soul.
The pious Bosom and the Back
Shone in the Farce of courtly black.
The weeping Laureat's ready Pen
Lamented o'er the best of Men:
And Oxford sent her Load of Rhime
In all Varieties of chime,
Administering due Consolation,
Well season'd with Congratulation.
Cambridge her ancient Lumber wrote,
And what could Cambridge do but quote.
All sung, tho' very few could read,
And none but mercers mourn'd indeed.
The younger Shepherd caught the Crook,
And was a Monarch in his Look.
The Flock rejoic'd, and could no less
Than pay their Duty and address;

And Edinburgh was heard to sing
Now Heaven be prais'd for such a King.
All join'd in joy and Expectation,
And Union echoed thro' the Nation.
A Council call'd——

EXTRACT from KEW GARDENS.

From a MS. of Chatterton in the Possession of Dr. Halifax.

How commendable this, to turn at once
To good account the Vintner and the Dunce;
And by a very hocus pocus hit
Dispose of damag'd Claret and bad Wit.
Search thro' the ragged Tribe that drink small Beer,
And sweetly echo in his Worship's Ear.
What are the wages of the tuneful Nine?
What are their pleasures when compared to mine?
Happy I eat, and tell my numerous pence,
Free from the servitude of Rhime and Sense.
Tho' sing-song Whitehead ushers-in the year,
With joy to Britain's King and Sovereign dear;

And, in compliance with an ancient mode,
Measures his Syllables into an Ode:
Yet such the scurvy merit of his Muse,
He bows to Deans and licks his Lordship's shoes.
Then leave the wicked barren way of rhime,
Fly far from Poverty, be wise in time;
Regard the OFFICE more, Parnassus less;
Put your Religion in a decent dress:
Then may your interest in the Town advance,
Above the reach of Muses or Romance.
Beside the Town, a sober, honest Town,
Which smiles on Virtue, and gives Vice a frown,
Bids Censure brand with Infamy your name,
I, even I, must think you are to blame.
Is there a Street within this spacious place,
That boasts the happiness of one fair face,
Where conversation does not turn on you,
Blaming your wild Amours, your Morals too?
Oaths, sacred and tremendous Oaths, you swear,
Oaths that might shock a Luttrell's soul to hear:
Those very Oaths, as if a thing of Joke,
Made to betray, intended to be broke;

Whilst the too tender and believing maid
Remembers pretty * * is betray'd.
Then your Religion, Ah! beware! beware!
Altho' a Deist is no Monster here,
Yet hide your tenets, Priests are pow'rful Foes,
And Priesthood fetters Justice by the nose.
Think not the Merit of a jingling Song
Can countenance the Author's acting wrong.
Reform your Manners, and with solemn air
Hear C——t bray, and R——s squeak in prayer.
R——, a reverend Cully-Mully Puff,
Who thinks all sermons but his own are stuff;
When harping on the dull unmeaning text,
By disquisitions he's so sore perplext,
He stammers, instantaneously is drawn
A border'd Piece of Inspiration Lawn;
Which being thrice unto his nose apply'd,
Into his Pineal Gland the Vapors glide;
And now we hear the jumping Doctor roar
On subjects he dissected thrice before.
Honor the Scarlet Robe, and let the Quill
Be silent when old Isaac eats his fill.

Regard thy interest, ever love thy-self;
Rise into Notice as you rise in Pelf:
The Muses have no Credit here, and Fame
Confines itself to the Mercantile Name;
Then clip Imagination's wing, be wise,
And, great in Wealth, to real greatness rise:
Or, if you must persist to sing and dream,
Let only Panegeric be your Theme;
With pulpit Adulation tickle Cutts,
And wreath with Ivy Garlands, Tavern Butts:
Find sentiment in Dampier's empty look;
Genius in Collins; harmony in Rooke:
Swear Broderip's horrid noise the tuneful Spheres;
And rescue Pindar from the songs of Shears.
Would you still further raise the fairy ground,
Praise Broughton for his Eloquence profound,
His Generosity, his Sentiment,
His active Fancy, and his thoughts on Lent.
Make North or Chatham canonize his Grace;
And beg a pension, or procure a Place."

Damn'd narrow Notions! notions which disgrace
The boasted reason of the human race.

Bristol may keep her prudent Maxims still:
I scorn her prudence, and I ever will.
Since all my Vices magnified are here,
He cannot paint me worse than I appear,
When, raving in the Lunacy of Ink,
I catch the pen and publish what I think.

The general sense of this Extract seems to intimate that it consists of the supposed advice of some friend of Chatterton, who concludes his speech with apostrophes (''); when Chatterton represents himself as replying.

Every effort has been made to obtain the remainder of this Poem, but without success. The last Possessor who can be traced was the late Dr. Lort. His Executor, Dr. Halifax, has obligingly communicated the preceding fragment, but the remainder of the Poem never came into his possession. Many lines in the "Extract from Kew Gardens" will appear in the "Whore of of Babylon," but differently arranged.

FRAGMENT.

Transcribed from a M:S. in Chatterton's hand writing.

Int'rest, thou universal God of Men,
Wait on the Couplet and reprove the Pen:
If aught unwelcome to thy Ears shall rise,
Hold Jails and famine to the Poet's Eyes,
Bid Satire sheath her sharp avenging Steel,
And lose a Number rather than a Meal.
Nay, prithee, Honor, do not make us mad,
When I am hungry something must be had:
Can honest consciousness of doing right
Provide a Dinner or a Bed at Night.
What tho' Astrea decks my soul in Gold,
My mortal Lumber trembles with the Cold,
Then, curst Tormentor of my Peace, be gone!
Flattery's a Cloak, and I will put it on.

In a low Cottage shaking with the Wind,
A Door in front, a span of Light behind,
Tervono's Lungs their mystic play began,
And Nature in the Infant mark'd the Man.
Six times the Youth of Morn, the golden Sun,
Thro' the twelve Stages of his Course had run,
Tervono rose, the Merchant of the Plain,
His soul was Traffic, his Elysium Gain;
The ragged Chapman found his Word a Law,
And lost in Barter every fav'rite Taw.

Thro' various scenes Tervono still ascends,
And still is making, still forgetting Friends:
Full of this Maxim, often heard in Trade,
Friendship with none but equals should be made.
His soul is all the Merchant. None can find
The shadow of a Virtue in his Mind.
Nor are his Vices reason misapplied;
Mean as his Spirit, sneaking as his pride.
At City Dinner, or a Turtle Feast,
As expeditious as a hungry Priest;
No foe to Bacchanalian brutal Rites,
In vile confusion dozing off the Nights.

Tervono would be flatter'd; shall I then
In stigmatizing Satire shake the Pen?
Muse, for his Brow, the Laurel Wreath prepare,
Tho' soon 'twill wither when 'tis planted there.
Come Panegyric: Adulation haste,
And sing this Wonder of Mercantile Taste;
And whilst his Virtue rises in my Lines,
The Patron's happy, and the Poet dines.
Some, philosophically cas'd in steel,
Can neither Poverty or Hunger feel;
But that is not my case: the Muses know
What Water-Gruel stuff from Phœbus flow.
Then if the rage of Satire seize my brain,
May none but brother Poets meet the strain:
May bulky Aldermen nor Vicars rise,
Hung in terrorem to their Brothers' Eyes,
When lost in trance by Gospel or by Law,
In to their inward Room the senses draw,
There as they snoar in Consultation Deep,
Are by the Vulgar reckon'd fast asleep.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN AT STANTON-DREW.

Transcribed from a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing.

Joyless I hail the solemn Gloom,
Joyless I view the Pillars vast and rude;
Where erst the Fool of Superstition trod,
In smoaking Blood imbrued,
And rising from the Tomb,
Mistaken Homage to an unknown God.
Fancy whither dost thou stray,
Whither dost thou wing thy way,
Check the rising wild delight,
Ah! what avails this awful sight
MARIA is no more!

Why curst remembrance wilt thou haunt my mind,
The Blessings past are mis'ry now,
Upon her lovely brow
Her lovelier soul she wore,
Soft as the Evening Gale
When breathing perfumes thro' the rose-hedged Vale,
She was my joy, my happiness refin'd.
All hail, ye solemn horrors of this scene,
The blasted Oak, the dusky Green.

Ye dreary Altars by whose side
The Druid Priest in Crimson dyed,
The solemn Dirges sung,
And drove the golden knife
Into the palpitating seat of Life.
When rent with horrid shouts the distant valleys rung,
The Bleeding Body bends,
The glowing Purple Stream ascends,
Whilst the troubled Spirit near
Hovers in the steamy Air,
Again the sacred dirge they sing,
Again the distant Hill and Coppice Valley ring.

Soul of my dear Maria haste,
Whilst my languid Spirits waste,
When from this my prison free,
Catch my Soul, it flies to thee;
Death had doubly arm'd his dart,
In piercing thee it pierc'd my heart.

FRAGMENT.

Transcribed from a M.S. in Chatterton's hand writing.

Far from the reach of Critics and Reviews,
Brush up thy pinions and ascend my Muse;
Of Conversation sing an ample theme,
And drink the Tea of Heliconian stream.
Hail, matchless Linguist! prating Delia, hail!
When Scandal's best Materials hackney'd fail,
Thy quick Invention lends a quick supply,
And all thy talk is one continued lye.
Know, thou eternal Babbler, that my Song
Could shew a Line as venom'd as thy Tongue.
In pity to thy Sex I cease to write
Of London Journeys and the Marriage-Night.
The Conversation which in Taverns ring
Descends below my Satire's soaring sting:

Upon his elbow throne great Maro sits,
Revered at Forster's by the would-be-wits;
Delib'rately the studied Jest he breaks,
And long and loud the polish'd table shakes,
Retail'd in every brothel-house in town,
Each dancing booby vends it as his own:
Upon the empty'd jelly-glass reclin'd,
The laughing Maro gathers up his wind;
The tail-bud 'prentice rubs his hands and grins,
Ready to laugh before the tale begins:
To talk of Freedom, Politics and Butes,
And knotty arguments in Law confutes,
I leave to Blockheads, for such things design'd,
Be it my task divine to ease the Mind.

"To morrow" says a Church-of-England Priest,
"Is of good St. Epiphany the feast.
"It nothing matters whether he or she,
"But be all servants from their Labor free."
The laugh begins with Maro, and goes round,
And the dry jest is very witty found;
In every corner of the room are seen
Round altars covered with eternal green,

Piled high with offerings to the Goddess Fame,
Which Mortals, Chronicles and Journals name;
Where in strange jumble Flesh and Spirit lie,
And Illustration sees a Jest-Book nigh:
Anti-Venereal Med'cine cheek-by-joul,
With Whitfield's famous physic for the soul;
The patriot Wilkes's ever-fam'd Essay,
With Bute and Justice in the self-same lay;
Which of the two deserved (Ye Casuists tell)
The conflagrations of a Hangman's Hell?

The clock strikes Eight; the Taper dully shines;
Farewell, my Muse, nor think of further lines:
Nine leaves, and in two hours, or something odd,
Shut up the book; it is enough by G—d.

28th Oct.

Sage Gloster's Bishop sits supine between
His fiery Floggers, and a cure for spleen;
The son of Flame, enthusiastic Law,
Displays his bigot blade, and thunders draw,
Unconscious of his Neighbours, some vile plays
Directing-posts to Beelzebub's highways;

Fools are philosophers in Jones's Line,
And, bound in Gold and Scarlet, Dodsleys shine;
These are the various Offerings Fame requires,
For ever rising to her shrines in spires;
Hence all Avaro's politics are drain'd,
And Evelina's general scandal's gain'd.

Where Satan's Temple rears its lofty head,
And muddy torrents wash their shrinking bed;
Where the stupendous sons of commerce meet
Sometimes to scold indeed, but oft to eat;
Where frugal Cambria all her poultry gives,
And where th' insatiate Messalina lives,
A mighty fabrick opens to the sight;
With four large Columns, five large Windows dight;
With four small portals, 'tis with much ado
A Common-Council Lady can pass through:
Here, HARE first teaches supple limbs to bend,
And faults of Nature never fails to mend.

Here Conversation takes a noble flight,
For Nature leads the theme, and all is right;
The little God of Love improves discourse,
And sage Discretion finds his thunder hoarse;

About the flame the gilded trifles play,
Till, lost in forge unknown, they melt away,
And, cherishing the passion in the mind,
Their each idea's brighten'd and refin'd.

Ye painted Guardians of the lovely Fair,
Who spread the saffron bloom, and tinge the hair;
Whose deep invention first found out the art
Of making rapture glow in every part;
Of wounding by each varied attitude,
Sure 'twas a thought divinity endued.

* * * * . * * *

ELEGY

ON

*The DEATH of Mr. PHILLIPS.**

Corrected from the old Edition, by a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing.

Assist me, powers of Heaven! what do I hear?
Surprise and Horror check the burning tear.
Is Phillips dead, and is my friend no more!
Gone like the sand divested from the shore!

* After the Elegy to Thomas Philips had been printed (page 22) a more correct copy came into the possession of the Editor (through the medium of T. Hill, Esq.) in the hand-writing of Chatterton. As this latter Elegy contained seven or eight new Stanzas, besides many verbal alterations, instead of cancelling the old, it was deemed proper to let it remain, and to print the corrected copy also, by which the Reader will be pleased in tracing Chatterton's various emendations.

And is he gone?—Can then the Nine refuse
To sing with gratitude a favor'd Muse.

ELEGY.

No more I hail the morning's golden gleam,
No more the wonders of the view I sing;
Friendship requires a melancholy theme,
At her command the awful lyre I string.

Now as I wander thro' this leafless grove,
Where tempests howl, and blasts eternal rise;
How shall I teach the chorded shell to move,
Or stay the gushing torrent from my eyes?

Phillips! great master of the boundless lyre,
Thee would my soul-rack'd Muse attempt to paint;
Give me a double portion of thy fire,
Or all the powers of language are too faint.

Say, soul unsullied by the filth of vice,
Say, meek-ey'd spirit, where's thy tuneful shell,
Which when the silver stream was lock'd with ice,
Was wont to cheer the tempest-ravaged dell?

Oft as the filmy veil of evening drew
The thickning shade upon the vivid green;
Thou, lost in transport, at the dying view,
Bid'st the ascending Muse display the scene.

When golden Autumn wreathed in rip'ned corn,
From purple clusters prest the foamy wine,
Thy Genius did his sallow brows adorn,
And made the beauties of the season thine.

With rustling sound the yellow foliage flies,
And wantons with the wind in rapid whirls,
The gurgling riv'let to the vallies hies,
Whilst on its bank the spangled serpent curles.

The joyous charms of spring delighted saw
Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay;
Nothing was spring which Phillips did not draw,
And every image of his Muse was May.

So rose the regal Hyacinthal star,
So shone the verdure of the daisied bed,
So seemed the forest glimmering from a-far;
You saw the real prospect as you read.

Majestic Summer's blooming flow'ry pride,
Next claim'd the honour of his nervous song;
He taught the stream in hollow trills to glide,
And led the glories of the year along.

Pale rugged Winter bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
His eyes, a dusky light congealed and dead,
His robe, a tinge of bright etherial blue.

His train a motley'd sanguine sable cloud,
He limps along the russet dreary Moor,
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting keen and loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Nor were his pleasures unimproved by thee;
Pleasures he has, tho' horridly deform'd;
The polished lake, the silver'd hill we see,
Is by thy genius fir'd, preserv'd and warm'd.

The rough October has his pleasures too;
But I'm insensible to every joy:
Farewell the Laurel! now I grasp the Yew,
And all my little powers in grief employ.

Immortal shadow of my much-lov'd friend !
Cloth'd in thy native Virtue meet my soul,
When on the fatal bed, my passions bend,
And curb my floods of anguish as they roll.

In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,
Thy mind was honor and thy soul divine ;
With thee did every God of Genius dwell,
Thou wast the Helicon of all the Nine.

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctur'd vest
Was ever changing to a different hue ;
Her head with varied bays and flowrets drest,
Her eyes two spangles of the Morning dew.

With dancing attitude she swept thy string;
And now she soars, and now again descends;
And now reclining on the Zephyr's wing,
Unto the velvet-vested Mead she bends.

Peace, deckt in all the softness of the dove,
Over thy passions spread her silver plume ;
The rosy veil of harmony and love,
Hung on thy soul in one eternal bloom.

Peace, gentlest softest of the virtues, spread
Her silver pinions, wet with dewy tears,
Upon her best distinguished poet's head,
And taught his lyre the music of the spheres.

Temp'rance, with health and beauty in her train,
And massy-muscled strength in graceful pride,
Pointed at scarlet luxury and pain,
And did at every frugal feast preside.

Black Melancholy stealing to the shade
With raging Madness, frantic loud and dire,
Whose bloody hand displays the reeking blade,
Were strangers to thy Heaven-directed lyre.

Content, who smiles in every frown of fate,
Wreath'd thy pacific brow and sooth'd thy ill;
In thy own virtues and thy genius great,
The happy Muse laid every trouble still.

But see the sickening lamp of day retires,
And the meek evening shakes the dusky grey;
The West faint glimmers with the saffron fires,
And like thy life, O Phillips! flies away.

Here, stretched upon this Heaven-ascending hill,
I'll wait the horrors of the coming night,
I'll imitate the gently-plaintive rill;
And by the glare of lambent vapors write.

*Wet with the dew the yellow Hawthorns bow;
The Rustic whistles thro' the echoing cave;
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,
And the full Avon lifts the darken'd wave.

Now as the mantle of the evening swells
Upon my mind, I feel a thick'ning gloom;
Ah could I charm by necromantic spells,
The soul of Phillips, from the deathy tomb!

Then would we wander thro' this darken'd vale;
In converse such as Heavenly spirits use,
And, borne upon the pinions of the gale,
Hymn the Creator, and exert the Muse.

* Note on this verse by Chatterton, "Expunged as too flowery for grief."

But, Horror to reflection! now no more,
Will Phillips sing, the wonder of the plain!
When, doubting whether they might not adore,
Admiring mortals heard his nervous strain.

See! see! the pitchy vapor hides the lawn,
Nought but a doleful bell of death is heard,
Save where into a blasted oak withdrawn
The scream proclaims the curst nocturnal bird.

Now rest my Muse, but only rest to weep,
A friend made dear by every sacred tye;
Unknown to me be comfort peace or sleep:
Phillips is dead, 'tis pleasure then to die.

Few are the pleasures, Chatterton e'er knew,
Short were the moments of his transient peace;
But Melancholy robb'd him of those few,
And this hath bid all future comfort cease.

And can the Muse be silent, Phillips gone!
And am I still alive? My soul, arise!
The robe of immortality put on,
And meet thy Phillips in his native skies.

TO THE READER.

Observe in favour of an hobbling strain
Neat as exported from the Parent brain,
And each and every couplet I have penn'd,
But little labor'd, and I never mend.

T. C.

SUNDAY

A FRAGMENT.

Transcribed from a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing.

Hervenis, harping on the hackney'd text,
By disquisitions is so sore perplex'd,
He stammers, instantaniously is drawn,
A bordered piece of inspiration lawn,
Which being thrice unto his nose apply'd,
Into his pineal gland the vapors glide;
And now again we hear the Doctor roar
On subjects he dissected thrice before;
I own at church I very seldom pray,
For Vicars, strangers to devotion, bray.
Sermons tho' flowing from the sacred lawn,
Are flimsy wires from reason's ingot drawn;
And to confess the truth, another cause
My every prayer and adoration draws;

In all the glaring tinctures of the bow,
The ladies front me in celestial row;
(Tho' when black Melancholy damps my joys,
I call them Nature's Trifles, airy toys;
Yet when the Goddess Reason guides the strain,
I think them, what they are, a heavenly train;)
The amorous rolling, the black sparkling eye,
The gentle hazle, and the optic sly;
The easy shape, the panting semi-globes,
The frankness which each latent charm disrobes;
The melting passions, and the sweet severe,
The easy amble, the majestic air;
The tap'ring waste, the silver-mantled arms,
All is one vast variety of charms.
Say, who but Sages stretch'd beyond their span,
Italian singers, or an unman'd man,
Can see Elysium spread upon their brow,
And to a drouzy Curate's sermon bow.

If (but 'tis seldom) no fair female face
Attracts my notice by some glowing grace,
Around the Monuments I cast my eyes,
And see absurdities and nonsense rise.

Here rueful-visag'd angels seem to tell
With weeping eyes, a soul is gone to hell;
There a Child's head supported by duck's wings,
With toothless mouth a hallelujah sings:
In fun'ral pile eternal Marble burns,
And a good Christian seems to sleep in urns.
A self-drawn curtain bids the Reader see
An honorable Welchman's pedigree;
A rock of porph'ry darkens half the place,
And virtues blubber with no awkward grace;
Yet, strange to tell, in all the dreary gloom
That makes the sacred honors of the tomb,
No quarter'd coats above the bel appear,
No batter'd Arms, or golden Corsets there.

* * * * * * *

The Revenge,

A

Burletta;

ACTED AT

MARYBONE GARDENS,

1770.

WITH ADDITIONAL SONGS.

This Drama, with the Songs, was printed separately in the year 1795, *from a MS. of Chatterton in the possession of Mr. Atterbury.*

THE

REVENGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER	Mr. REINHOLD.
BACCHUS	Mr. BANNISTER.
CUPID	Master CHENEY.
JUNO	Mrs. THOMPSON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

I swear by styx, this usage is past bearing;
My Lady Juno ranting, tearing, swearing!
Why, what the devil will my godship do,
If blows and thunder cannot tame a shrew?

AIR.

Tho' the loud thunder rumbles,
Tho' storms rend the sky;

Yet louder she grumbles,
And swells the sharp cry.

Her jealousy teazing,
Digusting her form:
Her music as pleasing
As pigs in a storm.

I fly her embraces,
To wenches more fair;
And leave her wry faces,
Cold sighs and despair.

RECITATIVE.

And oh! ye tedious minutes, steal away;
Come evening, close the folding doors of day;
Night, spread thy sable petticoat around,
And sow thy poppies on the slumb'ring ground;
Then raving into love, and drunk with charms,
I'll lose my Juno's tongue in Maia's arms.

AIR.

Sighing,
Dying,

Lying,
Frying,
In the furnace of desire;
Creeping,
Sleeping,
Oh! how slow the hours retire!

When the busy heart is beating,
When the bosom's all on fire,
Oh! how welcome is the meeting!
Oh! how slow the hours retire!

RECITATIVE.

But see—my Fury comes; by Styx I tremble:
I'll creep aside—'tis folly to dissemble.

SCENE II.

JUNO, JUPITER.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

See, see, my good man steals aside!
In spite of his thunder,
I make him knock under,
And own the superior right of a bride.

AIR.

How happy the life
Of a governing wife,
How charming, how easy, the swift minutes pass;
Let her do what she will,
The husband is still,
And but for his horns you would think him an ass.

How happy the spouse
In his dignify'd brows;
How worthy with heroes and monarchs to class:
Both above and below,
Experience will shew,
But take off the horns, and each husband's an ass.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE. *Aside.*

Zounds, I'll take heart of grace, and brave her clapper;
And, if my courage holds, egad I'll strap her:
Thro' all Olympus shall the thunders roll,
And earth shall echo to the mustard bowl,
Should she prove sturdy, by the Lord Ill' heave hence,
Down to some brandy-shop, this noisy grievance.

AIR.

What means this horrid rattle?
And must that tongue of riot
Wage one eternal battle
With happiness and quiet?

JUNO.

AIR CONTINUED.

What means your saucy question?
D'ye think I mind your bluster?
Your Godship's always best in
Words, thunder, noise and fluster.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

Hence, thou eternal tempest, from our regions,
And yell in concert with infernal legions:
Hence, or be calm—our will is fate—away hence,
Or on the lightning's wings you'll find conveyance.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

I brave your vengeance——

JUPITER.

Oh! 'tis most provoking!

JUNO.

Should not my spirit better my condition,
I've one way left——Remonstrance and petition
To all the Gods in senate: 'tis no joking—

AIR.

I will never tamely bear
All my wrongs and slights, Sir;

Heav'n and all the Gods shall hear
How you spend your nights, Sir:
Drinking, swearing,
Roaring, tearing,
Wenching roving ev'ry where;
Whilst poor I
At home must lie,
Wishing, scheming,
Sighing, dreaming,
Grasping nothing but the air.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

O how shall I escape the swelling clatter—
I'll slit her tongue, and make short work o'th' matter.

AIR.

Fury, cease,
Give me peace,
Still your racket,
Or your jacket
I'll be drubbing,
For your snubbing;
By the Gods you shall knock under.

Must you ever
Thus endeavour
Rumbling,
Grumbling,
Rowling,
Growling,
To outsound the noisy thunder.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE. *aside.*

Ah! I'm quite out here—plaguily mistaken—
The man's in earnest—I must save my bacon:
Since scolding but provokes him,
A method I'll pursue,
I'll soothe him, tickle, coax him,
Then I shall have my due.

AIR.

Ah, cruel, cruel Jove,
And is it thus a love,
So pure, so chaste, so strong as mine,
Is slighted, disrespected,
Unnoticed and neglected,
Return'd with such a love as thine?

JUPITER.

AIR.

Did the foolish passion teaze ye,
Would you have a husband please ye,
Suppliant, pliant, am'rous, easy;
Never rate him like a fury:
By experience I'll assure ye,
Kindness, and not rage, must cure ye.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE. *Aside.*

He's in the right on't—hits it to a tittle—
But Juno must display her tongue a little.

AIR.

I own my error, I repent;
Let thy sparkling eyes behold me,
Let thy lovely armes infold me;
Let thy stubborn heart relent.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

Egad, why this is more than I desire,
'Tis from the frying pan to meet the fire;

Zounds, I have no stomach to the marriage bed;
But something must be either sung or said.

AIR.

What is love? the wise despise it;
'Tis a bubble blown for boys:
Gods and heroes should not prize it
Jove aspires to greater joys.

JUNO.

AIR CONTINUED.

What is love? 'tis Nature's treasure,
'Tis the storehouse of her joys;
'Tis the highest heav'n of pleasure,
'Tis a bliss which never cloys.

JUPITER.

AIR CONTINUED.

What is love? an air-blown bubble,
Only silly fools receive it:
'Tis a magazine of trouble;
'Tis but folly——thus I leave it.

Jupiter runs off.

SCENE III.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

Well; he is gone, and I may curse my fate,
That linked my gentle love to such a mate;
He neither fills my freezing bed, my heart, nor
My vainly-folding arms: Oh! such a partner!

AIR.

When a woman's ty'd down
To a spiritless log;
Let her fondle or frown,
Yet still he's a clog.

Let her please her own mind,
Abroad let her roam;
Abroad she may find,
What she can't find at home.

SCENE IV.

JUNO, CUPID.

CUPID.

RECITATIVE.

Ho! Mistress Juno—here's a storm a brewing—
Your devil of a spouse is always doing—
Pray step aside—This evening, I protest,
Jove and Miss Maia—you may guess the rest—

JUNO.

How! What! When! Where! Nay, prithee now unfold it.

CUPID.

'Gad—so I will; for faith I cannot hold it.
His mighty Godship in a fiery flurry,
Met me just now—Confusion to his hurry!
I stopt his way, forsooth, and, with a thwack,
He laid a thunderbolt across my back:
Bless me! I feel it now—my short ribs ache yet—
I vow'd revenge, and now by styx I'll take it.

Miss Maia, in her chamber, after nine,
Receives the thund'rer, in his robes divine;
I undermin'd it all; see, here's the letter:
Could Dukes spell worse, whose tutors spelt no better?
You know false-spelling now is much the fashion—

JUNO.

Lend me your drops—Oh! I shall swoon with passion!
I'll tear her eyes out! Oh! I'll stab—I'll strangle!
And worse than lover's English, her I'll mangle.

CUPID.

Nay, pray be calm; I've hit of an expedient
To do you right—

JUNO.

Sweet Cupid, your obedient——

CUPID.

Tie Maia by the leg; steal in her stead,
Into the smuggled raptures of her bed;
When the God enters, let him take possession.

JUNO.

An excellent scheme! My joy's beyond expression!

CUPID.

Nay, never stay; delaying may confute it.

JUNO.

O happy thought! I fly to execute it.

Exit Juno.

SCENE V.

CUPID.

RECITATIVE.

See how she flies, whilst warring passions shake her,
Nor thought nor light'ning now can overtake her.

AIR.

How often in the marriage state,
The wise, the sensible, the great,
Find misery and woe:
Though, should we dive in Nature's laws,
To trace the first primæval cause,
The wretch is self-made so.

AIR CHANGES.

Love's a pleasure, solid, real,
Nothing fanciful, ideal,
'Tis the bliss of humankind;
All the other passions move,
In subjection under Love,
'Tis the tyrant of the mind.

SCENE VI.

CUPID, BACCHUS *with a Bowl.*

BACCHUS.

RECITATIVE.

Odsniggers, t'other draught, 'tis dev'lish heady,
Olympus turns about; *(staggers)* steady, boys, steady

AIR.

If Jove should pretend that he governs the skies,
I swear by this liquor his Thundership lies;
A slave to his bottle, he governs by wine,
And all must confess he's a servant of mine.

AIR CHANGES.

Rosy, sparkling, powerful wine,
All the joys of life are thine,
Search the drinking world around,
Bacchus ev'ry where sits crown'd:
Whilst we lift the flowing bowl,
Unregarded thunders roll.

AIR CHANGES.

Since man, as says each bearded sage,
Is but a piece of clay,

Whose mystic moisture lost by age,
To dust it falls away.
'Tis orthodox beyond a doubt,
That drought will only fret it:
To make the brittle stuff hold out,
Is thus to drink and wet it.

RECITATIVE.

Ah! Master Cupid, 'slife I did not s'ye,
'Tis excellent Champagne, and so here's t'ye:
I brought it to these gardens as imported,
'Tis bloody strong, you need not twice be courted.
Come drink, my boy—

CUPID.

Hence, monster, hence! I scorn thy flowing bowl,
It prostitutes the sense, degenerates the soul.

BACCHUS.

Gadso, methinks the youngster's woundy moral!
He plays with Ethics like a bell and coral.

AIR.

'Tis madness to think,

To judge ere you drink,
The bottom all wisdom contains:
Then let you and I
Now drink the bowl dry,
We both shall grow wise for our pains.

CUPID.

Pray, keep your distance, beast, and cease your bawling,
Or with this dart, I'll send you catterwauling.

AIR.

The charms of wine cannot compare,
With the soft raptures of the fair;
Can drunken pleasures ever find
A place with love and womankind?

Can the full bowl pretend to vie
With the soft languish of the eye?
Can the mad roar our passions move,
Like gentle breathing sighs of love?

BACCHUS.

Go whine and complain
To the girls of the plain,

And sigh out your soul ere she come to the mind;
My mistress is here,
And faith I dont fear;
I always am happy, she always is kind.

AIR CHANGES.

A pox o' your lasses,
A shot of my glasses,
Your arrow surpasses;
For nothing but asses
Will draw in your team:
Whilst thus I am drinking,
My misery sinking;
The cannikin clinking,
I'm lost to all thinking,
And care is a dream.

CUPID.

Provoking insolence!

BACCHUS.

What words it utters!
Alas! poor little creature, how it sputters!

Away, you drunkard wild——

BACCHUS.

Away, you silly child——

CUPID.

Fly, or else I'll wound thy soul.

BACCHUS.

Zounds! I'll drown thee in the bowl.

CUPID.

You rascally broacher,
You hogshead of liquor;

BACCHUS.

You shadow, you poacher;
Aha!—bring me a stick here—
I'll give you a trimmer,
You bladder of air—

CUPID.

You soul of a brimmer—

BACCHUS.

You tool of the fair—

CUPID.

You moveable tun,
You tippler, you sot—

BACCHUS.

Nay; then the work's done,
My arrow is shot.

Bacchus throws the contents of the bowl in Cupid's face, and runs off.

SCENE VII.

CUPID.

RECITATIVE.

Kind usage this—it sorely shall befall him—
Here's my best arrow, and by heav'n I'll maul him.
Revenge! Revenge! Oh, how I long to wound him;
Now all the pangs of slighted love confound him.

AIR.

No more in the bowl
His brutalized soul
Shall find a retreat from the lass:
I'll pay him,
And slay him,
His love shall be dry as his glass.

Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

BACCHUS, *with his Bowl on his Head.*

AIR.

Alas! Alas! how fast
I feel my spirits sinking;
The joys of life are past,
I've lost the power of drinking:
Egad, I find, at last,
The heav'nly charms of tinking,
And in the sound I cast
The miseries of thinking.

RECITATIVE.

I'm plaguy ill—in dev'lish bad condition——
What shall I do—I'll send for a physician:
But then the horrid fees—ay, there's the question—
'Tis losing all a man's estate in jesting;
Whilst nurses and apothecaries partake—
Zounds, this will never do, 'twill make my heart ache.

Come then, ye fidlers, play up t'other bout,
I've a new nostrum, and I'll sing it out.

AIR.

Scrape, ye fidlers, tinkle, tinkle,
Music makes my twinklers twinkle;
Humming,
Thrumming,
Groaning,
Toning,
Squeaking,
Shrieking,
Bawling,
Squawling,
O the sweet charms of tinkle, tinkle!

RECITATIVE.

But this is trifling with the hot disease,
Nor wine, nor brandy now can give me ease.

AIR.

When a jolly toper ails,
And his nectar bottle fails,
He's in a most heavenly condition:

Unless he can drink,
To the grave he must sink,
And Death be his only physician.

RECITATIVE.

Zounds, can't I guess the cause—hum—could I say a
Short prayer or two, with pretty Mistress Maia.
Ah! there it is! why I was woundy stupid!
Faith, this is all the handy work of Cupid.

Since I'm in love then, over ears and head in,
'Tis time to look about for bed and bedding:
But first uncovering, in this magic helmet,
I'll shew the God that love and wine are well met.

AIR.

Fill the bowl, and fill it high,
Vast as the extended sky,
Since the dire disease is found,
Wine's a balm to cure the wound:
O the rapturous delights!
When with women wine unites.

RECITATIVE.

O here my satyrs, fill the mighty cup,
Haste, fly, begone, I'm dying for a sup.

AIR.

I'll fly to her arms,
And rifle her charms,
In kisses and compliments lavish;
When heated by wine,
If she should not incline,
I'll try all my courage, and ravish.

SCENE II.

A dark Room.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

Now, Master Jupiter, I'll catch you napping—
Gad, you'll be finely hamper'd your own trap in.
Would ev'ry husband follow your example,
And take upon himself his own adorning,
No more would wives upon their trammels trample;
No more would stand the ancient trade of horning.

AIR.

What wife but like me,
Her husband would see
A rakehelly fellow, a ranter, a rover:
If mistaking her charms,
He should die in her arms,
And lose the cold spouse in the warmth of the lover.

RECITATIVE.

Impatiently I wait——

AIR.

Hark! hark! the God approaches,
He longs to ease his pain;
Oh, how this love incroaches,
Thro' ev'ry trembling vein.

Oh, how my passion's rising,
And thumping in my breast;
'Tis something most surprising,
I shall be doubly blest.

RECITATIVE.

He's here—Now prosper, Love, my undertaking,
I'll steal aside—I'm in a piteous quaking.

SCENE III.

JUNO, BACCHUS.

BACCHUS.

RECITATIVE.

Now, pretty Mistress Maia, I'm your humble——
But faith, I'd better look before I tumble;
For should the little gipsy make resistance,
And call in witnesses to her assistance;
Then, Bacchus, should your friends or sister fail ye,
You'll look confounded queer at the Old Bailey——

AIR.

The man that has no friend at court,
Must make the laws confine his sport;
But he that has, by dint of flaws,
May make his sport confine the laws.

RECITATIVE.

Zounds! I've a project, and a fine one too;
What will not passion and invention do?

I'll imitate the voice and sound of Jove,
The girl's ambition wont withstand his love:
But should she squawl, and cry a rape, and scream on't,
Presto, I'm gone, and Jove will bear the blame on't—
The farce begins, the prologue's wond'rous teazing,
Pray Cupid, the catastrophe be pleasing.

AIR.

Oh! where is my Maia? O say
What shadow conceals the fair maid;
Bring hither the lantern of day,
And shew me where Maia is laid.

Envious vapours, fly away;
Come ye streaming lights, discover,
To an ardent, dying lover,
Maia and the charms of day.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE. *Aside.*

I have you fast—by all my wrongs I'll fit ye,
Wise as you are, perhaps I may outw it y.

AIR.

Here thy longing Maia lies,
Passion flaming in her eyes;
Whilst her heart
Is thumping, beating,
All in a heat, in
Every part:
Like the ocean,
All commotion,
Through her veins the billows roll,
And the soft tempest ruffles all her soul.

BACCHUS.

RECITATIVE. *Aside.*

Gods! I have struck upon the very minute;
I shall be happy, or the devil's in it:
It seems some assignation was intended,
I'd pump it—but least said is soonest mended.

AIR.

Happy, happy, happy hour!
Cupid now exalts his power;

In my breast the passion raging,
All my trembling frame engaging,
Sets my every sense on fire:
Let us, Maia, now retire.

JUNO,

RECITATIVE.

But say, should I resign my virgin charms,
Would you be ever constant to my arms?
Would not your Juno rob me of your kindness?
Must you not truckle to her royal highness?

BACCHUS.

No! by the dirty waves of Styx I swear it,
My love is your's, my wife shall never share it.

JUNO. *Aside.*

'Tis a sad compliment, but I must bear it.

BACCHUS.

AIR.

Then let's away,
And never delay,

'Tis folly to stay
From rapture and love;
I sicken, I die;
O come let us fly,
From the blue vaulted sky
To the Paphian Grove.

JUNO.

Then away,
I obey
Love and nature:

BACCHUS.

Since 'tis so,
Let us go,
Dearest creature!

SCENE IV.

JUNO, BACCHUS, JUPITER.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

I heard a voice within, or else I'm tipsey—
Maia, where are you? Come, you little gipsey.

BACCHUS.

Maia's with me, Sir; who the devil are ye?
Sirrah, be gone; I'll trim you if you tarry.

JUPITER.

Fine lingo this to Jupiter!—Why truly
I'm Jove the thund'rer—

JUNO.

Out, you rascal, you lie—

BACCHUS.

'Tis I am Jupiter, I wield the thunder!

Zounds, I'll sneak off before they find the blunder.
Aside.

JUPITER.

Breaking from above, below
Flow ye gleams of morning flow:
Rise, ye glories of the day,
Rise at once with strengthen'd ray.
Sudden light, all astonished.

BACCHUS.

Zounds, what can this mean!

JUNO.

I am all confusion!

JUPITER.

Your pardon, Juno, for this rude intrusion.
Insatiate monster! I may now be jealous;
If I've my mistresses, you have your fellows:
I'm now a very husband without doubt,
I feel the honours of my forehead sprout.

AIR.

Was it for this, from morning to night
Tempests and hurricanes dwelt on your tongue;
Ever complaining of coldness and slight,
And the same peal was eternally rung?
Was it for this I was stinted of joy,
Pleasure and happiness banish'd my breast,
Poison'd with fondness which ever must cloy,
Pinn'd to your sleeve, and deny'd to be blest?

RECITATIVE.

I swear by Styx, and that's an horrid oath,
I'll have revenge, and that upon you both.

JUNO.

Nay, hear me, Jove, by all that's serious too,
I swear I took the drunken dog for you.

BACCHUS.

And with as safe a conscience, I can say, as
I now stand here, I thought the chamber Maia's.

JUPITER.

It cannot be——

AIR.

I'll not be cheated,
Nor be treated
Like the plaything of your will.

JUNO.

I'll not be slighted,
I'll be righted,
And I'll keep my spirits still.

JUPITER. *To Bacchus.*

You pitiful cully——

JUNO AND BACCHUS. *To Jupiter.*

You rakehelly bully,
Your blustering,
Clattering,
Flustering,
Spattering,
Thundering,
Blundering,
I defy.

JUPITER.

Go mind your toping,
Never come groping
Into my quarters, I desire, Sir:
Here you come horning,
And adorning——

JUNO.

You are a lyar, Sir.

BACCHUS.

You lie, Sir, you lie.

SCENE V.

JUNO, BACCHUS, JUPITER, CUPID.

CUPID.

RECITATIVE.

Here are the lovers all at clapper-clawing;
A very pretty scene for Collett's drawing.
Oho, immortals, why this catterwauling?
Through all Olympus I have heard your bawling.

JUNO.

Ah! Cupid, your fine plotting, with a pox,
Has set all in the wrong box.
Unravel quickly, for the Thund'rer swears
To pull creation down about our ears.

CUPID.

AIR.

Attend! Attend! Attend!
God, demi-god, and fiend,
Mortals and immortals see,

Hither turn your wond'ring eyes,
See the rulers of the skies
Conquer'd all, and slaves to me.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

Pox o' your brawling! haste, unriddle quickly,
Or by the thunder of my power I'll tickle ye.

CUPID.

You, Jove, as punctual to your assignation,
Came here, with Maia to be very happy;
But Juno, out of a fond inclination,
Stept in her room, of all your love to trap ye.
Struck by my power, which the slave dar'd despise,
Bacchus was wounded too by Maia's eyes,
And hither stealing to appease his love,
Thought Juno Maia; she thought Bacchus Jove.
Here rests the matter:—are you all contented?

JUNO,

No! No! not I——

BACCHUS.

I'm glad I was prevented.

JUPITER. *Aside.*

A lucky disappointment, on my life,
All love is thrown away upon a wife:
How sad! My interruption could not please her.
She moves my pity—

CUPID.

Soften, Jove, and ease her.

JUPITER.

Juno, thy hand, the girls no more I'll drive at,
I will be ever thine—or wench more private. *Aside.*

AIR.

Smooth the furrows of thy brow,
Jove is all the lover now;
Others he'll no more pursue,
But be ever fix'd to you.

JUNO.

Then contented I resign,

My prerogative of scolding;
Quiet when thy love is mine,
When my arms with thine are folding.

CUPID.

Then jolly Bacchus, why should we stand out,
If we have quarrelled, zounds we'll drink about.

AIR.

Love and wine uniting,
Rule without controul;
Are to the sense delighting,
And captivate the soul.

Love and wine uniting,
Are every where ador'd;
Their pleasures are inviting,
All heav'n they can afford.

BACCHUS.

Zounds, I agree, 'tis folly to oppose it:
Let's pay our duty here, and then we'll close it.

AIR. *To the audience.*

To you, ye brave, ye fair, ye gay,
Permit me from myself to say;
The juicy grape for you shall rise,
In all the colours of the skies;
For you the vine's delicious fruit
Shall on the lofty mountains shoot;
And ev'ry wine to Bacchus dear
Shall sparkle in perfection here.

CUPID.

For you, ye fair, whose heavenly charms,
Make all my arrows useless arms;
For you shall Handel's lofty flight
Clash on the list'ning ear of night,
And the soft melting sinking lay
In gentle accents die away:
And not a whisper shall appear,
Which modesty would blush to hear.

JUNO.

Ye brave, the pillars of the state,
In valour and in conduct great,
For you the rushing clang of arms,

The yell of battle and alarms,
Shall from the martial trumpets fly,
And echo through the mantling sky.

JUPITER.

From you, ye glories of mankind,
We hope a firm support to find;
All that our humble powers can do
Shall be displayed to pleasure you;
On you we build a wish'd success,
'Tis yours, like deities, to bless.
Your smiles will better every scene,
And clothe our barren waste in green.

CHORUS.

So when along the eastern skies,
The glories of the morning rise,
The humble flower which slept the night,
Expands its beauties to the light,
Glows in its glossy new array,
And shines amidst the shining day.

END OF THE REVENGE.

SONGS.

A BACCHANALIAN.

SUNG BY

Mr. REINHOLD.

Bacchus, ever smiling Power,
Patron of the festive hour!
Here thy genuine nectar roll
To the wide capacious bowl,
While gentility and glee
Make these gardens worthy thee.

Bacchus, ever mirth and joy,
Laughing, wanton, happy boy!
Here advance thy clustered crown,
Send thy purple blessings down;
With the Nine to please conspire,
Wreath the ivy round the lyre.

The INVITATION.

TO BE SUNG BY

Mrs. BARTHELEMON and Master CHENEY.

Away to the Woodlands, away!
The shepherds are forming a ring
To dance to the honor of May,
And welcome the pleasures of Spring.
The shepherdess labours à grace,
And shines in her Sunday's array,
And bears in the bloom of her face
The charms and the beauties of May.

Away to the Woodlands, away!
The shepherds are forming a ring, *&c.*
Away to the Woodlands, away!
And join with the amorous train:
'Tis treason to labour to day,

Now Bacchus and Cupid must reign.
With garlands of primroses made,
And crown'd with the sweet blooming spray,
Thro' Woodland, and meadow, and shade,
We'll dance to the honor of May.
Away to the, *&c.*

A BACCHANALIAN.

What is war and all its joys?
Useless mischief, empty noise.
What are arms and trophies won?
Spangles glittering in the sun.
Rosy Bacchus, give me wine;
Happiness is only thine!

What is love without the bowl?
'Tis a languor of the soul:
Crown'd with ivy, Venus charms,
Ivy courts me to her arms.
Bacchus, give me love and wine;
Happiness is only thine!

The VIRGIN's CHOICE.

Young Strephon is as fair a swain,
As e'er a shepherd of the plain
In all the hundred round;
But Ralph has tempting shoulders, true,
And will as quickly buckle to
As any to be found.

Young Colin has a comely face,
And cudgels with an active grace,
In every thing complete;
But Hobbinol can dance divine,
Gods! how his manly beauties shine,
When jigging with his feet.

Roger is very stout and strong,
And Thyrsis sings a heavenly song,
  Soft Giles is brisk and small.
Who shall I chuse? who shall I shun?
Why must I be confin'd to one?
  Why can't I have them all?

The HAPPY PAIR.

STREPHON.

Lucy, since the knot was ty'd,
Which confirm'd thee Strephon's bride,
All is pleasure, all is joy,
Married love can never cloy;
Learn, ye rovers, learn from this,
Marriage is the road to bliss.

LUCY.

Whilst thy kindness ev'ry hour
Gathers pleasure with its power,
Love and tenderness in thee
Must be happiness to me.
Learn, ye rovers, learn from this,
Marriage is substantial bliss.

BOTH.

Godlike Hymen, ever reign,
Ruler of the happy train,
Lift thy flaming torch above
All the flights of wanton love,

Peaceful, solid, blest, serene,
Triumph in the married scene.

STREPHON.

Blest with thee, the sultry day
Flies on wings of down away,
Lab'ring o'er the yellow plain,
Open to the sun and rain,
All my painful labours fly,
When I think my Lucy's nigh.

LUCY.

O my Strephon, could my heart
Happiness to thee impart,
Joy should sing away the hour,
Love should ev'ry pleasure show'r,
Search my faithful breast, and see,
I am blest in loving thee.

BOTH.

Godlike Hymen, ever reign,
Ruler of the happy train,
Lift thy flaming torch above
All the flights of wanton love,
Peaceful, solid, blest, serene,
Triumph in the married scene.

THE

WOMAN of SPIRIT.

A BURLETTA.

1770.

DISTORT . . . . . Mr. BANNISTER.
COUNCELLOR LATITAT . Mr. REINHOLD.
ENDORSE . . . . . Master CHENEY.
LADY TEMPEST . . . Mr. THOMPSON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

LADY TEMPEST AND LATITAT.

LATITAT.

I tell you Lady Tempest—

LADY TEMPEST.

And I tell you, Mr. Lattitat, it shall not be.—
I'll have no Society of Antiquaries meet here:

None but the honourable Members of the Coterie shall assemble here—you shall know.

LATITAT.

Suspend your rage, Lady Tempest, and let me open my brief—Have you not this day, moved by the instigation of the Devil, and not having the fear of God before your eyes, wilfully and wittingly, and maliciously driven all my friends out of my house. Was it done like a Woman of Quality?

LADY TEMPEST.

It was done like a Woman of Spirit: A character, it shall ever be my task to maintain.

AIR.

Away with your maxims, and dull formal rules
The shackles of pleasure, and trammels of fools;
For Wisdom and Prudence I care not a straw
I'll act, as I please, for my Will is my Law.

LATITAT.

But upon my soul Madam I have one more consideration which should especially move you to bridle your passion: for it spoils your face. When you knocked down Lord Rust with the Bust of Marcus Aurelius, you looked the very picture of the Alecto last taken out of the Herculaneum.

AIR.

Passion worse than age will plow
Furrows on the frowning brow:
Rage and passion will disgrace
Every beauty of the face:
Whil'st good nature will supply
Beauties, which can never die.

LADY TEMPEST.

Mr. Latitat I wont be abused——Did I for this condescend to forget my quality and marry

such a Tautology of Nothing——I will not be abused.

SCENE.

DISTORT, LATITAT, LADY TEMPEST.

DISTORT.

Pray Madam what has enraged you? May I have the honour of knowing.

LATITAT.

Mr. Distort shall be our Referee.

LADY TEMPEST.

That is, if I please Sir.

LATITAT.

Pray my Lady let me state the case, and you may afterwards make a reply—you must know Sir.—

LADY TEMPEST.

Yes, Sir, you must know, this morning, Mr. Latitat had invited all his antiquated friends Lord Rust, Horatio Trefoil, Col. Tragedus, Professor Vase, and Counterfeit the Jew, to sit upon a brass half-penny, which being a little worn, they agreed, Nem. Con. to be an Otho.

LATITAT.

And it is further necessary to be known, that, while we were all warm in debate upon the premises, my Lady made a forcible entry into the parlour, and seizing an antique Bust of Marcus Aurelius, of malice propense and afore thought,

did with three blows of the said Bust, knock down Anthony Viscount Rust, and—

LADY TEMPEST.

And drove them all out of the house.

LATITAT.

And furthermore—

LADY TEMPEST.

Silence, Mr. Latitat, I insist on the privilege of an English Wife.

LATITAT.

And moreover—

DISTORT.

Nay, Councellor, as I am your Referee, I com-

mand silence: Pray what do you lay your damages at?

LATITAT.

My Lady has in her cabinet a Jupiter Tonans, which in spite of all my endeavours to open her eyes, she persists in calling an Indian Pagod, and upon condition of my receiving that, I drop the prosecution.

DISTORT. *Aside to Lady.*

'Tis a trifle, Madam, let him have it, it may turn to account.

LADY TEMPEST.

A very toy: He shall have it instantly, on condition I have the use of my tongue.

AIR.

What are all your favourite joys*
What are our pleasures.

---

* So it stands in the Original, erased.

RESIGNATION.

Copied from a Poem in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

Hail Resignation, hail ambiguous Dame,
Thou Parthian Archer in the fight of fame!
When thou hast drawn the mystic veil between
'Tis the poor Minister's concluding scene.
Sheltered beneath thy pinions he withdraws,
And tells us his Integrity's the cause.
Sneaking to solitude he rails at state,
And rather would be virtuous than be great,
Laments the impotence of those who guide
And wishes public clamors may subside.
But while such rogues as North or Sandwich steer
Our grievances will never disappear.

Hail Resignation! 'tis from thee we trace
The various Villanies of Power and Place,

When Rascals, once but Infamy and Rags,
Rich with a nation's ruin swell their bags,
Purchase a Title and a royal Smile,
And pay to be distinguishably vile.
When big with self importance* thus they shine
Contented with their gleanings they resign.
When Ministers, unable to preside,
The tott'ring Vehicle no longer guide,
The powerful Thane prepares to kick his Grace
From all his glorious Dignities of Place,
But still the honor of the Action's thine,
And Grafton's tender Conscience can resign.
Lament not Grafton that thy hasty fall
Turns out a public happiness to all,
Still by your emptiness of look appear
The ruins of a Man who used to steer,
Still wear that insignificance of face
Which dignifies you more than Power or Place.

Whilst now the Constitution tott'ring stands
And needs the firm support of able hands,

* A pen drawn through these words.

Your Grace stood foremost in the glorious Cause
To shake the very basis of our Laws,
But thanks to Camden, and a noble few,
They stemm'd Oppression's Tide and conquer'd you.
How can your Prudence be compleatly prais'd
In flying from the Storm yourself had rais'd,
When the black Clouds of Discord veil'd the Sky
'Twas more than Prudence in your Grace to fly,
For had the thunders burst upon your head
Soon had you mingled with the headless dead.
Not Bute tho' here the deputy of Fate
Could save so vile a Minister of State.

Oft has the Carlton Sybil prophesy'd
How long each Minister of State should guide,
And from the dark recesses of her Cell,
When Bute was absent, would to Stuart tell
The secret fates of Senators and Peers,
What Lord's exalted but to lose his Ears,
What future Plans the Junto have design'd,
What Writers* are with Rockingham combin'd,

* Query, Wretches?

Who should accept a Privy Seal or Rod,
Who's Lord Lieutenant of the Land of Nod,
What pension'd Nobleman should hold his post,
What poor dependant scor'd without his host,
What Patriot big with popular Applause
Should join the Ministry and prop the Cause,
With many Secrets of a like import
The daily Tittle Tattle of a Court,
By common Fame retail'd as Office News
In Coffee-houses, Taverns, Cellars, Stews.
Oft from her secret Casket would she draw
A knotty Plan to undermine the Law,
But tho' the Council sat upon the scheme
Time has discovered that 'tis all a dream.
Long had she known the date of Grafton's Power,
And in her Tablet mark'd his flying hour,
Rumour reports a Message from her Cell
Arrived but just three hours before he fell.
Well knew the subtle Minister of State
Her knowledge in the Mysteries of Fate,
And catching every Pension he could find,
Obey'd the fatal Summons and resign'd.

Far in the North amidst whose dreary hills
None hear the pleasant murm'ring sound of rills,
Where no soft Gale in dying raptures blows
Or ought which bears the look of verdure grows,
Save where the North wind cuts the solemn Yew
And russet Rushes drink the noxious Dew.
Dank Exhalations drawn from stagnant Moors
The Morning Dress of Caledonia's Shores.
Upon a bleak and solitary Plain
Expos'd to every Storm of Wind and rain,
A humble Cottage rear'd its lowly head,
Its roof with matted reeds and rushes spread,
The Walls were osiers daub'd with slimy clay,
One narrow entrance open'd to the day;
Here liv'd a Laird the ruler of his Clan,
Whose fame thro' every Northern Mountain ran,
Great was his Learning, for he long had been
A student at the Town of Aberdeen,
Professor of all Langauges at once,
To him some reckoned *Chappellow* a Dunce.
With happy fluency he learn'd to speak.
Syriac or Latin, Arabic or Greek.
Not any Tongue in which Oxonians sing
When they rejoice, or blubber with the King,

To him appear'd unknown: with sapient look
He taught the Highland meaning of each Crook.
But often, when to Pastimes he inclin'd,
To give some relaxation to his mind,
He laid his books aside; forgot to read
To hunt wild Goslings down the River Tweed,
To chace a starving Weezel from her bed
And wear the Spoil triumphant on his head.
'Tis true his Rent Roll just maintain'd his State,
But some in spite of Poverty are great.
Tho' Famine sunk her Impress on his face,
Still you might there his haughty Temper trace,
Descended from a Catalogue of Kings
Whose warlike Arts Mac Pherson sweetly sings,
He bore the Majesty of Monarchs past,
Like a tall Pine rent with the Winter's blast
Whose spreading Trunk and withered branches show
How glorious once the lordly Tree might grow.

Of all the warring Passions in his breast
Ambition still presided o'er the rest,
This is the Spur which actuates us all,
The visionary height whence thousands fall,

The Author's hobby-horse, the Soldier's Steed
Which aids him in each military Deed,
The Lady's Dresser, Looking Glass and Paint,
The warm Devotion of the seeming Saint.

Sawney, the nobler ruler of the Clan,
Had number'd o'er the riper years of man,
Graceful in Stature, ravishing his mien,
To make a Conquest was but to be seen.
Fir'd by Ambition he resolv'd to roam
Far from the famine of his native home,
To seek the warmer Climate of the South,
And at one Banquet feast his Eyes and Mouth.
In vain the am'rous Highland Lass complain'd,
The Son of monarchs would not be restrain'd,
Clad in his native many-colour'd suit
Forth struts the walking Majesty of Bute.
His spacious Sword to a large Wallett strung
Across his broad capacious Shoulders hung:
As from the Hills the Land of Promise rose
A secret Transport in his bosom glows,
A joy prophetic until then unknown
Assur'd him all he view'd would be his own.

New scenes of Pleasure recreate his Sight,
He views the fertile Meadows with delight,
Still in soliloquy he prais'd the View,
Nor more was pleas'd with future scenes at Kew.
His wonder broke in murmurs from his tongue,
No more the Praise of Highland hills he sung,
Till now a stranger to the cheerful green
Where springing Flowers diversify the Scene,
The lofty Elm, the Oak of lordly look,
The Willow shadowing the bubbling brook,
The hedges blooming with the sweets of May
With double Pleasure mark'd his gladsome way.
Having thro' varying rural Prospects past,
He reach'd the great Metropolis at last.
Here Fate beheld him as he trudg'd the Street,
Bare was his buttocks and unshod his feet,
A lengthening train of boys displayed him Great,
He seem'd already Minister of State.
The Carlton, Sybil saw his graceful Mien
And strait forgot her hopes of being Queen.

* * * * * *

She sigh'd, she wish'd, swift virtuous Chudleigh flew
To bring the Caledonian Swain to Kew,

Then introduced him to her secret Cell
What further can the modest numbers tell?

* * * *

None rid the Broomstaff with so good a grace,
Or pleas'd her with such Majesty of Face,
Enraptur'd with her Incubus she sought
How to reward his Merit as she ought,
Resolved to make him greatest of the great
She led him to her hidden Cave of State,
There Spurs and Coronets were placed around
And Privy Seals were scatter'd on the ground,
Here Piles of honorary Truncheons lay
And gleaming Stars —* artificial day
With mystic rods whose magic Power is such
They metamorphose Parties with a touch.
Here hung the princely —† of garter'd blue
With flags of all Varieties of hue.
These said the Sybil from this present hour
Are thine, with every Dignity of power.
No Statesman shall be titularly great,
None shall obtain an Office in the State

* Illegible.

† Illegible.

But such whose principles and manners suit
The virtuous temper of the Earl of Bute,
All shall pursue thy Interest, none shall guide
But such as you repute are qualify'd.
No more on Scotland's melancholy plain
Your starving Countrymen shall drink the rain,
But hither hasting on their naked feet
Procure a place, forget themselves, and eat.
No Southern Patriot shall oppose my will,
If not my look, my Treasurer can kill,
His Pistol never fails in time of need,
And who dares contradict my Power shall bleed.
A future Barrington will also rise
With blood and Death to entertain my Eyes.
But this forestalls futurity and fate,
I'll chuse the present hour to make thee great.
He bow'd submission, and with eager view
Gaz'd on the wither'd Oracle of Kew.
She seiz'd a pendant Garter and began,
To elevate the Ruler of the Clan,
Girt round his leg the honour'd trifle shone
And gather'd double lustre from the throne,
With native Dignity he fill'd the stall
The Wonder, Jest and Enmity of all.

Not yet content with honorary Grace
The Sybil busy for the sweets of Place,
Kick'd out a Minister the People's Pride,
And lifted Sawney in his place to guide.
The Leader of the Treasury he rose
Whilst Fate mark'd down the nation's future woes.
Mad with Ambition his imperious hand
Scattered Oppression thro' a groaning land,
Still Taxes followed Taxes, Grants Supplies
With ev'ry ill resulting from Excise.
Not satisfied with this unjust increase,
He struck a bolder Stroke and sold the Peace.
The Gallic millions so convinced his mind
On honourable Terms the Treaty's sign'd.

But who his private character can blame,
Or brand his Titles with a Villain's name.
Upon an Estimation of the Gains
He stoop'd beneath himself to take the reins,
A good Oeconomist he serv'd the Crown
And made his Master's interest his own,
His starving Friends and Countrymen apply'd,
To share the Ministry, assist to guide,

Nor ask'd in vain:—his charitable hand
Made Plenty smile in Scotland's barren land,
Her wandering Sons for Poverty renown'd
Places and Pensions, Bribes or Titles found.
Far from the South was humble Merit fled
And on the Northern Mountains rear'd her head,
And Genius having rang'd beyond the Tweed
Sat brooding upon Bards who could not read,
Whilst Courage boasting of his highland might
Mentions not Culloden's inglorious fight.
But whilst his Lordship fills the honour'd stall
Ample provision satisfies them all.
The Genius sings his Praise, the Soldier swears
To mutulate each murm'ring Caitiff's Ears,
The Father of his Country they adore,
And live in elegance unknown before.

* * * *

Around this mystic Sun of liquid Gold
A swarm of planetary Statesmen roll'd,
Tho' some have since as Ministers been known
They shone with borrow'd lustre, not their own.
In ev'ry revolution day and night
From Bute they caught each particle of light,

He destin'd out the Circles they fulfill,
Hung on the bulky nothing of his Will.

How shall I brand with infamy a Name
Which bids defiance to all Sense of Shame?
How shall I touch his Iron Soul with pain,
Who hears unmov'd a Multitude complain?
A multitude made wretched by his hand,
The common Curse and Nuisance of the Land.
Holland of thee I sing: infernal Wretch
Say, can thy Power of Mischief further stretch?
Is there no other Army to be sold,
No town to be destroy'd for Bribes and Gold?
Or wilt thou rather sit contented down,
And starve the Subject to enrich the Crown?
That when the Treasury can boast supplies
Thy pilfering Genius may have exercise,
Whilst unaccounted Millions pay thy toil
Thou art secure if Bute divides the spoil.
Catching his influence from the best of kings.
Vice broods beneath the Shadow of his Wings,
The Vengeance of a Nation is defy'd
And Liberty and Justice set aside.

Distinguish'd Robber of the Public say,
What urg'd thy timed spirit's hasty way?
She —— in the Protection of a King,
Did Recollection paint the fate of Byng?
Did Conscience hold that mirror to thy sight.
Or Aylyffe's Ghost accompany thy flight?
Is Bute more powerful than the sceptred hand,
Or art thou safer in a foreign land?
In vain the scene relinquish'd now you grieve
Cursing the moment you were forced to leave
Thy ruins on the Isle of Thanet built,
The fruits of Plunder, Villainy and Guilt.
When you presume on English ground to tread
Justice will lift her Weapon at your head.
Contented with the Author of your State
Maintain the Conversation of the Great.
Be busy in Confederacy and Plot,
And settle what shall be on what is not,
Display the Statesman in some wild design,
Foretell when North will tumble and resign,
How long the busy Sandwich, mad for rule,
Will lose his labour and remain a Fool.
But your Accounts, the subject of debate,
Are sunk beneath the notice of the Great,

Let brib'd Exchequer Tellers find 'em just,
While on the Penalty of Place they must,
Before you're seen your honesty is clear,
And all will evidently right appear.

When as a Minister you had your day,
And gather'd light from Bute's superior ray,
His striking representative you shone,
And seem'd to glimmer in yourself alone.
The lives of thousands barter'd for a bribe,
With Villainies too shocking to describe,
Your system of Oppression testify'd
None but the conscientious Fox could guide.
As Bute is fix'd eternal in his sphere
And Ministers revolve around in Air
Your Infamy with such a lasting ray,
Glow'd thro' your orb in one continued day,
Still ablest Politicians hold dispute,
Whether you gave, or borrow'd light from Bute.
Lost in the blaze of his superior Parts,
We often have descry'd your little Arts.
But at a proper distance from his sphere
We saw the little Villain disappear,

When drest in Titles, the burlesque of Place
A more illustrious Rascal shew'd his face,
Your destin'd Sphere of Ministry now run,
You dropt like others in the Parent sun,
There as a Spot you purpose to remain,
And seek protection in the Sybil's Swain.
Grafton his planetary Life began,
Tho' foreign to the System of the Clan,
Slowly he roll'd around the Fount of Light,
Long was his Day, but longer was his Night.
Irregular, unequal in his Course,
Now languid he revolves, now rolls with force,
His scarce-collected light obliquely hurl'd
Was scatter'd ere it reach'd his frozen World.
Thro' all his under Offices of Place,
All had conspir'd to represent his Grace,
Lifeless and dull the wheels of State were driv'n,
Slow as a Courtier on his road to Heaven.
If Expedition urg'd the dull Machine
He knew so little of the golden mean,
Swift Hurry and Confusion wild began
To discompose the Thane's determin'd plan.
Error, his Secratary, lent his aid
To undermine each Plot his Cunning laid,

He wrote dispatches in his Grace's name,
And ruined every Project North could frame.
Yet as he blunder'd thro' the lengthen'd night
He seriously protested all was right.

Since Dissipation is thy only joy
Go, Grafton, join the dance and act the boy,
'Tis not for Fops in cabinets to shine,
And Justice must confess that title's thine.
Dress to excess and powder into fame,
In Drums and Hurricanes exalt your name.
There you may glitter, there your worth may rise
Above the little reach of vulgar eyes.
But in the high departments of the State
Your Talents are too trifling to be great.
There all your imperfections rise to view,
Not Sandwich so contemptible as you.
Bute from the summit of his Power descry'd
Your glaring inability to guide,
And mustering every rascal in his gang,
Who might for merit all together hang,
From the black Catalogue and worthy crew,
The jesuitical and scheming few,

Selected by the Leader of the Clan,
Received instructions for their future plan,
And after proper adoration paid
Were to their destin'd sphere of state convey'd,
To shine the Minister's Satellites,
Collect his light, and give his Lordship ease,
Reform his crooked Politics and draw
A more severe attack upon the Law,
Settle his erring Revolutions right,
And give in just proportion day and night.

Alas! the force of Scottish pride is such,
These mushrooms of a day presum'd too much.
Conscious of cunning and superior arts
They scorn'd the Minister's too trifling parts,
Grafton resents a treatment so unjust,
And damns the Carlton Sybil's fiery lust,
By which a Scoundrel Scot opprest the realm,
And Rogues below contempt disgrac'd the helm.
Swift Scandal caught the accents as they fell,
And bore them to the Sybil's secret cell.
Enrag'd she wing'd a Messenger to Bute,
Some Minister more able to depute;

Her Character and Virtue was a jest,
Whilst Grafton was of useless power possest.
This done, her just desire of Vengeance warm,
She gave him notice of the bursting storm;
Timid and dubious Grafton faced about,
And trembled at the thoughts of being out.
But as no Laws the Sybil's power confin'd
He drop'd his blushing honours and resign'd.

Step forward North! and let the doubtful see
Wonders and miracles reviv'd in thee.
Did not the living witness haunt the Court,
What Ear had given faith to my report?
Amidst the rout of ministerial Slaves
Rogues who want Genius to refine to Knaves,
Who could imagine that the wretch more base
Should fill the highest Infamy of Place?
That North the vile domestic of a Peer,
Whose name an Englishman detests to hear,
Should leave his trivial share of Bedford's gains
Become a Minister and take the reins,
And from the meanest of the gang ascend
Above his worthy Governor and friend?

This wond'rous Metamorphose of an hour,
Sufficiently evinced the Sybil's power,
To ruin Nations, little rogues to raise,
A virtue supernatural displays,
What but a power infernal or divine
Could honour North, or make his Grace resign.

Some superficial Politicians tell
When Grafton from his gilded Turret fell,
The Sybil substituted North a blank,
A mustered faggot to compleat the rank,
Without a distant thought that such a Tool
Would change its being and aspire to rule,
But such the humble North's indulgent fate,
When striding in the saddle of the state
He caught by Inspiration statesmanship,
And drove the slow machine and smack'd his whip;
Whilst Bedford wondering at his sudden skill
With reverence view'd *the Packhorse of his will.*

His Majesty (the buttons thrown aside)
Declar'd his fix'd intention to preside.
No longer sacrificed to every Knave
He'd show himself discreet as well as brave;

In every Cabinet and Council cause
He'd be Dictator and enforce the laws.
Whilst North should in his present Office stand
As Understrapper to direct his hand.

Now Expectation, now extend thy wing!
Happy the Land whose Minister's a King,
Happy the King who ruling each debate
Can peep through every Roguery of State.
See Hope arrayed in Robes of virgin white,
Trailing an arch'd variety of Light,
Comes showering blessings on a ruin'd realm,
And shews the crown'd director of the helm.
Return, fair Goddess, till some future day;
The King has seen the error of his way;
And by his smarting shoulders seems to feel
The Wheel of State is not a Catharine Wheel.
Wise by Experience, general Nurse of Fools,
He leaves the Ministry to venal Tools,
And finds his happy talents better suit
The making buttons for his favourite Bute,
In countenancing the unlawful views
Which North, the Delegate of Bute, pursues,

In glossing with Authority a Train
Whose names are Infamy, and objects Gain.

Hail, filial Duty! great if rightly us'd,
How little, when mistaken and abus'd;
View'd from one point, how glorious art thou seen,
From others, how degenerate and mean.
A Seraph or an Idiot's head we see:
Oft on the latter stands the type of thee,
And bowing at his Parent's knee is drest
In a long hood of many-colour'd vest.

The sceptred King who dignifies a throne,
Should be in private life himself alone.
No Friend or Mother should his conscience scan,
Or with the Nation's head confound the Man.
Like juggling Melchi Zadok's priestish plea,
Collected in himself a King should be.
But Truths may be unwelcome, and the lay
Which shall to Royal Ears such truths convey,
The conflagrations of the Hangman's ire
May roast and execute with foreign fire.
The Muse who values safety shall return,
And sing of subjects where she cannot burn.

Continue North thy vile burlesque of Power,
And reap the harvest of the present hour,
Collect and fill thy coffers with the spoil
And let thy gatherings recompense thy Toil.
Whilst the Rogues out revile the Rascals in,
Repeat the Proverb let those laugh that win:
Fleeting and transitory is the date
Of sublunary Ministers of State,
Then whilst thy Summer lasts, prepare thy hay,
Nor trust to Autumn and a future day.

I leave thee now, but with intent to trace
The Villains and the honest men of Place.
The first are still assisting in thy train
To aid the pillage and divide the gain.
The last of known integrity of mind
Forsook a venal party and resign'd.

Come Satire! aid me to display the first,
Of every honest Englishman accurst,
Come Truth, assist me to prepare the lays,
Where Worth demands, and give the latter praise.
Ingenius Sandwich whither dost thou fly
To shun the censure of the public eye.

Dost thou want matter for another speech,
Or other works of Genius to impeach?
Or would thy insignificance and pride
Presume above thyself and seek to guide?
Pursue thy Ignis-fatuus of Power,
And call to thy assistance virtuous Gower,
Set Rigby's happy countenance in play,
To vindicate whatever you can say.
Then when you totter into place and fame,
With double infamy you brand your name.
Say Sandwich in the Winter of your date,
Can you ascend the Hobby-horse of State,
Do Titles echo grateful in your ear,
Or is it mockery to call you Peer.
In - - - silver'd age to play the fool,
And - - - with rascals infamous a Tool;
Plainly denote your judgment is no more,
Your honour was extinguish'd long before.

Say, if Reflection ever blest thy mind,
Hast thou one real friend among mankind?
Thou hadst one once, free, generous and sincere,
Too good a Senator for such a Peer,

Him thou hast offer'd as a Sacrifice
To Lewdness, Immorality and Vice,
Your * * scoundrel set the gin,
And friendship was the bait to draw him in.
What honourable villain could they find
Of Sandwich's latitudinary mind?
Tho' Intimacy seem'd to stop the way,
You they employ'd to tempt him and betray.
Full well you executed their commands,
Well you deserv'd the pension at their hands.
For you in hours of trifling he compiled
A dissertation blasphemous and wild.
Be it recorded too, at your desire,
He called for Dæmons to assist his Lyre,
Relying on your friendship soon he found
How dangerous the support of rotten ground.
In your infernal attributes array'd,
You seiz'd the wish'd for Poem and betray'd.

Hail mighty Twitcher! can my feeble line
Give due reward to merit such as thine?

---

* * Patronizing, I believe.

Not Churchill's keenest Satire ever reach'd
The Conscience of the Rascal who impeach'd.
My feeble numbers and untutor'd lay
On such an harden'd wretch is thrown away,
I leave thee to the impotent delight
Of visiting the Harlots of the night,
Go hear thy Nightingale's enchanting strain,
My Satire shall not dart a sting in vain.
There you may boast one sense is entertain'd,
Tho' Age present your other senses pain'd,
Go Sandwich if thy fire of lust compel,
Regale at Harrington's religious Cell,
—— —— —— —— [*illegible.*
Exert your poor endeavours as you please,
The jest and bubble of the harlot crew,
What entertain'd your youth, in age pursue.

When Grafton shook oppression's iron rod,
Like Egypt's lice, the instrument of God,
When Camden, driven from his office, saw
The last weak efforts of expiring Law,
When Bute, the regulator of the state
Preferr'd the vicious, to transplant* the great,

* Query, Supplant.

When rank Corruption thro' all orders ran
And Infamy united Sawney's Clan,
When every office was with Rogues disgrac'd,
And the Scotch dialect became the taste—
Could Beaufort with such creatures stay behind?
No, Beaufort was a Briton, and resign'd.
Thy resignation, Somerset, shall shine
When Time hath buryed the recording line,
And proudly glaring in the rolls of Fame,
With more than Titles decorate thy name.
Amidst the gather'd Rascals of the age,
Who murder noble parts, the Court their stage,
One Nobleman of honesty remains,
Who scorns to draw in ministerial chains,
Who honours virtue and his country's peace,
And sees with Pity grievances increase.
Who bravely left all sorded views of place,
And lives the honour of the Beaufort race.

Deep in the secret, Barrington and Gower,
Rais'd upon villainy, aspire to power,
Big with importance they presume to rise
Above a minister they must despise,

Whilst Barrington as Secretary shows
How many Pensions paid his blood and blows.
And Gower, the humbler creature of the two,
Has only future prospects in his view.
But North requires assistance from the Great
To work another Button in the State,
That Weymouth may compleat the birthday Suit,
Full trimm'd by Twitcher and cut out by Bute.
So many worthy Schemers must produce
A Statesman's Coat of universal Use;
Some System of œconomy to save
Another Million for another Knave.
Some Plan to make a Duty, large before,
Additionally great, to grind the poor.
For 'tis a Maxim with the guiding Wise,
Just as the Commons sink the Rich arise.

If Ministers and Privy Council Knaves,
Would rest contented with their being slaves,
And not with anxious infamy pursue
Those measures which will fetter others too,
The swelling Cry of Liberty would rest,
Nor Englishmen complain, nor Knaves protest.

But Courtiers have a littleness of mind,
And once enslaved would fetter all mankind.
'Tis to this Narrowness of Soul we owe,
What further ills our Liberties shall know,
'Tis from this Principle our Feüds began,
Fomented by the Scots, ignoble Clan,
Strange that such little Creatures of a Tool,
By Lust and not by merit rais'd to rule,
Should sow Contention in a noble Land,
And scatter Thunders from a venal hand.
Gods! that these fly-blows of a Stallion's day,
Warm'd into being by the Sybil's ray,
Should shake the Constitution, Rights and Laws,
And prosecute the Man of Freedom's cause!
Whilst Wilkes to every Briton's right appeal'd,
With loss of Liberty that right he seal'd.
Imprison'd and oppress'd he persever'd,
Nor Sawney or his powerful Sybil fear'd.
The Hag replete with malice from above,
Shot Poison on the Screech Owl of her Love,
Unfortunately to his Pen* it fell,
And flow'd in double rancour to her Cell.

* Doubtful

Madly she raved, to ease her tortur'd mind,
The object of her Hatred is confin'd:
But he supported by his Country's Laws,
Bid her defiance, for 'twas Freedom's Cause.
Her Treasurer and Talbot fought in vain,
Tho' each attain'd his favourite Object, Gain.
She sat as usual when a Project fails,
Damn'd Chudleigh's phyz, and din'd upon her nails.

Unhappy Land! whose govern'd Monarch sees
Thro' Glasses and Perspective such as these,
When juggling to deceive his untry'd sight,
He views the Ministry all trammell'd right,
Whilst to his eye the other Glass apply'd,
His Subjects failings are all magnified.
Unheeded the Petitions are receiv'd,
Nor one report of Grievances believ'd;
'Tis but the voice of Faction in disguise
That blinds with Liberty the people's eyes;
'Tis Riot and Licentiousness pursues
Some disappointed Placeman's private *views*.*

* Left out, but right, by rhime.

And shall such venal Creatures steer the helm,
Waving Oppression's banners round the realm?
Shall Britons to the vile detested Troop,
Forgetting ancient honour, meanly stoop?
Shall we our Rights and Liberties resign,
To lay those Jewels at a Woman's shrine?
No: let us still be Britons: be it known,
The favours we solicit are our own.
Engage ye Britons in the glorious Task,
And stronger still enforce the things you ask.
Assert your Rights, remonstrate with the throne,
Insist on Liberty, and that alone.

Alas! America, thy - - - cause
Displays the Ministry's Contempt of Laws.
Unrepresented thou art tax'd, excis'd,
By Creatures much too vile to be despis'd,
The outcast of an outed Gang are sent,
To bless thy Commerce, with - - Government.
Whilst Pity rises to behold thy Fate,
We see thee in this worst of Troubles great,
Whilst anxious for thy wavering dubious Cause,
We give thy proper Spirit due applause.

If virtuous Grafton's sentimental Taste,
Is in his Measures or his Mistress plac'd;
In either 'tis originally rare;
One shews the midnight Cully, one the Peer.
Review him Britons with a proper Pride,
Was this a Statesman qualifi'd to guide?
Was this the Minister whose mighty hand
Has scattered civil discord thro' the Land?
Since smallest Trifles when ordain'd by Fate,
Rise into Power and counteract the Great,
What shall we call thee, Grafton? Fortune's whip?
Or rather the burlesque of Statesmanship,
When daring in thy Insolence of Place,
Bold in an empty Majesty of Face,
We saw thee exercise thy magic rod
And form a Titled Villain with a nod,
Turn out the virtuous, airily advance
The Members of the Council in a dance,
And honouring Sandwich with a serious *air**,
Commend the fancy of his Solitaire.
These were thy actions worthy of record,
Worthy the bubbled Wretch and venal Lord.

* Omitted.

Since Villainy is meritorious grown,
Step forward, for thy merit's not unknown.
What Mansfield's Conscience shudder'd to receive,
Thy mercenary Temper cannot leave.
Reversions, Pensions, Bribes and —— [*Illegible.*
What mortal Scoundrel can such things refuse?
If Dunning's nice Integrity of Mind,
Will not in Pales of Interest be confin'd;
Let his uncommon Honesty resign,
And boast the empty Pension of the Nine;
A Thurloe grasping every offer'd Straw,
Shines his Successor and degrades the Law.
How like the Ministry who link'd his Chains,
His measures tend incessantly to Gains.

If Weymouth dresses to the height of taste,
At once with - - - - - Places lac'd,
Can such a Summer Insect of the State,
Be otherwise than in Externals great?
Thou bustling Marplot of each hidden Plan,
How wilt thou answer to the Sybil's man?
Did thy own shallow Politics direct,
To treat the Mayor with purpos'd disrespect,

Or did it come in Orders from above,
From her who sacrificed her Soul to Love?
Rigby whose Conscience is a perfect dice,
A just Epitome of every Vice,
Replete with what Accomplishments support
The empty Admiration of a Court,
Yet wants a Barony to grace record,
And hopes to lose the Rascal in the Lord.
His wish is granted, and the King prepares
A Title of renown to brand his heirs.
When Vice creates the Patent for a Peer,
What Lord so nominally great as Clare?
Whilst Chatham from his coronetted Oak
Unheeded shook the Senate with his Croak;
The Minister too powerful to be right,
Laugh'd at his prophecy and Second sight,
Since Mother Shipton's Oracle of State
Forestall'd the future Incidents of Fate.
Grafton might shake his elbows, dance and dream
'Twere labor lost to strive against the stream.
If Grafton in his juggling Statesman's game
Bubbled for Interest, betted but for Fame,
The Leader of the Treasury could pay
For every loss in Politics and Play.

Sir Fletcher's noisy Eloquence of tongue,
Is on such pliant oily hinges hung,
Turn'd to all points of politics and doubt,
But tho' for ever worsted, never out.
Can such a wretched Creature take the Chair
And exercise his new made Power with air?
This worthy Speaker of a worthy Crew,
Can write long Speeches and repeat them too,
A practis'd Lawyer in the venal Court,
From higher Powers he borrows his report;
Above the scandalous aspersion Tool,
He only squares his Conscience by a Rule.
Granby too great to join the hated Cause,
Throws down his useless Truncheon and withdraws,
Whilst unrenowned for military deeds,
A youthful branch of Royalty succeeds.

Let Coventry, Yonge, Palmerston and Brett
With Resignation pay the Crown a debt;
If in return for Offices of Trust,
The Ministry expect you'll prove unjust,
What Soul that values Freedom could with ease,
Stoop under Obligations such as these.

If you a Briton, every Virtue dead,
That would upon your dying Freedom tread,
List in the Gang and piously procure,
To make your calling and Election sure;
Go flatter Sawney for his Jockeyship,
Assist in each long shuffle, hedge and slip,
Thus rising on the stilts of Favour see
What Grafton was, and future Dukes will be.
How Rigby, Weymouth, Barrington began
To juggle into Fame and play the Man.

Amidst this general rage of turning out,
What Officer will stand, remains a doubt.
If Virtue's an Objection at the Board,
With what Propriety the Council's stor'd;
Where could the Caledonian Minion find
Such striking Copies of his venal mind?
Search thro' the winding Labyrinths of Place,
See all alike politically base.
If Virtues, foreign to the Office, Shine,
How fast the Prodigies of State resign!
Still as they drop, the rising race begin
To boast the infamy of being in.

And generous Bristol, constant to his friend,
Employs his lifted Crutches to ascend.
Look round thee, North! see what a glorious scene—
O let no thought of vengeance intervene:
Throw thy own insignificance aside,
And swell in self-importance, Power and Pride.
See Holland easy with his pilfer'd store,
See Bute intriguing how to pilfer more,
See Grafton's Coffers boast the wealth of Place,
A provident reserve to hedge a Race.
New to Oppression and the servile Chain,
Hark how the wrong'd Americans complain.
Whilst unregarded the Petitions lie,
And Liberty unnoticed swells her cry;
Yet, yet reflect, thou despicable thing,
How wavering is the favour of a King;
Think, since that feeble fence and Bute is all,
How soon thy humbug Farce of State may fall,
Then catch the present moment while 'tis thine,
Implore a noble Pension and Resign.

JOURNAL 6th, Saturday, Sept. 30, 1769.

Copied from a Poem in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

'Tis Myst'ry all, in every Sect
You find this palpable defect,
The Axis of the dark machine
Is enigmatic and unseen.
Opinion is the only guide
By which our Senses are supply'd,
Mere Grief's conjecture, Fancy's whim,
Can make our Reason, side with him.
But this Discourse perhaps will be
As little lik'd by you as me,
I'll change the Subject for a better,
And leave the Docter, and his Letter,

A Priest whose Sanctimonious face
Became a Sermon, or a Grace,
Could take an Orthodox repast,
And left the knighted Loin the last;
To fasting very little bent,
He'd pray indeed till breath was spent.
Shrill was his treble as a Cat,
His Organs being choak'd with Fat;
In College quite as graceful seen
As Camplin or the lazy Dean,
(Who sold the ancient Cross to Hoare
For one Church Dinner, nothing more,
The Dean who sleeping on the book
Dreams he is swearing at his Cook.)
This animated Hill of Oil,
Was to another Dean the foil.
They seem'd two beasts of different kind,
Contra in Politics and Mind,
The only Sympathy they knew,
They both lov'd Turtle a-la-stew.
The Dean was empty, thin and long,
As Fowler's back or head or song.
He met the Rector in the Street,
Sinking a Canal with his feet.

Sir, quoth the Dean, with solemn nod,
You are a Minister of God;
And, as I apprehend, should be
About such holy Works as me.
But, cry your Mercy, at a feast
You only shew yourself a Priest,
No Sermon Politic you preach,
No Doctrine damnable you teach.
Did not we few maintain the fight,
Myst'ry might sink and all be light.
From house to house your Appetite
In daily Sojourn paints ye right.
Nor Lies true Orthodox you carry,
You hardly ever hang or marry.
Good Mr. Rector, let me tell ye
You've too much tallow in this belly.
Fast, and repent of ev'ry sin,
And grow like me, upright and thin;
Be active, and assist your Mother,
And then I'll own ye for a Brother.

Sir, quoth the Rector in a huff,
True, you're diminutive enough,

And let me tell ye, Mr. Dean,
You are as worthless too as lean;
This Mountain strutting to my face
Is an undoubted sign of grace.
Grace, tho' you ne'er on Turtle sup,
Will like a bladder blow you up,
A Tun of Claret swells your case
Less than a single ounce of grace.

You're wrong, the bursting Dean reply'd,
You're logic's on the rough cast side,
The Minor's right, the Major falls,
Weak as his modern Honor's walls.
A spreading Trunk, with rotten Skin,
Shews very little's kept within;
But when the Casket's neat, not large,
We guess th' importance of the Charge.

Sir, quoth the Rector, I've a Story
Quite apropos to lay before ye.
A sage Philosopher to try
What Pupil saw with Reason's eye,
Prepar'd three Boxes, Gold, Lead, Stone,
And bid three youngsters claim each one.

The first, a Bristol Merchant's heir,
Lov'd Pelf above the charming Fair;
So 'tis not difficult to say,
Which Box the Dolthead took away.
The next, as sensible as me,
Desir'd the pebbled one, d'ye see.
The other, having scratch'd his head,
Consider'd tho' the third was Lead,
'Twas Metal still surpassing Stone,
So claim'd the Leaden Box his own.
Now to unclose they all prepare,
And Hope alternate laughs at Fear.
The Golden Case does Ashes hold,
The Leaden shines with sparkling Gold,
But in the outcast Stone they see
A Jewel,—such pray fancy me.

Sir, quoth the Dean, I truly say
You tell a tale a pretty way;
But the Conclusion to allow—
'Fore-Gad, I scarcely can tell how.
A Jewel! Fancy must be strong
To think you keep your Water long,

I preach, thank gracious Heaven! as clear
As any Pulpit stander here,
But may the Devil claw my Face
If e'er I pray'd for puffing Grace,
To be a mountain, and to carry
Such a vile heap—I'd rather marry!
Each day to sweat three Gallons full
And span a furlong on my Scull.
Lost to the melting Joys of Love—
Not to be borne—like Justice move.

And here the Dean was running on,
Thro' half a Couplet having gone;
Quoth Rector peevish, I sha'nt stay
To throw my precious Time away.
The gen'rous Burgum having sent
A Ticket as a Compliment,
I think myself in Duty bound
Six Pounds of Turtle to confound.

That Man you mention, answers Dean,
Creates in Priests of Sense the Spleen,
His Soul's as open as his hand,
Virtue distrest may both command;

That ragged Virtue is a Whore,
I always beat her from my door,
But Burgum gives, and giving shews
His Honor leads him by the Nose.
Ah! how unlike the Church divine,
Whose feeble lights on mountains shine,
And being plac'd so near the sky,
Are lost to every human eye.
His luminaries shine around
Like Stars in the Cimmerian Ground.

Invidious Slanderer! quoth Priest,
O may I never scent a Feast,
If thy curst Conscience is as pure
As Underlings in Whitefield's Cure.
The Church, as thy display has shewn
Is turn'd a Bawd to lustful town;
But what against the Church you've said,
Shall soon fall heavy on your head.
Is Burgum's virtue then a fault?
Ven'son and Heaven forbid the thought!
He gives, and never eyes return,
O may Paste Altars to him burn!

But whilst I talk with worthless you,
Perhaps the Dinner waits —— Adieu.

This said, the Rector trudg'd along,
As heavy as Fowlerian Song.
The hollow Dean with Fairy feet,
Stept lightly thro' the dirty Street.
At last, arriv'd at destin'd place,
The bulky Doctor squeaks the Grace.
" Lord bless the many-flavour'd Meat,
And grant us strength enough to eat!
May all and every Mother's Son
Be drunk before the Dinner's done.
When we give thanks for dining well, Oh!
May each grunt out in Ritornello."
Amen! resounds to distant tyde,
And Weapons clang on every side,
The oily river burns around
And gnashing teeth make doleful sound.
Now is the busy President
In his own fated Element,
In every Look and Action great,
His Presence doubly fills the Plate.

Nobly invited to the Feast,
They all contribute Gold at least.
The Duke and President collected,
Alike beloved, alike respected.

This Poem immediately follows the other. It has no title, and is written upon the same paper, a whole sheet, folded into four columns. The line "Alike beloved alike respected," ends one column, with a little scrawl at the end; the next begins thus.

Say, Baker, if Experience hoar
Has yet unbolted Wisdom's Door,
What is this Phantom of the Mind,
This Love, when sifted and refin'd?
When the poor Lover fancy-frighted
Is with shadowy joys delighted,
A Frown shall throw him in Despair;
A smile shall brighten up his Air.
Jealous without a seeming Cause
From flatt'ring Smiles he Misery draws;
Again without his Reason's aid,
His bosom's still, the Devil's laid.
If this is Love my callous Heart
Has never felt the rankling dart.
Oft have I seen the wounded Swain,
Upon the rack of pleasing Pain,

Full of his flame, upon his Tongue
The quivering Declaration hung,
When lost to Courage, Sense and Reason,
He talk'd of Weather and the Season.
Such Tremors never coward me,
I'm flattering, impudent and free,
Unmov'd by frowns and low'ring eyes,
'Tis Smiles I only ask and prize,
And when the Smile is freely given,
You're in the highway Road to Heaven.
These coward Lovers seldom find
That whining makes the Ladies kind.
They laugh at silly silent Swains
Who're fit for nothing but their chains.
'Tis an Effrontery and Tongue
On very oily hinges hung,
Must win the blooming melting Fair
And shew the Joys of Heaven here.
A Rake, I take it, is a Creature
Who winds thro' all the folds of Nature.
Who sees the Passions, and can tell
How the soft beating heart shall swell,
Who when he ravishes the Joy,
Defies the Torments of the Boy.

Who with the Soul the Body gains
And shares Love's Pleasures, not his pains.
Who holds his Charmer's reputation
Above a Tavern Veneration,
And when a Love repast he makes,
Not even prying Fame partakes.
Who looks above a prostituten he
Thinks love the only price of Beauty,
And she that can be basely sold,
Is much beneath or Love or Gold.
Who thinks the almost dearest part
In all the Body is the Heart:
Without it rapture cannot rise
Nor Pleasures wanton in the Eyes,
The sacred Joy of Love is dead,
Witness the Sleeping Marriage bed.
This is the Picture of a Rake,
Shew it the Ladies—wont it take?

A Buck's a Beast of th' otherside,
And real but in Hoofs and Hide.
To nature and the Passions dead,
A Brothel is his House and Bed;

To fan the flame of warm desire
And after wanton in the Fire,
He thinks a Labour, and his parts
Were not design'd to conquer Hearts.
Serene with Bottle, Pox, and Whore
He's happy and requires no more.
The Girls of Virtue when he views,
Dead to all Converse but the Stews,
Silent as Death, he's nought to say
But sheepish steals himself away.
This is a Buck to life display'd,
A Character to charm each Maid.
Now prithee Friend, a Choice to make,
Wouldst chuse the Buck before the Rake?
The Buck as brutal as the name
Invenoms every Charmer's fame.
And tho' he never touch'd her hand
Protests he had her at command,
The Rake in Gratitude for Pleasure
Keeps Reputation dear as Treasure.

* * * *

After these asterisks, follows without Title,

But Hudibrastics may be found
To tire ye with repeated sound,

So changing for a Shandeyan Stile
I ask your favour and your smile.

ODE.

RECITATIVE.

In his wooden Palace jumping,
Tearing, sweating, bawling, thumping,
Repent, Repent, Repent,
The mighty Whitefield cries,
Oblique Light'ning in his eyes,
Or die and be damn'd! all around
The long-ear'd Rabble grunt in dismal sound,
Repent, Repent, Repent,
Each concave mouth replies.

The Comet of Gospel, the Lanthorn of Light
Is rising and shining
Like Candles at Night.
He shakes his Ears,
He jumps, he stares,
Hark he's whining,
The short-hand Saints prepare to write,
And high they mount their Ears.

AIR.

Now the Devil take ye all,
Saints or no Saints, all in a Lump,
Here must I labour and bawl,
And thump, and thump, and thump,
And never a Souse to be got,
Unless—I swear by Jingo,
A greater Profit's made
I'll forswear my Trade,
My Gown and Market Linguo,
And leave ye all to Pot.

RECITATIVE.

Now he raves like brindled Cat,
Now 'tis Thunder,
Rowling,
Growling,
Rumbling,
Grumbling,
Noise and Nonsense, Jest and Blunder.
Now he chats of this and that,
No more the Soul Jobber,
No more the Sly Robber.
He's now an old Woman who talks to her Cat.

Again he starts, he beats his breast,
He rolls his Eyes, erects his Chest,
Hark! hark! the sound begins,
'Tis a Bargain and Sale for remission of Sins.

AIR.

Say, beloved Congregation,
In the hour of Tribulation,
Did the Power of Man affray me?
Say ye Wives and say ye Daughters
Han't I staunch'd your running Waters?
I have labour'd—pay me—pay me!

I have given Absolution,
Do'nt withhold your Contribution,
Men and Angels should obey me—
Give but freely, you've Remission
For all Sins without Condition;
You're my Debtors, pay me, pay me!

RECITATIVE.

Again he's lost, again he chatters
Of Lace and Bobbin and such matters.
A thickening Vapor swells—

Of Adam's fall he tells,
Dark as twice ten thousand Hells,
Is the Gibberish which he spatters.
Now a most dismal Elegy he sings,
Groans, doleful Groans are heard about,
The Issacharian Rout:
Swell the sharp howl, and loud the Sorrow rings.

He sung a modern Buck whose End
Was blinded Prejudice and Zeal.
In Life to every Vice a Friend,
Unfix'd as Fortune on her Wheel.
He liv'd a Buck, he dyed a Fool,
So let him to Oblivion fall,
Who thought a wretched Body all,
Untaught in Nature's or the Passion's school.

Now he takes another theme,
Thus he tells his waking dream.

AIR.

After fasting and praying and grunting and weeping,
My Guardian Angel beheld me fast sleeping,

And instantly capering into my Brain,
Relieved me from Prison of bodily chain.
The Soul can be every thing as you all know,
And mine was transform'd to the shape of a Crow.
(The Preacher or Metre has surely mistook
For all must confess that a Parson's a Rook).

Having Wings, as I think I inform'd ye before,
I shot thro' a Cavern and knock'd at Hell's door.
Out comes Mr. Porter Devil,
And I'll assure ye very civil.
Dear Sir, quoth he, pray step within,
The Company is drinking Tea,
We have a Stranger just come in,
A Brother from the Triple Tree.

Well, in I walk'd, and what d'ye think?
Instead of Sulphur, Fire and Stink,
'Twas like a Masquerade,
All Grandeur, all Parade.
Here stood an Amphitheatre,
There stood the small Haymarket-House,
With Devil Actors very clever,
Who without blacking did Othello.

And truly a huge horned Fellow
Told me, he hoped I would endeavour
To learn a Part, and get a Souse,
For pleasure was the business there.

A Lawyer ask'd me for a Fee,
To plead my right to drinking Tea;
I begg'd his pardon, to my thinking
I'd rather have a cheering cup,
For Tea was but insipid drinking,
And Brandy rais'd the spirits up.
So having seen a place in Hell,
I strait awoke, and found all well.

RECITATIVE.

Now again his Cornets sounding,
Sense and Harmony confounding,
Reason tortur'd, Scripture twisted,
Into every form of fancy.
Forms which never yet existed,
And but his Oblique Optics can see.
He swears,
He tears,
With sputter'd Nonsense now he breaks the ears;

At last the Sermon and the Paper ends.
He whines, and hopes his well-beloved Friends,
Will contribute their Souse
To pay the arrears for building a House.
With spiritual Doctors, and Doctors for Poxes,
Who all must be satisfy'd out of the Boxes.
Hark—hark—his Cry resounds,
Fire and Thunder, Blood and Wounds,
Contribute, Contribute,
And pay me my Tribute,
Or the Devil, I swear,
Shall hunt ye as Sportsmen would hunt a poor Hare.
Whoever gives, unto the Lord he lends.
The Saint is melted, pays his Fee, and wends;
And here the tedious length'ning Journal ends.

ELEGY.

This Poem is taken from the Town and Country Magazine for February, 1770.

Why blooms the radiance of the morning sky?
Why springs the beauties of the season round?
Why buds the blossom with the glossy die?
Ah! why does nature beautify the ground?

Whilst softly floating on the Zephyr's wing,
The melting accents of the thrushes rise;
And all the heav'nly music of the spring,
Steal on the sense, and harmonize the skies.

When the rack'd soul is not attun'd to joy,
When sorrow an internal monarch reigns;
In vain the choristers their powers employ,
'Tis hateful music, and discordant strains.

The velvet mantle of the skirted mead,
The rich varieties of Flora's pride,
Till the full bosom is from trouble freed,
Disgusts the eye, and bids the big tear glide.

Once, ere the gold-hair'd sun shot the new ray,
Through the grey twilight of the dubious morn,
To woodlands, lawns, and hills, I took my way,
And list'ned to the echos of the horn;

Dwelt on the prospect, sought the varied view,
Trac'd the meanders of the bubbling stream;
From joy to joy, uninterrupted flew,
And thought existence but a fairy dream.

Now thro' the gloomy cloister's length'ning way,
Thro' all the terror superstition frames,
I lose the minutes of the ling'ring day,
And view the night light up her pointed flames.

I dare the danger of the mould'ring wall,
Nor heed the arch that totters o'er my head:
O! quickly may the friendly ruin fall,
Release me of my love, and strike me dead.

M***! cruel, sweat, inexorable fair,
O! must I unregaded seek the grave!
Must I from all my bosom holds, repair,
When one indulgent smile from thee, would save.

Let mercy plead my cause; and think! O! think!
A love like mine but ill deserve thy hate:
Remember, I am tott'ring on the brink,
Thy smile or censure seals my final fate.

Shoreditch, May 20. C.

HOR. Lib. 1, *Od.* 19.

The following two translations from Horace, were made by Chatterton, from WATSON'S *literal Version; a book which his Friend Mr. Edward Gardener lent him for the express purpose.*

Yes! I am caught, my melting soul
To Venus bends without controul,
I pour th' empassioned Sigh.
Ye Gods! what throbs my bosom move,
Responsive to the glance of Love,
That beams from Stella's eye.

O how Divinely fair that face,
And what a sweet resistless grace
On every feature Dwells;
And on those features all the while,
The softness of each frequent smile,
Her sweet good nature tells.

O Love! I'm thine, no more I sing
Heroic deeds—the sounding string,
Forgets its wonted strains;
For ought but Love the Lyre's unstrung
Love melts and trembles on my tongue
And thrills in every vein.

Invoking the propitious skies,
The green-sod Altar let us rise;
Let holy incense smoke.
And if we pour the sparkling Wine
Sweet gentle Peace may still be mine;
This dreadful Chain be broke.

D. B.

HOR. Lib. I. Od. 5.

What gentle Youth, my lovely fair one say,
With sweets perfum'd, now courts thee to the bow'r,
Where glows with lustre red the rose of May,
To form thy Couch in Love's enchanting hour?

By Zephyrs wav'd, why does thy Loose hair sweep,
In simple curls around thy polish'd brow?
The wretch that loves thee now too soon shall weep,
Thy faithless beauty and thy broken vow.

Tho' soft the beams of thy delusive eyes;
As the smooth surface of th' untroubled stream;
Yet, ah! too soon th' extatic vision flies,
Flies like the fairy paintings of a dream.

Unhappy Youth, O shun the warm embrace,
Nor trust too much affection's flattering smile;
Dark poison lurks beneath that charming face,
Those melting eyes but languish to beguile.

Thank heav'n I've broke the sweet but galling chain
Worse than the horrors of the stormy main.

D. B.

To Miss HOYLAND.

From the original, in the possession of Mr. Gardner.

Go, gentle Muse! and to my fair-one say,
My ardent passion mocks the feeble lay;
That love's pure flame my panting breast inspires,
And friendship warms me with her Chaster fires.
Yes, more my fond esteem, my matchless love,
Than the soft Turtle's cooing in the grove;
More than the Lark delights to mount the sky,
Then sinking on the green-sward soft to lie;
More than the bird of Eve at close of day
To pour in solemn solitude her lay;
More than grave Camplin* with his deep-ton'd note,
To mouth the sacred service got by rote;

* John Camplin M. A. Preceptor of Bristol.

More than Sage Catcott† does his storm of rain,
Sprung from th' abyss of his eccentric brain,
Or than his wild-antique, and sputt'ring brother
Loves in his ale-house chair to drink and pother;
More than soft Lewis, ‡ that sweet pretty thing,
Love's in the Pulpit to display his ring;
More than frail mortals love a brother sinner,
And more than Bristol Aldermen their dinner,
(When full four pounds of the well-fatten'd haunch
In twenty mouthfuls fill the greedy paunch.)

If these true strains can thy dear bosom move,
Let thy soft blushes speak a mutual love;
But if thy purpose settles in disdain,
Speak my dread fate, and bless thy fav'rite swain.

D. B.

† The Reverend Mr. Catcott wrote a book on the Deluge.

‡ Mr. Lewis was a dissenting Preacher of note, then in Bristol. Chatterton calls him in one of his Letters a "Pulpit Fop."

ELEGY,

On Mr. WILLIAM SMITH.*

From the original in the British Museum.

Ascend my Muse on sorrow's sable plume,
Let the soft number meet the swelling sigh;
With Laureated Chaplets deck the tomb,
The bloodstain'd Tomb where Smith and Comfort lie.

I loved him with a Brother's ardent love,
Beyond the love which tenderest brothers bear;
Tho' savage Kindred bosoms cannot move,
Friendship shall deck his urn and pay the tear.

* Happily mistaken, having since heard, from good authority, it is PETER.

Despised, an alien to thy Father's breast,
Thy ready services repaid with hate;
By Brother, Father, Sisters, all distrest,
They push'd thee on to Death, they urged thy Fate.

Ye callous breasted Brutes in human form,
Have you not often boldly wish'd him dead?
He's gone, ere yet his fire of man was warm,
O may his crying blood be on your head!

Three other Poems, ascribed by Dr. Glynn to Chatterton, are preserved in the British Museum; but they are so destitute of sense, and exhibit such flagrant violations of metre, that it is impossible they should have been the compositions of Chatterton. Notice is taken of these poems, that they might not in any shape hereafter be published as Genuine. There is this further evidence against them that they are not in Chatterton's hand-writing. Their titles are,

1. On MERCY.
2. LOVE and BEAUTY, a Dialogue.
3. To a YOUNG LADY.

*ELEANORA and JUGA,**

MODERNISED BY S. W. A. AGED SIXTEEN.

From the Town and Country Magazine for June 1769.

Where Rudborn's waves in clear meanders flow,
While skies reflected in its bosom glow;
Beneath a willow's solitary shade,
Two weeping virgins on its bank were laid;
And while the tears dropp'd fast from either eye,
The dimpled waters broke in circles by:
Well skill'd to aim the dart, or guide the car,
Their absent lovers join'd the civil war.

* See Note to Observations on CHATTERTON's ARMS, Vol. II.

Where two* proud houses sought Britannia's throne,
There int'rest different, but their views were one.
While frequent sighs, the fault'ring accents broke,
To Juga thus young Eleanora spoke.

ELEANORA.

O Juga! this my sad complaint attend,
And join in sympathy your hapless friend;
Curst be the quarrel, curst the dread alarms,
That tears Sir Robert from my constant arms,
To fight for York. O free from every stain!
May † Ebor's rose her ancient white retain;
But Fancy ranging far without controul,
With horrors worse than death o'ercomes my soul.
Methinks I see him gasping on the ground,
The life-warm blood still rushing from the wound:
Cold, pale, and weak, upon the plain he lies,
Assist him, Heav'n! assist him, or he dies!

---

* York and Lancaster.

† York.

JUGA.

In sorrow's walks, and woes's deserted seats,
In pensive melancholy's dark retreats,
At morn, or eve, when chilling blasts descend,
Incessant mourners we our griefs will blend.
As wither'd oaks their frost-nip'd arms entwine,
I'll pour my tears, and thou shalt mingle thine:
Unfit for joy, like ruin'd tow'rs we'll lay,
Where erst the foot of joy was wont to stray.
Amidst whose desert walls and mould'ring cells,
Pale giant Fear, with screaming Horror dwells;
Where oft the dismal gloom of night is broke,
By boding owls, and ravens fun'ral croak.

The deep-mouth'd op'ning pack, the winding horn,
No more shall wake to joy the blushing morn:
In haunted groves I'll trace the loneliest way,
To hide my sorrows from the face of day;
Or thro' the church-way path forlorn I'll go,
With restless ghosts, companions of my woe.

When the pale moon scarce sheds her wonted light,
But faintly glimmers thro' the murky night,

Fantastic fairies form the vain array
Of happiness that flies th' approach of day:
Then if the blood of life, congeal'd and froze,
No more within Sir Robert's bosom glows,
Frantic I'll clasp his clay devoid of breath,
And racking thought shall torture worse than death.

ELEANORA.

O fairest stream! who with thy glassy wave,
These flow'ry meads on either hand dost lave;
Perhaps with thee our champions bodies glide,
And heroes' blood augments thy fatal tide:
Perhaps—but come, my gentle Juga, haste!
Nor anxious hours in vain surmises waste:
Let's seek our heroes o'er the bloody plain,
Perhaps to meet with doubled bliss again:
If not, to them despairing let us go,
And join their shades 'midst constant ghosts below.

This said, like two fair trees whose leafy store
The east has blighted, or the lightning tore;
Or as two clouds, o'ercharg'd with wintry show'rs,
When in the sky the howling tempest low'rs,

Slowly they mov'd.—But Death's remorseless dart,
They found had pierc'd each darling hero's heart.
Distracted then, with hasty steps they go,
To where ere while they told the tale of woe:
There hand in hand they view'd the stream awhile,
Each gently sigh'd, and forc'd a parting smile:
Then plung'd beneath the stream, the parting wave
Receiv'd th' afflicted pair, and prov'd a friendly grave.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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